





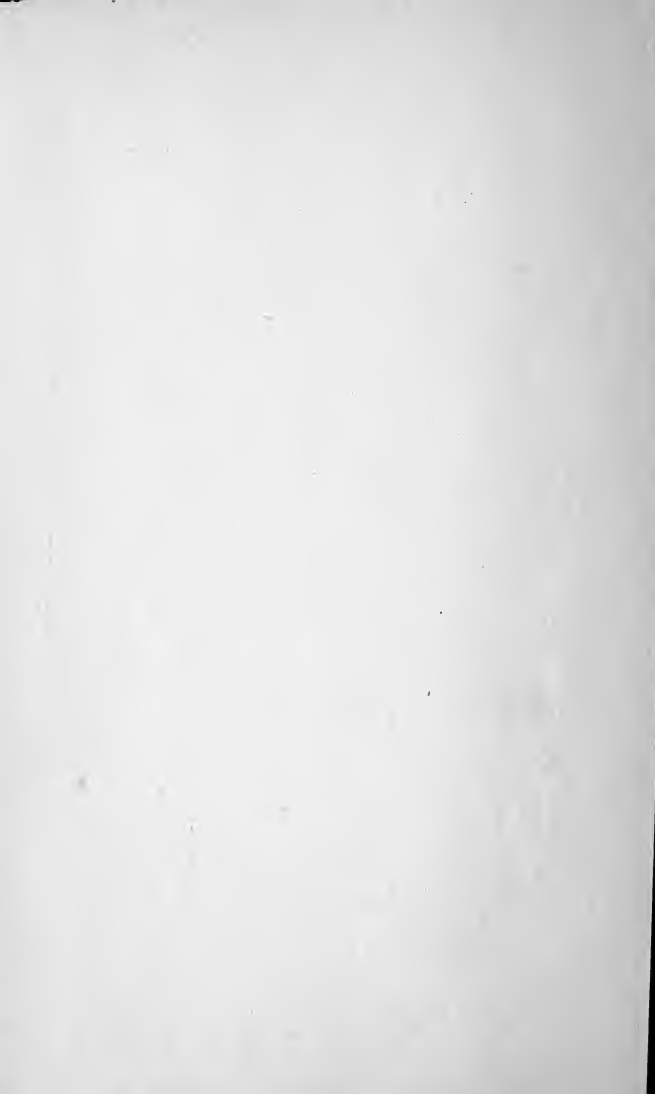
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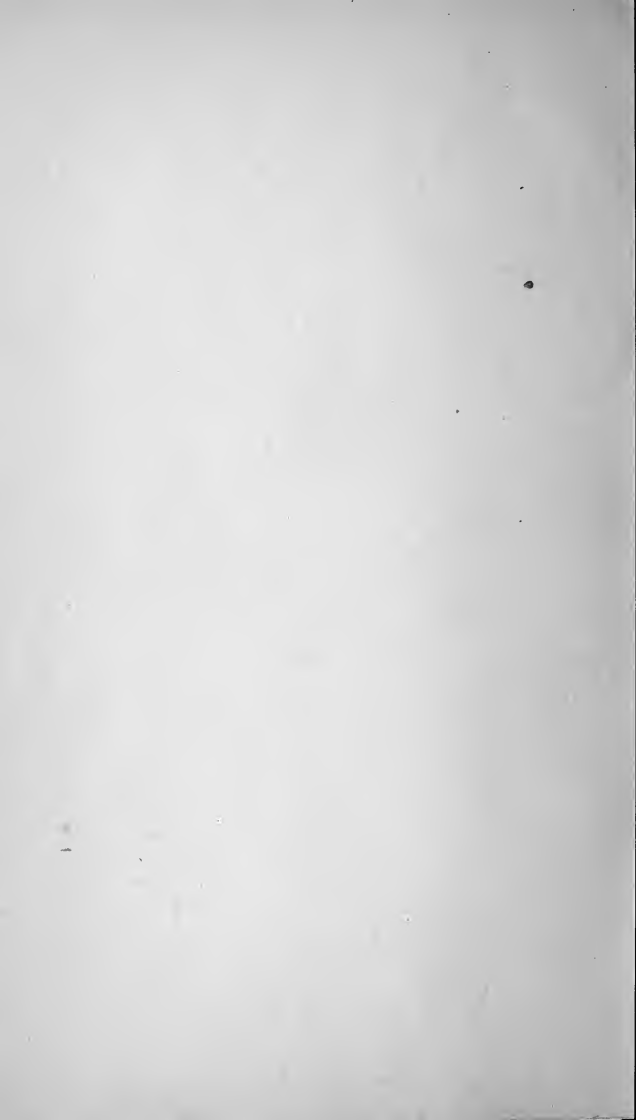
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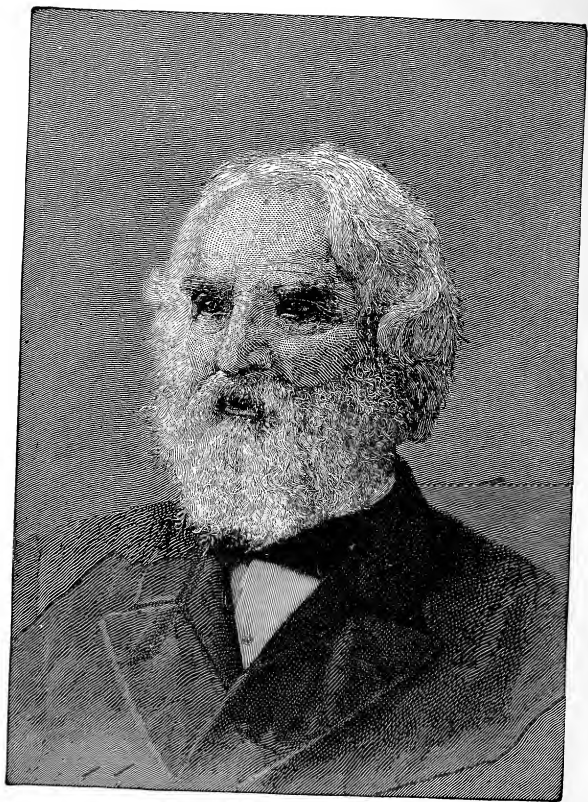




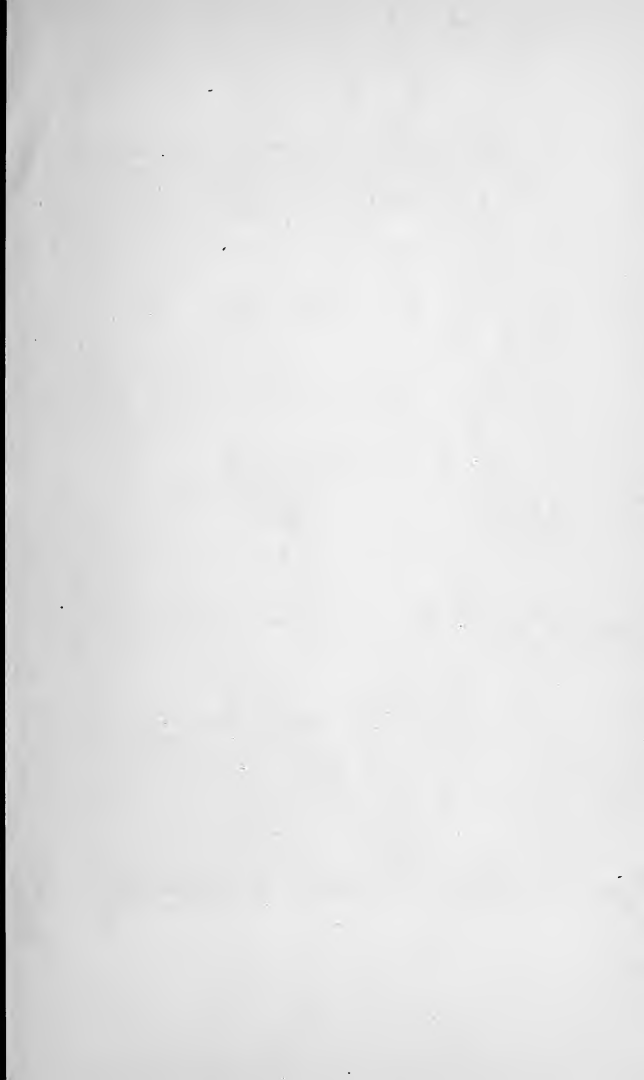


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1908



Henry W. Longfellow.





POEMS OF HENRY  
W. LONGFELLOW



NEW YORK, THOMAS Y.  
CROWELL & COMPANY,  
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# Poems

of

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

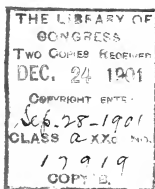
*With Biographical Sketch*

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

NEW YORK  
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.  
PUBLISHERS

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# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born on the 27th of February, 1807, in Portland, Maine.

His father, Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard College in the class with Dr. Channing, Judge Story, and other distinguished men, practised his profession of the Law at the Cumberland bar, where he soon won a prominent position. He also took an active part in politics, and was sent as a representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and after the separation represented his State in Congress.

He married Zilpah Wadsworth, the beautiful daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of a family which traced its ancestry back to John Alden and Priscilla Mullins.

Henry Wadsworth was named after his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in the navy, who had perished in the fireship *Intrepid* before Tripoli in 1804. He was second in a family of four sons and four daughters. Their father, says Samuel Longfellow, "was at once kind and strict, bringing up his children in habits of respect and obedience, of unselfishness, the dread of debt, and the faithful performance of duty." According to the same authority, the mother was fond of poetry and music, a lover of Nature, cheerful even under the trials of chronic invalidism, full of piety, kind to her neighbors, the devoted friend and *confidante* of her children.

Henry was a lively, active boy, impetuous and quick-tempered, but affectionate and placable, sensitive and impressionable. He was fond of singing and dancing, but greatly disliked loud noise and excitement. He was remarkably neat and orderly, "solicitous always to do right," industrious and persevering.

He began to go to school when he was three years old. Before he was seven he had studied half way through the Latin grammar. One of his teachers at the Portland Academy was the famous Jacob Abbott.

At home his father's library gave his hunger for literature sufficient of the best food: Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, the best poets, essayists, and historians, the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and Ossian.

The first book to fascinate his imagination was Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." He was a schoolboy of twelve when the first number came out; and he long afterwards declared that he read it "with ever increasing wonder and delight, spellbound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of revery, — nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style."

Not less poetically nurturing must have been the situation of the old Wadsworth mansion, then on the outskirts of the town, from whose upper windows on the one side Mt. Washington was plainly visible, seventy miles away, and on the other the beautiful bay with its unnumbered islands, the majestic bluff of White Head, the frowning walls of Fort Preble, and the lighthouse on the cape.

His holidays were usually spent on the farm of his grandfather, Judge Longfellow, about three miles from Gorham Corner. His uncle and aunt Stephenson and their children lived on the adjoining farm, and gave him pleasant companionship. Sometimes he visited his grandfather Wadsworth, who lived on his estate of seven thousand acres in Hiram, between the Saco and Ossipee rivers. Both of his grandfathers dressed in the old-time style of small-clothes and club-tied hair. General Wadsworth, years before, had even indulged in writing satirical verses. He was a capital storyteller, and had a great fund of personal reminiscences of his Harvard and army days, his capture by the British, and his escape from the fort at Castine. All these things had their effect upon an impressionable mind.

One November day in 1820, the boy, with fear and trembling, slipped a manuscript poem into the letter-box of the *Portland Gazette*. When the semi-weekly next appeared, his verses, signed "HENRY," were printed in the "Poet's Corner." They were in commemoration of a fight with the Indians at a pond not far from Hiram:—

#### THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north-wind, and rude is the blast,  
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,  
As it moans through the tall, waving pines lone and drear,  
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The warwhoop is still, and the savage's yell  
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell.  
The din of the battle, the tumult is o'er,  
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,  
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;  
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,  
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,  
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim.  
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,  
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

Stiff, unmetrical, stilted, unoriginal as these lines were, they gave the boy and the sister, who was alone in the secret, unalloyed satisfaction. But soon criticism came to turn joy to tears. Judge Mellen, a neighbor, happened, in the poet's hearing, to



condemn them. He escaped from under the whip as speedily as possible, but was not discouraged. Other pieces from his pen appeared from time to time in the *Gazette*. He also wrote a poetic "Address" for the newspaper carrier's annual presentation.

Before he was fifteen he successfully passed the Bowdoin College entrance examinations, but did not reside at Brunswick till the beginning of his sophomore year. When he and his brother went up together, they lodged in the village, in the house where afterwards "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. The only ornament of their uncarpeted room was a set of card racks painted by their sister. They complained of the difficulty of keeping themselves warm; and their mother wrote that she was afraid learning would not flourish or their ideas properly expand in a frosty atmosphere, and, she added, "I fear the Muses will not visit you."

In those days he was described as slight and erect in figure, with a light, delicate complexion like a maiden's, a slight bloom upon his cheeks, "his nose rather prominent, his eyes clear and blue, and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of brown hair waving loosely." The class to which he belonged had several memorable names, not the least distinguished of which was that of Hawthorne. Longfellow held high rank. He was regular and studious in his habits, though he cared more about general reading than the special curriculum. It is interesting to find him at that early day taking the side of the Indians against the prejudices that have always followed "that reviled and persecuted race." He was greatly delighted with Gray's poems, and regarded Dr. Johnson's criticisms upon them as unjust. In the winter vacation of 1823 he had some thought of teaching a school, but was on the whole glad that he had failed to obtain one. His chief exercise was walking. When the snow was deep he cut wood, though he found it rather irksome. As a makeshift for either, he wrote his father: "I have marked out an image upon my closet door about my own size; and whenever I feel the want of exercise I strip off my coat, and, considering this image as in a posture of defence, make my motions as though in actual combat. This is a very classick amusement, and I have already become quite skilful as a pugilist."

In February, 1824, he made his first visit to Boston, saw all the sights, except the Mill-dam, attended a ball at the house of the beautiful and talented Miss Emily Marshall, enjoyed the Shakespeare Jubilee, and found himself "much pleased with the city itself as well as with the inhabitants."

The most of his vacations, however, he spent at his Portland home. When the College course came to an end, he found himself number four in his class. "How I came to get so high, is rather a mystery to me," he wrote, "inasmuch as I have never been a remarkably hard student, touching college studies, except during my sophomore year, when I used to think that I was studying pretty hard." He chose for his commencement part an oration on the "Life and Writings of Chatterton," but his father thought that so few of his audience had ever heard of Chatterton he would better take a more popular subject. He accordingly took for his theme "Our Native Writers."

During all his stay at Brunswick he continued to write poetry. Two stanzas of a poem "to Ianthe" are considered by his brother Samuel as alone worthy of preservation from the work of his first year: —

When upon the western cloud  
 Hang day's fading roses,  
 When the linnet sings aloud  
 And the twilight closes, —  
 As I mark the moss-grown spring  
 By the twisted holly,  
 Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring  
 Love's own melancholy.

Then when tranquil evening throws  
 Twilight shades above thee,  
 And when early morning glows, —  
 Think on those that love thee!  
 For an interval of years  
 We ere long must sever,  
 But the hearts that love endears  
 Shall be parted never.

These early poems, like much imitative verse, bore the impress of deep-settled melancholy. One of his correspondents wrote him that it was an enigma how one so cheerful and laughter-loving should write in such strains. In the fifteenth number of the *United States Gazette*, a fortnightly which had been started in April, 1824, edited by Theophilus Parsons, appeared a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," and signed "H. W. L." During the following year Longfellow contributed sixteen others, five of which were reprinted in "Voices of the Night." He also contributed to the *Gazette* three prose sketches, which showed the influence of Irving, as the poems showed that of Bryant. Several poems were also incorporated in them, and one of these was afterwards reprinted with his name: —

#### THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From the river's plashy bank  
 Where the sedge grows green and rank  
 And the twisted woodbine springs,  
 Upward speeds the morning lark  
 To its silver cloud — and hark!  
 On his way the woodman sings.

Where the embracing ivy holds  
 Close the hoar elm in its folds  
 In the meadow's fenny land,

And the winding river sweeps  
Thro' its shallows and still deeps,  
Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high  
Underneath the oak I lie,  
As it shades the water's edge;  
And I mark my line away  
In the wheeling eddy play  
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks  
On green woods and winding brooks.  
And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —  
Woods and streams I leave you then,  
While the shadows in the glen  
Lengthen by the greenwood tree.

So far we find not a ray of originality, nor one of those graceful, if not always accurate, comparisons or metaphors which peculiarly mark Longfellow's fancy. The Yankee "woodman" is not a singing being, nor have we "larks" under New England skies. It is interesting to know that the *Gazette* then paid its contributors a dollar a column for prose, and got its poetry for nothing. The editor regarded Longfellow's, however, as so full of promise — and any flower in the desert has a smiling aspect — that he proposed that the poet should receive some compensation for regular contributions. This, small as it was, seems to have been enough to excite Longfellow's ambition toward a literary career. He brought up objections against the profession of a physician — there were quite enough in the world without him! In another letter to his father he said, "I hardly think Nature designed me for the bar, or the pulpit, or the dissecting-room"; and again, "I cannot make a lawyer of any eminence, because I have not a talent for argument; I am not good enough for a minister; and as to Physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it."

Literature beckoned more enticingly: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered."

His wise father replied with words that are as applicable to-day as they were almost seventy years ago: —

"A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say

whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles, — believing that a person thus educated will, with proper diligence, be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness.”

His father, while believing that it would be best for him to adopt the profession of the law, readily acceded to his desire to spend a year at Cambridge in the pursuit of general literature, and particularly of the modern languages.

The Cambridge plan was suddenly supplanted by another, which led directly in the path of his ambition. The trustees of Bowdoin College, having already a foundation of a thousand dollars given by Madam Bowdoin, determined to establish a Professorship of Modern Languages. One of the Board is said to have been so much struck by Longfellow's translation of an ode of Horace, that he presented the poet's name for the new chair. It was informally proposed that he should visit Europe to fit himself for the position which on his return would be awaiting him.

Until the suitable time for the voyage, he desultorily read law in his father's office, and thus spent the fall and winter of 1825-6. During this period he wrote the “Burial of the Minnisink,” and several other poems for the *Gazette* and the *Atlantic Souvenir*. The last poem published in the *Gazette* was a song: —

Where from the eye of day,  
The dark and silent river  
Pursues thro' tangled woods a way  
O'er which the tall trees quiver,

The silver mist that breaks  
From out that woodland cover,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes,  
And hangs the current over.

So oft the thoughts that burst  
From hidden streams of feeling,  
Like silent streams unseen at first  
From our cold hearts are stealing;

But soon the clouds that veil  
The eye of Love when glowing,  
Betray the long unwhispered tale  
Of thoughts in darkness flowing.

Commonplace and prosy as these lines are, they yet have that homely simplicity which made Longfellow's poems go straight to the popular heart.

Towards the last of April he left his home for New York, where he was to take the packet for Europe. The journey was at that time slow and tedious; by stage to Boston, thence through Northampton to Albany, and down the Hudson. Both at Boston and at Northampton he made stops, and was given letters of introduction to persons abroad. While waiting for the sailing of the *Cadmus*, he made a short visit to Philadelphia, which he found not half so pleasant as New York. It was during this visit, says his biographer, that strolling through the streets of the city one morning, he came upon the pleasant enclosure of the Pennsylvania Hospital on Spruce Street. He remembered the picture when he came to write "*Evangeline*."

After an uneventful voyage of thirty days, Longfellow was landed at Havre, which delighted him with its quaintness and oddity. He saw his first cathedral at Rouen, and reached Paris on the nineteenth of June. He travelled by diligence, and found even "the French dust more palatable than that at home." The city at that day was not the splendidly paved, bright and cheerful Queen of cities that it is to-day. Longfellow found it a gloomy place, "built all of yellow stone, streaked and defaced with smoke and dust, streets narrow and full of black mud which comes up through the pavement . . . no sidewalks; cabriolets, fiacres, and carriages of all kinds driving close to the houses, and spattering or running down whole ranks of foot-passengers, and noise and stench enough to drive a man mad." He liked the public gardens and the boulevards, and soon found himself "settled down into something between a Frenchman and a New Englander, — within all Jonathan, but outwardly a little of a *Parlez-vous*."

Nevertheless, he was greatly disappointed in finding his advantages in the acquirement of French less than he had expected, and in making comparatively slow progress. There was too much temptation to speak English. Most of the people to whom he had letters were absent from town: lectures would not begin till November. Taking advantage of this excuse, he set out on a pedestrian tour through central France. Like Goldsmith he carried his flute in his knapsack, but was quite disillusionized to find that the peasantry had degenerated since Goldsmith's day. He wanted to get into one of the cottages to study character, and determined, if possible, to get an invitation. Falling in with a party of peasants, he addressed a girl who happened to be walking by his side, told her he had a flute, and asked her if she would like to dance. She replied that she liked to dance, but did not know what a flute was. He returned to Paris, and stayed there till the twenty-first of February. Then he set out for Spain, feeling comparatively satisfied with his knowledge of French, but without sorrow at leaving France. His journey to Madrid was uneventful: he was not even robbed, though the country was infested with hordes of banditti. At Madrid he found Alexander Everett and his family, Washington Irving, then engaged in writing his "*Columbus*," and one or two other Americans. He took lodgings at a pleasant house in the family of an elderly gentleman, his wife and daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who quickly became quite a sister to him, and made his acquisition of Spanish "a delightful task."

In September, 1827, Longfellow started for Italy, taking thirteen days to go to

Seville, with which "Paris of the South" he was disappointed. The Gaudalquivir reminded him of the Delaware, though more majestic, and flowing through infinitely more fertile banks. He spent nearly a fortnight in Cadiz, and then travelled to Gibraltar on horseback, through a wild and uncultivated region. From there he went by sea to Malaga, where he spent a week; then he visited the romantic region of the Moors, spending five days at Granada. In those five days he declared "he lived almost a century."

These eight months in Spain were among the happiest and most romantic of his life, and he never cared to go to Spain again lest the illusion should be destroyed.

At Florence he found the so-called "glassy Arno" "a stream of muddy water, almost entirely dry in summer," while the other stock accessories of Italian romance — "boatmen and convent bells and white-robed nuns and midnight song" — were less agreeable in reality than in imagination. But he enjoyed excellent society there, and princesses played "Yankee Doodle" for him and gave him breakfasts. He was disappointed in the Tuscan pronunciation, and stayed only a month. In February he entered Rome, but in spite of all the gayeties of the Carnival he pursued his studies. At first he intended to cut short his visit to Rome, but, delayed by the failure to receive a remittance, he caught the Roman fever, and was seriously ill. The result was that he spent a little more than a year in Italy. While still in Rome he received word that the anticipated appointment as Professor of Modern Languages had been refused him on the score of his youth. The disappointment was all the more cruel because he felt that he had honestly earned the place. He had become so conversant with French and Spanish as to speak them correctly and write them with the ease and fluency of his native tongue. Portuguese he read with ease, and at the Italian hotels he was frequently taken for an Italian.

Longfellow spent a month in Dresden; but social advantages and amusements prevented more serious studies, and as his friend Preble was at Göttingen, he determined to go there and study during as much of a year as possible. In the spring of 1829 he ran over to England, spent a few days in London, and returned through Holland. The Rhine he thought a noble river, but "not so fine as the Hudson." The old castle of Vautsberg, near Bingen, especially delighted him, and here he afterwards located some of the scenes of the "Golden Legend."

He thought the advantages for a student very great at Göttingen, but he was reluctantly obliged to cut short his stay, and after a few days spent in Paris, London, Oxford, and other English towns, he sailed from Liverpool, and reached New York on August 11, 1829.

Soon after his return he was appointed to the professorship at Bowdoin, at a salary of \$800, which was enlarged to \$900 by the additional office of librarian. He immediately took up his duties, and filled them to general satisfaction. He translated a French grammar and prepared several other text-books. His first recitation took place before breakfast, at six in the morning. At eleven he listened to the juniors in Spanish. His library duties occupied the noon hour, and the last recitation of the day came at five. He also, during his second year, prepared a course of

lectures on French, Spanish, and Italian literature. Poetry was for the present in abeyance; but he soon began to contribute to the *North American Review*, then edited by Alexander Everett. In the course of the next ten years nearly a dozen articles on various literary subjects connected with his studies appeared. Most of them were illustrated with metrical translations from various languages. It is safe to say that few poets ever excelled him in this difficult art.

In September, 1831, Longfellow was married to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. She was a beautiful young woman, and their marriage was very happy. Just a year later he delivered the poem for the Bowdoin Chapter of the  $\Phi$ . B. K. Society, and was asked to repeat it at Cambridge. This was his first original poem in eight years. His first book was the "Coplas of Don Jorge Manrique," preceded by an essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain, and supplemented by half a dozen sonnets from the Spanish.

He also published parts of "Outre-Mer" in pamphlet form. After he had been in Brunswick three years he began to yearn for wider fields. Several openings were suggested which brought no result. But early in December, 1834, he was offered the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, with a salary of \$1500 a year, and the privilege of residing in Europe for a year or eighteen months for more perfect preparation in German. He accepted this "good fortune," as he called it, and in April, 1835, sailed with his wife for Europe. In England he enjoyed friendly acquaintances with Sir John Bowring, the Lockharts, the Carlyles, and others; in Sweden he studied the language, which he found "soft and musical, with an accent like Lowland Scotch." He also took lessons in Finnish, and laid the foundation for his acquaintance with the great Finnish epic, the "Kalevala," the rhythm and style of which he afterwards copied in "Hiawatha." The results of his stay in Stockholm are seen in his beautiful translations from Bishop Tegn r.

In Copenhagen he took lessons in Danish, and was made a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities. During a month's enforced stay in Amsterdam he studied Dutch, which he found "in sound the most disagreeable" he remembered having heard except the Russian. His wife was in failing health: she died on the twenty-ninth of November, 1835. Longfellow travelled sadly to Heidelberg, where he found charming companionship, and, as he says of the hero of "Hyperion," "buried himself in books, in old dusty books." While here his brother-in-law and friend, George W. Pierce, died.

He the young and strong who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,—  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life.

In these sorrows his "higher and nobler motive of action," which enabled him for the moment to forget what he called "the tooth of the destroyer," was, as he wrote to his friend Greene, "the love of what is intellectual and beautiful; the love

of literature; the love of high converse with the minds of the great and good." During this time he translated Salis's "Song of the Silent Land."

At the end of the following June, Longfellow left the nightingales of the Neckar and made a pleasant tour through Switzerland. Many of his experiences he wove into "Hyperion," which shows also the influence of Richter. His philosophy after all was not able wholly to take to heart the inscription to the "high-noble-born Herr Tinzen Kayetan von Sonnenburg":—

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." He wrote in his note-book, "Oh, what a solitary, lonely being I am! Every hour my heart aches." Chillon he found the most delightful prison he was ever in, and thought Byron's description overcharged. The Alps he characteristically called "great apostles of nature, whose sermons are avalanches and whose voice is that of one crying in the wilderness."

From Geneva he went with the Motleys of Boston to Interlaken, where they found the Appletons established. This was a memorable period, fraught with weighty consequences. The young ladies of the family were very beautiful and intellectual. He wrote in his diary:—

"Since I have joined these two families from America, the time passes pleasantly. I now for the first time enjoy Switzerland."

At Zurich, where the party went, he translated Uhland's ballad, "Hast du das Schloss gesehen," and wrote an *impromptu* on the exorbitant charges of the Hôtel du Corbeau:—

Beware of the Raven of Zurich,  
 'T is a bird of omen ill;  
 A noisy and an unclean bird  
 With a very, very long bill.

In December, 1836, Longfellow took up his residence at Cambridge, and prepared for the duties of his professorship by laying out courses of lectures, making acquaintances, and getting settled. Though he was somewhat criticised for his fondness for colored coats, waistcoats, and cravats, he soon won many delightful friends. He wrote his father after his first five months of Cambridge life that he spent at least half his evenings in society, "it being almost impossible to avoid it."

His first lecture did not begin till the last of May. He prepared a course of twelve on the various languages and literature of northern and southern Europe. They were a success from the beginning.

On a beautiful summer afternoon in 1837, the young professor went to call upon a law-student who occupied the southeastern chamber in the Vassall or Craigie house, on Brattle Street. Longfellow subsequently occupied the same room and the one adjoining, tho' at first the eccentric Madam Craigie, thinking him a student, declined to take him as a lodger. She changed her mind when she learned that he was the author of "Outre-Mer."



In this room, it is said, he composed all his poems between 1837 and 1845 and the romance of "Hyperion." The first poem was the one entitled "Flowers," the allusion in the first verse being suggested by the German Carové. The next was the "Psalm of Life," which his brother says was written one bright summer morning on the blank leaf of an invitation.

Longfellow's college work consisted of one oral lecture a week throughout the year, two extra lectures a week on belles-lettres in the summer, and superintendence of the four or more subordinate instructors. The translations from Dante in the present volume were taken from the interleaved copy which he used for his classes, and which he filled with notes.

Shortly after he wrote the "Psalm of Life" he thus described his own course of life:—

"I live in a great house which looks like an Italian villa; have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once General Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night save now and then. Most of the time am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock-coat, a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society. The last year have written a great deal, enough to make volumes. Have not read much. Have a number of literary plans and projects. . . . I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want to travel. Am too excited, too tumultuous inwardly."

The note of discontent with his position at Cambridge thus struck was characteristic of his letters and diary all the time that he held it.

"I am in despair," he wrote in October, 1846, "at the swift flight of time, and the utter impossibility I feel to lay hold upon anything permanent. All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time; and other people with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of the fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly; and if I knew a man far off in some foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad."

One of his projects was to found a literary newspaper either in Boston or New York, but it never materialized. Occasionally he struck off a poem. "It would seem," he said, after finishing the "Reaper and the Flowers" without any effort of his own, "it would seem as if thoughts, like children, have their periods of gestation, and then are born whether we will or not."

In 1839 appeared "Hyperion," in two volumes, and a little later, in the autumn, the first volume of his poems "Voices of the Night." The following year he meditated an epic on the "Newport Round Tower," and the "Skeleton in Armor." The mountain brought forth a mouse. He was, however, at this time tormented with dyspepsia, which he confessed in his diary made him listless and irritable. He also suffered from toothache, and wrote his father that for three months he had not been

free from it a day. He also planned a history of English poetry, a volume of studies or sketches after the manner of "Claude Lorraine," a novel to be entitled "Count Cagliostro," and an epic — "The Saga of Hakon Jarl"; but none of them was ever accomplished.

There is an interesting entry in his diary under date December 17, 1839: "News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus*. . . . I must write a ballad upon this."

About a fortnight later he writes: "I sat last evening till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the "Ballad of the Schooner *Hesperus*," which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but I could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas."

The volume of poems was a great success: in three weeks less than fifty copies were left from an edition of nine hundred; but the publisher of "Hyperion" failed, and half of the edition was seized for debts. It was generally well received by the critics, though it met with some tremendous attacks. Longfellow wrote that the feelings of the book were true, the event of the story mostly fictitious.

While lecturing on Spanish literature the following year, the idea of "The Spanish Student" occurred to him, and he immediately carried it out, though he did not publish it for some time. Writing to his father in October, he says: "My pen has not been very prolific of late; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of a ballad on a blacksmith in the next *Knickerbocker*, which you may consider if you please was a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury."

"Excelsior," which deserves its popularity in spite of its manifest absurdity, was suggested by the seal of the State of New York, which is a shield with a rising sun and the indefensible Latin motto. Of course the significance of the poem is its life, — the ideal soul, regardless of caution and prudence, unmoved by affectionate pleading, woman's love, or formal religion, strains for the highest goal, and, dying in the effort, mounts to the skies.

Longfellow's volume of "Ballads and other Poems" was published in December, 1841, and six months later he was on his way to Europe for the third time. He spent the summer at the baths of Marienbad. On his way he stopped at Bruges, which inspired him to write the poems on the Belfry. In his diary, under date of May 30, he writes: "The chimes seemed to be ringing incessantly, and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful. . . . O those chimes, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn bass of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar!"

While at Marienbad he partially laid out his plan for his "Christus" drama,

which had occurred to him suddenly some months before, but which was not completed till 1873. The only verse that he wrote there was a sonnet entitled "Mezzo Cammin." It ends irregularly with an Alexandrine line.

Half of my life is gone, and I have let  
 The years slip from me, and have not fulfilled  
 The aspirations of my youth to build  
 Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
 Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret  
 Of restless passions that would not be stilled;  
 But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,  
 Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;

Tho' half-way up the hill, I see the Past  
 Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights, —  
 A city in the twilight dim and vast,  
 With smoking roofs, soft bells and gleaming lights, —  
 And hear above me on the autumnal blast  
 The cataract of Death far thundering from the height.

During a brief stay in England he visited Charles Dickens for a fortnight, and had a delightful time, the famous raven doing his share of the entertainment. On his return to America he published in a pamphlet of thirty pages, a collection of poems on Slavery, which he wrote in pencil, while "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to his berth by stormy weather on the return voyage. His views regarding slavery were expressed in a letter to his friend George Lunt, who had criticised the poems as expressive of a wrong attitude:—

"I believe slavery to be an unrighteous institution based on the false maxim that Might makes Right.

"I have great faith in doing what is righteous, and fear no evil consequences.

"I believe that every one has a perfect right to express his opinion on the subject of slavery as on every other thing; that every one ought so to do, until the public opinion of all Christendom shall penetrate into and change the hearts of the Southerners on this subject.

"I would have no other interference than what is sanctioned by law.

"I believe that where there is a will, there is a way. When the whole country sincerely wishes to get rid of slavery, it will readily find the means.

"Let us, therefore, do all we can to bring about this will in all gentleness and Christian charity.

"And God speed the time."

Of course such an attitude was not radical enough to suit the abolitionists; and Longfellow, standing as it were between the two parties, was blamed by both. Yet Whittier wrote to him asking him to accept a nomination to Congress on the ticket of the Liberty party. "Our friends think they could throw for thee one thousand

more votes than for any other man." He declined, on the ground that he was not qualified for such a position, and moreover did not belong to that party.

In July, 1843, Longfellow was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, in whose company he had enjoyed so much when in Switzerland six years before. During their wedding journey they visited Mrs. Longfellow's relatives, who lived in "the old-fashioned country-seat" at Pittsfield, where stood "the old clock upon the stairs," suggesting its refrain of "Never-Forever."

On this journey they passed through Springfield; and in company with Mr. Charles Sumner they visited the Arsenal, where Mrs. Longfellow remarked the resemblance of the gun-barrels to an organ, and suggested what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she wrote, "and I urged H. to write a peace poem." He used her beautiful though not perfect comparison in the poem entitled "The Arsenal at Springfield," which grew out of her suggestion.

Shortly after their return to Cambridge, Longfellow accepted a proposal to edit a work on the Poets and Poetry of Europe. It contained specimens from nearly four hundred poets, translated by various hands. Mrs. Longfellow served as her husband's amanuensis, as severe trouble with his eyes, requiring the aid of an oculist, had disabled him. The biographical sketches were mainly prepared by Cornelius Felton, who shared the honorarium. He also purchased the old mansion where he had roomed so long, and which became his home for the rest of his life.

In the first fortnight of October, 1845, he notes in his diary the completion of the poems "To a Child," "To an Old Danish Song-Book," "The Bridge over the Charles," and "The Occultation of Orion." On the thirteenth he completed the sonnet "Hesperus," or, as he afterwards called it, "The Evening Star"—remarked as being the only love poem in all Longfellow's verse. It was composed in "the rustic seat of the old apple tree." He also notes in his diary the difference "between his ideal home world of poetry and the outer, actual, tangible prose world." The routine of teaching galled him. "When I go out of the precincts of my study," he wrote, "down the village street to college, how the scaffoldings about the palace of song come rattling and clattering down."

Still it may be doubted whether a state of absolute leisure would have been more satisfactory to him. Very likely the lark may say in his heart, "How I would fly if it were not for the air that clogs my wings!" The following month Longfellow notes the coming into the world of his second boy and his fourth volume of poems, "The Belfry of Bruges." A few days later he had begun his "idyl in hexameters," the name of which he was in a quandary about: "Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Célestine,' or 'Evangeline'?"

In his diary he sets down an impromptu verse which came to him as he lay awake at night listening to the rain:—

Pleasant it is to hear the sound of rattling rain upon the roof,  
Ceaselessly falling through the night from the clouds that pass so far aloof;  
Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the village clock that strikes the hour,  
Dropping its notes like drops of rain from the darksome belfry tower.

Of an attack upon his poems by the novelist Simms he wrote: "I consider this the most original and inventive of all his fictions." A "furious onslaught" by Margaret Fuller he characterizes as "a bilious attack." Later in his diary we come across mention of "a delicious drive," through Brookline, by the church, and "the green lane," where was laid the scene of the poem "A Gleam of Sunshine," and "a delicious drive" through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to the "Devereaux Farm, near the seaside," which gave rise to "The Fire of Drift-wood."

The following year (1847) was marked by the completion and publication of "Evangeline," a story which the rector of a South Boston church had vainly tried to induce Hawthorne to take up. Longfellow, at dinner with the two, said to Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." It is interesting to know that he had never visited the region of Grand-Pré. The metre of the poem brought upon him much criticism, and the question is not yet settled whether the so-called classic hexameter can be naturalized in English. There are lines in "Evangeline" which prove that it can, as for instance:—

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance.

There are others, as in all poems, which show faulty workmanship. But compare the song of the Mocking-bird (II. 2) with the same translated by the poet as an experiment into what he calls "the common rhymed English pentameter." Here are the two passages, and no critic could hesitate where to award the palm of superiority:—

Then from the neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
As when after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,  
Poured such delirious music from his throat  
That all the air seemed listening to his note.  
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow,  
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;  
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
The multitudinous music from his tongue,  
As after showers, a sudden gust again  
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.

He notes in his diary some pendants to Schiller's poetic characterization of the classic metres: —

## I.

In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward;  
In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist.

## II.

In Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ;  
In Pentameter soft rises the chant of the choir.

## III.

In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback;  
In Pentameter whack! tumbles he off of his steed.

## IV.

In Hexameter sings serenely a Harvard Professor;  
In Pentameter him damns censorious Poe.

The day after this exercise he enters a little French poem which he calls the "Epigram of a Former Young Man on approaching his Fortieth Birthday": —

*"Sous le firmament  
Tout n'est que changement,  
Tout passe"  
Le cantique le dit,  
Il est ainsi écrit,  
Il est sans contredit,  
Tout passe.*

*O douce vie humaine!  
O temps qui nous entraîne!  
Destinée souveraine!  
Moi qui, poète rêveur,  
Ne fut jamais friseur,  
Je frise, — O quelle horreur!  
La quarantaine!*

On the occasion of the completion of "The Conquest of Peru" Prescott invited Longfellow and a number of other authors; and some one, probably Longfellow himself, declared that nothing could be more appropriate than to invite the *Inkers* on such an occasion.

Occasionally Longfellow made a poetic entry in his diary. Such is the blank-verse description of the tides composed one day during his August vacation while at Portland:—

O faithful, indefatigable tides,  
That evermore upon God's errands go,—  
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land,  
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea,—  
And filling every frith and estuary,  
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,  
Each thread and filament of water-courses,  
Full with their ministrations of delight!  
Under the rafters of this wooden bridge,  
I see you come and go; sometimes in haste  
To reach your journey's end, which being done  
With feet unrested ye return again  
And recommence the never-ending task:  
Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,  
And fretted only by the impeding rocks.

At first there was some delay in getting "Evangeline" published, but at last, toward the end of October, it came out, and he records that he had received "greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. The public take more kindly to Hexameters than I could have imagined." In six months six thousand copies were sold.

In February, 1848, he chronicles this horrible pun: "What is *autobi*-ography? What biography ought to be."

In October he was asked to write an ode for the occasion of the introduction of Cochituate water into Boston. He disliked writing occasional verses. Lowell was the odist. Longfellow contented himself with an epigram in his diary:—

Cochituate water, it is said,  
Tho' introduced in pipes of lead,  
Will not prove deleterious;  
But if the stream of Helicon  
Thro' leaden pipes be made to run  
The effect is very serious.

"Evangeline" was scarcely off his hands before he began his third prose romance, "Kavanagh"; but after it was finished he declared that he had never hesitated so much about any of his books except the first hexameters, "The Children of the Lord's Supper."

It was published on the 12th of May, 1849. Mr. Emerson wrote that it seemed to him the best sketch which he had as yet seen in the direction of the American novel.

Hawthorne called it "a most precious and rare book; as fragrant as a bunch of flowers, and as simple as one flower. A true picture of life moreover."

In November he finished the last proof corrections of his "Fireside and Seaside," and confided to his journal his yearning to try a loftier strain, the sublimer song, whose broken melodies "had for so many years breathed through his soul in the better hours of life."

By October, 1850, Longfellow was so weary of the routine of his professorship that he seriously thought of resigning it; more than once he wrote that he was "pawing to get free his hinder parts." He said: "If I wish to do anything in literature it must be done now. Few men have written good poetry after fifty."

"The Golden Legend" was published in 1851, and the first edition of thirty-five hundred copies was almost immediately exhausted.

His time is shown by his diary to have been filled with all sorts of calls and demands; some of them most delightful, such as visits from notabilities, dinners with his fascinating circle of friends, concerts; others not so pleasant: foreigners wishing places and help, requests for autographs, — one day he mentions sending off twenty-seven, another day seventy-six, — and hundreds of petty annoyances, the penalties of wealth or fame.

On the 5th of June, 1854, he mentions his delight at the "Kalevala." A little more than a fortnight later he writes that he has at last hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians; the metre also immediately settled itself. At first he thought of calling it "Manabôzho." On the 26th, having looked over Schoolcraft's "huge ill-digested quartos," he wrote some of the first lines of "Hiawatha." Having at last resigned his professorship, he had more leisure to work at it; and though he still had interruptions he had finished the last canto at noon of March 21, 1855. A few days later, pierced through with pain from what he calls the "steel arrows of the west wind," as he lay in bed a poem came into his mind — "A Memory of Portland, my Native Town, the City by the Sea." As a refrain for the poem he used two lines from an old Lapland song: —

A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

The first edition of "Hiawatha" was five thousand, and this was immediately followed by a second of three thousand. By the end of two years it had reached a sale of fifty thousand. Bayard Taylor wrote congratulating him on his success in a subject so beset with difficulties. "It will be parodied," he wrote, "perhaps ridiculed, in many quarters; but it will live after the Indian race has vanished from our continent, and there will be no parodies then."

Parodies are implicit compliments, and "Hiawatha" enjoyed this distinction. Of course he was immediately charged with having borrowed not only the metre but the incidents from the "Kalevala." He wrote to Sumner that the charge was "truly one of the greatest literary outrages" he had ever heard of. He added, "I



can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they are Indian legends. I know the 'Kalevala' very well; and that some of its legends resemble the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous."

In 1856 he planned to go to Europe with friends, but unfortunately struck his knee getting into a carriage, and was laid up with the resulting lameness. It was at the same time that his dear friend Sumner was suffering from the brutal attack of Brooks. So he went to his Nahant house, and enjoyed the commotion of the sea, chafing and foaming.

So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring and gleaming,  
Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again,  
But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its passage,  
Though the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand.

On the second of December, the following year, he began his Puritan pastoral, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which he had before tried to throw into the form of a drama, but without success. The first edition consisted of ten thousand copies. He at first called it "Priscilla." This same year the *Atlantic Monthly* was established with Lowell, Longfellow's successor as Smith Professor, in the editorial chair. Many of Longfellow's most beautiful poems appeared in it.

On the ninth of July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was sitting in the library with her two little girls, sealing up some small packages of their shorn curls. A lighted match fallen on the floor set her dress on fire. She died the next morning from the effect of the shock, and was buried three days later, on the anniversary of her marriage day. Longfellow himself was so severely burned that he was unable to be present at the funeral. Months afterwards, when some visitor expressed the hope that he might be enabled to "bear his cross" with patience, he exclaimed, "Bear the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it!"

Just as Bryant in his great sorrow, a similar sorrow, devoted his energies to translating Homer, so Longfellow took up the task of translating Dante, which he had also begun years before. The first volume was printed in time to commemorate the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth. The King of Italy, in token of his high esteem, then conferred upon him the diploma and cross of the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro; but Longfellow declined the honor. Writing to Sumner, he declared that he "did not think it appropriate for a Republican and a Protestant to receive a Catholic order of knighthood. It was not completed till 1866, though for a time he translated a canto a day. Meantime he published (in 1863) the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which he at first thought to call "Sudbury Tales." The first edition was fifteen thousand copies. The characters represented as present at the Red Horse Inn were T. W. Parsons, Luigi Monti, Professor Treadwell (of Harvard), Ole Bull, and Henry Ware Wales. The first three were in the habit of spending their summers at Sudbury, which is about twenty miles from Boston. Longfellow drew the subject of the tales from various sources. "The Birds of

Killingworth" is supposed to be the only one of his own invention. The business of publishing the volume was rendered distressing by the necessity of going to Washington to bring back his oldest son, Charles, a lieutenant of cavalry, who had been severely, though, it proved, not fatally, shot through both shoulders at Antietam.

In February, 1868, Longfellow wrote two tragedies, one on the persecution of the Quakers, which he had written and printed in prose form, and the other on the Salem witchcraft. In May, with a large circle of family friends, he made his last visit to Europe. He spent some time in England, and at Eden Hall saw the famous goblet "still entirely unshattered" in spite of Uhland's poem which he had translated so many years before. At Cambridge he was publicly admitted as Doctor of Laws, a degree which he already bore by courtesy of Harvard University. He wrote to Mrs. J. T. Fields, "I swooped down to Cambridge, where I had a scarlet gown put on me, and the students shouted 'Three cheers for the red man of the West.'"

He was invited to spend a day with the Queen at Windsor Castle, and all England vied in showering attentions upon him. He wrote that he had been almost killed with kindness, and had seen almost everybody whom he most cared to see. He travelled through France, and spent the winter in Rome, where, among other enjoyments, he frequently heard Liszt play on his pianoforte. Returning through Germany and Switzerland, he stayed long enough in England to receive the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and to visit Devonshire, the Scottish Lakes, and the regions sacred to Burns. By the first of September, 1869, he was once more at his desk "under the evening lamp."

It would occupy too much space to enumerate all the names of even the most celebrated of the visitors who were drawn to Craigie House by the fame of its occupant. On one day his diary records visits from fourteen people, thirteen of them Englishmen. In January, 1870, he began a second series of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In May he prepared a supplement to the "Poets and Poetry of Europe." In November he was writing "The Divine Tragedy," which had taken entire possession of him. It was published in December, 1871. "Judas Macchæus," which had occurred to him as a possible subject twenty years before, was written in eleven days. The next year came "Michel Angelo," completed in sixteen days, though constantly changed and enlarged, and left unpublished. "Aftermath," containing the third of the Sudbury days and a number of lyrics, came out in 1873. The following January he finished "The Hanging of the Crane," for which the New York *Ledger* paid him \$3000; it was afterwards included in "The Masque of Pandora." In July, 1875, occurred the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, and he wrote for the occasion his "Morituri Salutamus." In 1877 he received \$1000 for his "Keramos," the spur to which may have been given by his memory of an old Pottery which used to stand near Deering's Woods at Portland.

Just before he reached his seventy-second birthday he called a friend's attention to the mysterious, significant part which the number eighteen had played in his life. "I was eighteen years old when I took my college degree; eighteen years afterward,

I was married for the second time; I lived with my wife eighteen years, and it is eighteen years since she died. . . . And then, by way of parenthesis or epicycle, I was eighteen years professor in the college here, and have published eighteen separate volumes of poems."

During these last years he was engaged in preparing his "Poems of Places," which he called a "poetic guide-book." More than once the author of this sketch saw him at the University Press superintending the proofs. The last volume which Longfellow himself published was "Ultima Thule," which contained his verses in memory of Burns. His last verses were written on the fifteenth of March, 1882. They were touching and significant, like Tennyson's and Whittier's:—

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the past again,  
The past is dead to your prayer.  
Out of the shadow of night  
The world rolls into light;—  
It is daybreak everywhere.

He had not been very well for some little time; in fact, not since "a strange and sudden seizure" which befell him in July, 1873, and which almost deprived him of the use of his right hand and arm. On the eighteenth of March he took a chill, was seized with peritonitis, and died on the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-fourth.

In regard to his work, the words which Motley quoted in a letter to Longfellow in 1856 were appropriate to the last:—

"I heard a brother poet of yours, for whom I hope you have as much regard as I have, say the other day that you had not only written no line which dying you would wish to blot, but not one which living you had not a right to be proud of."

Pure as crystal are all his works. His life was likewise lofty and blameless, sweet and unselfish. The greatest tribute came to him from the spontaneous love of the children of his native land. Next to that the love and admiration of his friends, and not least the marble image which enshrines his memory in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

May this simple memorial be a single leaf contributed by the son of one of his Brunswick pupils, to whom also more than once he showed that unflinching courtesy which made his life a perpetual benediction.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



# POEMS OF LONGFELLOW.



## VOICES OF THE NIGHT, 1839.

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,  
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπύνων βροτῶν,  
'Ερεβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος  
'Αγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς  
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα. — EURIPIDES.

### PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were  
green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs  
between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that  
brings  
The feelings of a dream,—  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot  
die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth en-  
gage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old  
themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny  
gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their  
wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild,

It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
"Come, be a child once more !"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
O, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed  
there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombrous pines ;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine darted  
through,  
Spread a vapor soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lisplings of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !  
Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
"It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
Thou art no more a child !

"The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs ;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise ;  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall  
be,

Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds !  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein,  
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—  
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall  
fast ;  
Pallid lips say, 'It is past !  
We can return no more !'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and  
write !  
Yes, into Life's deep stream !  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
Be these henceforth thy theme."

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*Ἀσπασίη, τριλλιστός.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the  
Night  
Sweep through her marble halls !  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with  
light  
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above ;  
The calm, majestic presence of the  
Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and  
delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the  
Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the mid-  
night air  
My spirit drank repose ;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows  
there—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

holy Night ! from thee I learn to  
bear  
What man has borne before !  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of  
Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe  
this prayer !  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for,  
the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night !

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG  
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream !"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and  
brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle ;  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is  
Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a  
breath,  
And the flowers that grow be-  
tween.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?"  
saith he ;  
"Have nought but the bearded  
grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is  
sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful  
eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets  
gay,"

The Reaper said, and smiled;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of  
light,

Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and  
pain,

The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all  
again

In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;

'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

---

### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?

The star of love and dreams?

O no! from that blue tent above,  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;

Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That redest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

---

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cher-  
ished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,



Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

---

### FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint  
and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue  
and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do  
shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our  
history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful  
mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they  
beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as  
wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars  
above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets  
under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of  
ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, — these  
golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a  
part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and  
heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight  
shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of  
day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver  
lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous  
tissues,  
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain  
issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more  
than seeming,  
Workings are they of the self-same  
powers  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is  
born ;

Others, their blue eyes with tears  
o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden  
corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-embazoned  
field,

But in arms of brave old Autumn's  
wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green  
alleys,

On the mountain-top, and by the  
brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland  
valleys,

Where the slaves of Nature stoop  
to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast  
alone,

But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in  
stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crum-  
bling towers,

Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of  
Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-  
like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive  
reasons,

How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds ex-  
pand ;

Emblems of our own great resurrec-  
tion,

Emblems of the bright and better  
land.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous  
tale,

Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;  
The mistlike banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled ;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of  
man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and  
wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing  
stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,

And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep  
church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

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### MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, — sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing: "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, — pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers! —  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,

Crowned with wild flowers and with  
heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king, — a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! O, the old man  
gray,  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith, —  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's  
breath, —  
"Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars, from heaven down-  
cast,  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!

## EARLIER POEMS.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

## AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned  
again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood,  
where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with  
bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds  
foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and  
thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with  
winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and  
colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that  
moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green  
slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching  
far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips  
her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling  
shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by  
side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are  
wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn  
brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

## AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes  
the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful  
harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times,  
enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture  
spread out.  
And when the silver habit of the  
clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun,  
and with

A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid  
scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing  
now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered  
trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest  
dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn  
woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared  
clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer  
bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the  
vales  
The gentle wood, a sweet and passion-  
ate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up  
life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-  
crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-  
leaved,  
Where autumn, like a faint old man,  
sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through  
the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple  
finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar  
feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive  
whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst  
aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-  
bird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the  
busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world  
put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart,  
goes forth

Under the bright and glorious sky,  
and looks  
On duties well performed, and days  
well spent !  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow  
leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him  
eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn,  
that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a  
tear.

### WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows  
the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert  
woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely  
play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute  
springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair  
scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow  
lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were  
green,  
And the song ceased not with the  
day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
 Pale, desert woods ! within your  
 crowd ;  
 And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
 Has grown familiar with your song ;  
 I hear it in the opening year, —  
 I listen, and it cheers me long.

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HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN  
 NUNS OF BETHLEHEM AT  
 THE CONSECRATION OF  
 PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
 Through the chancel shot its ray,  
 Far the glimmering tapers shed  
 Faint light on the cowed head ;  
 And the censor burning swung,  
 Where, before the altar, hung  
 The blood-red banner, that with prayer  
 Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard  
 the while,  
 Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle :  
 "Take thy banner ! May it wave  
 Proudly o'er the good and brave ;  
 When the battle's distant wail  
 Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
 When the clarion's music thrills  
 To the hearts of these lone hills,  
 When the spear in conflict shakes,  
 And the strong lances shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner ! and, beneath  
 The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
 Guard it ! — till our homes are free !  
 Guard it ! — God will prosper thee !  
 In the dark and trying hour,  
 In the breaking forth of power,  
 In the rush of steeds and men,  
 His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner ! But, when night  
 Closes round the ghastly fight,  
 If the vanquished warrior bow,  
 Spare him ! — By our holy vow,  
 By our prayers and many tears,  
 By the mercy that endears,  
 Spare him ! — he our love hath shared !  
 Spare him ! — as thou wouldst be  
 spared !

"Take thy banner ! — and if e'er  
 Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
 And the muffled drum should beat  
 To the tread of mournful feet,  
 Then this crimson flag shall be  
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,  
 And it was his martial cloak and  
 shroud !

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SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's  
 wide arch  
 Was glorious with the sun's returning  
 march,  
 And woods were brightened, and soft  
 gales  
 Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
 The clouds were far beneath me ; —  
 bathed in light,  
 They gathered mid-way round the  
 wooded height,  
 And, in their fading-glory, shone  
 Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
 As many a pinnacle, with shifting  
 glance,  
 Through the gray mist thrust up its  
 shattered lance,  
 And rocking on the cliff was left  
 The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
 The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
 Glowed the rich valley, and the river's  
 flow  
 Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
 Or glistened in the white cascade ;

Where upward, in the mellow blush  
of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral  
way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver  
beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent  
reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the  
woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot,  
thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from  
the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst for-  
get,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will  
keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul  
from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south  
wind blows;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn,  
in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing  
the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms  
outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned  
voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of  
thought,

When the fast-ushering star of morn-  
ing comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden  
scarf;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-san-  
daled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the west-  
ern gate,  
Departs with silent pace! That spirit  
moves  
In the green valley, where the silver  
brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white  
cascade;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled  
woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones  
with endless laughter.  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap  
itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the  
storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind.  
And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts  
from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure,  
bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence  
gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet  
shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice  
in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden  
sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on  
its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and  
gentle winds,—  
The swelling upland, where the side-  
long sun  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening,  
goes,—  
Groves, through whose broken roof  
the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and  
sunny vale,

The distant lake, fountains, — and  
mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that  
doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward  
days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and  
beauty  
That dwell in nature, — of the  
heavenly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the  
soft hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and  
flush the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her eye  
The heaven of April, with its chang-  
ing light,  
And when it wears the blue of May,  
is hung,  
And on her lip the rich, red rose.  
Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the  
trees,  
When twilight makes them brown,  
and on her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn  
sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her  
breath,  
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy flowers,  
it comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
To have it round us, — and her silver  
voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its pas-  
sionate cadence.

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#### BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell;

And, where the maple's leaf was  
brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of  
white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening  
stirred  
The tall, gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and  
beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial  
dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,



He came; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they  
freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;

And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing  
neigh

Arose, — and, on the dead man's  
plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

## TRANSLATIONS.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés, and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young, and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on — calm, dignified, and majestic.]

### COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

#### FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake;  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not, but the past, — the  
past, —  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done;

And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
Will not decay;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave!  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,

And tinkling rill.  
 They all are equal. Side by side  
 The poor man and the son of pride  
 Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
 Of orators and sons of song,  
 The deathless few;  
 Fiction entices and deceives,  
 And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,  
 Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
 The Eternal Truth, — the Good and  
     Wise, —  
 To Him I cry,  
 Who shared on earth our common lot,  
 But the world comprehended not  
 His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
 Which leads us to the bright abode  
 Of peace above;  
 So let us choose that narrow way,  
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
 From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,  
 In life we run the onward race,  
 And reach the goal;  
 When, in the mansions of the blest,  
 Death leaves to its eternal rest  
 The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
 This world would school each wan-  
     dering thought  
 To its high state.  
 Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
 Up to that better world on high,  
 For which we wait.

Yes, — the glad messenger of love,  
 To guide us to our home above,  
 The Saviour came;  
 Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
 He suffered in this vale of tears  
 A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
 The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
 The shapes we chase,  
 Amid a world of treachery!  
 They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
 And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances  
     strange,  
 Disastrous accidents, and change,  
 That come to all;  
 Even in the most exalted state,  
 Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;  
 The strongest fall.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers  
     seek  
 In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
 The hues that play  
 O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
 When hoary age approaches slow,  
 Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
 The glorious strength that youth  
     imparts  
 In life's first stage;  
 These shall become a heavy weight,  
 When Time swings wide his outward  
     gate  
 To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
 Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
 In long array;  
 How, in the onward course of time,  
 The landmarks of that race sublime  
 Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
 Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
 Shall rise no more;  
 Others, by guilt and crime, maintain  
 The scutcheon, that, without a stain,  
 Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
 With what untimely speed they glide,

How soon depart!  
 Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,  
 The vassals of a mistress they,  
 Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are  
 found ;

Her swift revolving wheel turns round,  
 And they are gone !  
 No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
 But changing, and without repose,  
 Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
 Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
 Reclaimed its prey,  
 Let none on such poor hopes rely ;  
 Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
 And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
 Are passions springing from the  
 dust, —

They fade and die ;  
 But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
 They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
 Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which  
 mask

In treacherous smiles life's serious  
 task,

What are they, all,  
 But the fleet coursers of the chase,  
 And death an ambush in the race,  
 Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
 Brook no delay, — but onward speed  
 With loosened rein ;  
 And, when the fatal snare is near,  
 We strive to check our mad career,  
 But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
 And fashion with a cunning art  
 The human face,  
 As we can clothe the soul with light,  
 And make the glorious spirit bright  
 With heavenly grace, —

How busily each passing hour  
 Should we exert that magic power.  
 What ardor show,  
 To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
 Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
 In weeds of woe !

Monarchs,\* the powerful and the  
 strong,  
 Famous in history and in song  
 Of olden time,  
 Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
 Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
 Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the strong ?  
 Pontiff and priest, and sceptred  
 throng ?

On these shall fall  
 As heavily the hand of Death,  
 As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
 Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,  
 Neither its glory nor its shame  
 Has met our eyes ;  
 Nor of Rome's great and glorious  
 dead,  
 Though we have heard so oft, and  
 read,  
 Their histories.

Little avails it now to know  
 Of ages passed so long ago,  
 Nor how they rolled ;  
 Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
 Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
 Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ?

Where  
 Each royal prince and noble heir  
 Of Aragon ?  
 Where are the courtly gallantries ?  
 The deeds of love and high emprise,  
 In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the  
 eye,  
 And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,

And nodding plume,—  
 What were they but a pageant scene?  
 What but the garlands, gay and green,  
 That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and  
 where  
 Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
 And odors sweet?  
 Where are the gentle knights, that  
 came  
 To kneel, and breathe love's ardent  
 flame,  
 Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?  
 Where are the lute and gay tambour  
 They loved of yore?  
 Where is the mazy dance of old,  
 The flowing robes, inwrought with  
 gold,  
 The danciers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
 Henry, whose royal court displayed  
 Such power and pride;  
 O, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
 The world its various pleasures laid  
 His throne beside!

But O! how false and full of guile  
 That world, which wore so soft a  
 smile  
 But to betray!  
 She, that had been his friend before,  
 Now from the fated monarch tore  
 Her charms away.

The countless gifts, — the stately  
 walls,  
 The royal palaces, and halls,  
 All filled with gold;  
 Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
 Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
 Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
 The gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
 In rich array, —

Where shall we seek them now?  
 Alas!  
 Like the bright dewdrops on the  
 grass,  
 They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
 Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
 Unskilled to reign;  
 What a gay, brilliant court had he,  
 When all the flower of chivalry  
 Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,  
 That flamed from the hot forge of  
 Death,  
 Blasted his years;  
 Judgment of God! that flame by thee,  
 When raging fierce and fearfully,  
 Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, — the true  
 And gallant Master, whom we knew  
 Most loved of all.  
 Breathe not a whisper of his pride, —  
 He on the gloomy scaffold died,  
 Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,  
 His hamlets green, and cities fair,  
 His mighty power, —  
 What were they all but grief and  
 shame,  
 Tears and a broken heart, when came  
 The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,  
 Masters, who, in prosperity,  
 Might rival kings;  
 Who made the bravest and the best  
 The bondsmen of their high behest,  
 Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,  
 When high exalted and elate  
 With power and pride?  
 What, but a transient gleam of light,  
 A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
 Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,  
Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
And baron brave,  
That might the sword of empire wield,  
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed  
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, of war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,  
Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
And flag displayed;  
High battlements intrenched around,  
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound  
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep, —  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee,  
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Dur days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,

Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
As Virtue's son, —  
Roderic Manrique, — he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy, —  
Ye saw his deeds!  
Why should their praise in verse be sung?  
The name, that dwells on every tongue,  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all  
The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal fief!  
To foes how stern a foe was he!  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise;  
What grace in youthful gayeties;  
In all how sage!  
Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely brave  
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
At battle's call;  
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, — his  
 A Titus' noble charities  
 And righteous laws ;  
 The arm of Hector, and the might  
 Of Tully, to maintain the right  
 In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,  
 Aurelius' countenance divine,  
 Firm, gentle, still ;  
 The eloquence of Adrian,  
 And Theodosius' love to man,  
 And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,  
 An Alexander's vigorous sway  
 And stern command ;  
 The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,  
 The fervent love Camillus bore  
 His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,  
 He heaped no pile of riches high,  
 Nor massive plate ;  
 He fought the Moors, — and, in their  
     fall,  
 City and tower and castled wall  
 Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,  
 Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
 A common grave ;  
 And there the warrior's hand did gain  
 The rents, and the long vassal train,  
 That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
 The honored and exalted grade  
 His worth had gained,  
 So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
 Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
 His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
 In the stern warfare, which of old  
 'T was his to share,  
 Such noble leagues he made, that more  
 And fairer regions, than before,  
 His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
 Which, with the hand of youth, he  
     traced  
 On history's page ;  
 But with fresh victories he drew  
 Each fading character anew  
 In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
 And veteran service to the state,  
 By worth adored,  
 He stood, in his high dignity,  
 The proudest knight of chivalry,  
 Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
 Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
 And cruel power ;  
 But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
 Soon his own banner was displayed  
 From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,  
 His monarch and his native land  
 Were nobly served ; —  
 Let Portugal repeat the story,  
 And proud Castile, who shared the  
     glory  
 His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
 His life upon the fatal throw  
 Had been cast down ;  
 When he had served, with patriot zeal,  
 Beneath the banner of Castile,  
 His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,  
 That neither history nor song  
 Can count them all ;  
 Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
 Death at his portal came to knock,  
 With sudden call, —

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
 To leave this world of toil and care  
 With joyful mien ;  
 Let thy strong heart of steel this day

Put on its armor for the fray, —  
The closing scene.

“Since thou hast been, in battle-  
strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame,  
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;  
Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
They call thy name.

“Think not the struggle that draws  
near  
Too terrible for man, — nor fear  
To meet the foe;  
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below.

“A life of honor and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth, —  
’T is but a name;  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life, which leads  
To want and shame.

“The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
And proud estate;  
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit  
Corrupt with sin, — shall not inherit  
A joy so great.

“But the good monk, in cloistered  
cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
His prayers and tears;  
And the brave knight, whose arm  
endures  
Fierce battle, and against the Moors  
His standard rears.

“And thou, brave knight, whose hand  
has poured  
The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
O’er all the land,  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,  
The guerdon of thine earthly strength  
And dauntless hand.

“Cheered onward by this promise  
sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart, — thy hope is certainty, —  
The third — the better life on high  
Shalt thou possess.”

“O Death, no more, no more delay!  
My spirit longs to flee away,  
And be at rest;  
The will of Heaven my will shall  
be, —  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God’s behest.

“My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh;  
The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when ’t is God’s sovereign  
will  
That we shall die.

“O thou, that for our sins didst  
take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth;  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

“And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently;  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
O, pardon me !”

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind;  
Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection’s gentle eye  
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;  
God lead it to its long repose,

Its glorious rest !  
 And, though the warrior's sun has set,  
 Its light shall linger round us yet,  
 Bright, radiant, blest.<sup>1</sup>

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE  
 VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! that with thine amorous,  
 sylvan song  
 Hast broken the slumber which en-  
 compassed me,—  
 That mad'st thy crook from the  
 accursed tree,  
 On which thy powerful arms were  
 stretched so long !  
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing foun-  
 tains ;  
 For thou my shepherd, guard, and  
 guide shalt be.  
 I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the moun-  
 tains.  
 Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy  
 flock art dying,  
 O, wash away these scarlet sins, for  
 thou

Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
 O, wait !—to thee my weary soul is  
 crying,—  
 Wait for me !—Yet why ask it, when  
 I see,  
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt  
 waiting still for me.

### TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE  
 VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing  
 care,  
 Thou didst seek after me,—that thou  
 didst wait,  
 Wet with unhealthy dew, before my  
 gate,  
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter  
 there ?  
 O strange delusion !—that I did not  
 greet  
 Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven  
 how lost,  
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon  
 thy feet:  
 How oft my guardian angel gently  
 cried,

<sup>1</sup> This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

"O World ! so few the years we live,  
 Would that the life which thou dost give  
 Were life indeed !  
 Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
 Our happiest hour is when at last  
 The soul is freed.

"Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
 And sorrows neither few nor brief  
 Veil all in gloom ;  
 Left desolate of real good,  
 Within this cheerless solitude  
 No pleasures bloom.

"Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
 Or dark despair ;  
 Midway so many toils appear,  
 That he who lingers longest here  
 Knows most of care.

"Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
 And weary hearts ;  
 Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
 But with a lingering step and slow  
 Its form departs."



"Soul, from thy casement look, and  
thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait  
for thee!"  
And, O! how often to that voice of  
sorrow,  
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,  
And when the morrow came I an-  
swered still, "To-morrow."

### THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO  
DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land  
on high  
Bright with a glory that shall never  
fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a veil or  
shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal  
essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble  
breath;  
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious  
presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears  
not, death.  
Beloved country! banished from thy  
shore,  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for  
thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections I  
adore  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers  
the way,  
That, whither love aspires, there shall  
my dwelling be.

### THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO  
DE ALDANA.

O LORD! that seest, from yon starry  
height,  
Centred in one the future and the past,

Fashioned in thine own image, see  
how fast  
The world obscures in me what once  
was bright!  
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou  
hast given,  
To cheer life's flowery April, fast  
decays;  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
Forever green shall be my trust in  
Heaven.  
Celestial King! O let thy presence  
pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from  
on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks  
it there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

### THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of  
bird and tree!  
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the  
morn!  
The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in  
thee!  
Although, where'er thy devious cur-  
rent strays,  
The lap of earth with gold and silver  
teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding brighter  
seems  
Than golden sands, that charm each  
shepherd's gaze.  
How without guile thy bosom, all  
transparent  
As the pure crystal, lets the curious  
eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round  
pebbles count!  
How, without malice murmuring,  
glides thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by !  
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to  
 dwell in limpid fount!

### THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO II.

AND now, behold ! as at the approach  
 of morning,  
 Through the gross vapors, Mars grows  
 fiery red  
 Down in the west upon the ocean  
 floor,

Appeared to me, — may I again be-  
 hold it ! —  
 A light along the sea, so swiftly  
 coming,  
 Its motion by no flight of wing is  
 equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn  
 a little  
 Mine eyes, that I might question my  
 conductor,  
 Again I saw it brighter grown and  
 larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
 I knew not what of white, and under-  
 neath,  
 Little by little, there came forth  
 another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,  
 While the first brightness into wings  
 unfolded !  
 But, when he clearly recognized the  
 pilot,

He cried aloud : “ Quick, quick, and  
 bow the knee !  
 Behold the Angel of God ! fold up  
 thy hands !  
 Henceforward shalt thou see such  
 officers !

“ See, how he scorns all human  
 arguments,  
 So that no oar he wants, nor other  
 sail  
 Than his own wings, between so dis-  
 tant shores !

“ See, how he holds them, pointed  
 straight to heaven,  
 Fanning the air with the eternal  
 pinions,  
 That do not moult themselves like  
 mortal hair !”

And then, as nearer and more near  
 us came  
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious  
 he appeared,  
 So that the eye could not sustain his  
 presence,

But down I cast it ; and he came to  
 shore  
 With a small vessel, gliding swift and  
 light,  
 So that the water swallowed nought  
 thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial  
 Pilot !  
 Beatitude seemed written in his face !  
 And more than a hundred spirits sat  
 within.

“ *In exitu Israel* out of Egypt !”  
 Thus sang they all together in one  
 voice,  
 With whatso in that Psalm is after  
 written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon  
 them,  
 Whereat all cast themselves upon the  
 shore,  
 And he departed swiftly as he came.

## THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round  
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,  
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently breathing air, that no mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,  
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
Did all of them bow downward towards that side  
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent  
So that the little birds upon their tops  
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,  
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,  
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on  
Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo! my farther course cut off a river,  
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,  
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,  
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,  
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

## BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO XXX., XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,  
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,  
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,  
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,  
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying: "*Benedictus qui venis,*"  
And scattering flowers above and round about,  
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*"

I once beheld, at the approach of day,  
The orient sky all stained with roseate  
hues,  
And the other heaven with light serene  
adorned.

And the sun's face uprising, over-  
shadowed,  
So that, by temperate influence of  
vapors,  
The eye sustained his aspect for long  
while;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of  
flowers,  
Which from those hands angelic were  
thrown up,  
And down descended inside and with-  
out,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white  
veil,  
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,  
Vested in colors of the living flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as the snow, among the living  
rafters  
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,  
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian  
winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through  
itself,  
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow,  
breathes,  
Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or  
tear,  
Before the song of those who chime  
forever  
After the chiming of the eternal  
spheres;

But, when I heard in those sweet  
melodies  
Compassion for me, more than had  
they said,

"O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus  
consume him?"

The ice, that was about my heart con-  
gealed,  
To air and water changed, and, in my  
anguish,  
Through lips and eyes came gushing  
from my breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Confusion and dismay, together min-  
gled,  
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of  
my mouth,  
To understand it one had need of  
sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when  
't is discharged,  
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and  
the bow,  
And with less force the arrow hits the  
mark;

So I gave way under this heavy  
burden,  
Gushing forth into bitter tears and  
sighs,  
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon  
its passage.

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### SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
D'ORLEANS. XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring! — in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!  
For Winter maketh the light heart  
sad,  
And thou, — thou makest the sad  
heart gay.  
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy  
train,  
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind,  
and the rain;

And they shrink away, and they flee  
in fear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees,  
so old,  
Their beards of icicles and snow;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and  
cold,  
We must cower over the embers  
low;  
And, snugly housed from the wind  
and weather,  
Mope like birds that are changing  
feather.  
But the storm retires, and the sky  
grows clear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy  
sky  
Wrap him round with a mantle of  
cloud;  
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is  
nigh;  
Thou tearest away the mournful  
shroud,  
And the earth looks bright, and Win-  
ter surly,  
Who has toiled for nought both late  
and early,  
Is banished afar by the new-born  
year,  
When thy merry step draws near.

### THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy  
father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips  
have pressed!  
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently  
place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's  
breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh  
not to me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee,  
defend;—

'T is sweet to watch for thee,—  
alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon  
his brow;

His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor  
dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy  
glow,

Would you not say he slept on  
Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with  
affright!

Awake, and chase this fatal thought!  
—Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on the  
light!

Even at the price of thine, give me  
repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept,—I  
breathe again;—

Come, gentle dreams, the hour of  
sleep beguile.

O! when shall he, for whom I sigh  
in vain,

Beside me watch to see thy waking  
smile?

### THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built  
Ere thou wast born,  
For thee was a mould meant  
Ere thou of mother camest.  
But it is not made ready,  
Nor its depth measured,  
Nor is it seen  
How long it shall be.  
Now I bring thee

Where thou shalt be ;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is unhigh and low ;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within ;  
There thou art fast detained  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends ;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee  
And descend after thee,  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

### KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES  
EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty  
mast

In mist and smoke ;  
His sword was hammering so fast,

Through Gothic helm and brain it  
passed ;  
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
In mist and smoke.  
“Fly!” shouted they, “fly, he who can!  
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian  
The stroke?”

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest’s  
roar,  
Now is the hour !  
He hoisted his blood-red flag once  
more,  
And smote upon the foe full sore,  
And shouted loud, through the tem-  
pest’s roar,  
“Now is the hour !”  
“Fly!” shouted they, “for shelter  
fly !  
Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy  
The power ?”

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
Thy murky sky !  
Then champions to thine arms were  
sent,  
Terror and Death glared where he  
went ;  
From the waves was heard a wail,  
that rent  
Thy murky sky !  
From Denmark, thunders Torden-  
skiol’,  
Let each to Heaven commend his  
soul,  
And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !  
Dark-rolling wave !  
Receive thy friend, who, scorning  
flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest’s might,  
Dark-rolling wave !  
And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
My grave !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peter Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of *Tordenskiold*, or *Thunder-shield*. In childhood he was a tailor’s apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

## THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their  
cups,  
Around the rustic board;  
Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand,  
And cried, all hot and flushed with  
wine,  
"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing, —  
And dashed his beard with wine;  
"I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this earth,  
It is the Saxon land !  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand !"

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian  
and Saxon !"  
A bold Bohemian cries;  
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,  
And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

\* \* \* \* \*

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,

And said, "Ye may no more con-  
tend, —  
There lies the happiest land !"

## THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou ?"

"I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time."

## THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN.

How they so softly rest,  
All, all the holy dead,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near !  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still !  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies !  
And by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber !

## THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,  
We little birds in them play;  
And everything, that can sing and fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither,  
or whence,  
With thy fluttering golden  
band?"—

"I greet thee, little bird! To the  
wide sea  
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?  
Thou mayest stand on the main-  
mast tall,  
For full to sinking is my house  
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,  
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
Bonny boat, I have wings of my  
own.

"High over the sails, high over the  
mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys?  
When thy merry companions are still,  
at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my  
voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen  
may,  
God bless them every one!  
I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow;  
And this same song, my whole life  
long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may  
know."

## WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?  
Whither, O brooklet, say!  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?  
That can no murmur be;  
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are  
singing  
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them  
murmur,  
And wander merrily near;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.

## BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!



She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care!  
She gives a side-glance and looks  
down,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care!  
And what she says it is not true,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care!  
She knows how much it is best to  
show,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
Take care!  
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

### SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,  
When the bridal party  
To the church doth hie!  
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,  
When, on Sabbath morning,  
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;  
Teltest thou at evening,  
Bed-time draweth nigh!  
Bell! thou soundest mournfully  
Teltest thou the bitter  
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?  
How canst thou rejoice?  
Thou art but metal dull!  
And yet all our sorrowings,  
And all our rejoicings,  
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,  
Which we cannot fathom,  
Placed within thy form!  
When the heart is sinking,  
Thou alone canst raise it,  
Trembling in the storm!

### THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That Castle by the Sea?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty  
chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's  
rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly,  
But I heard on the gale a sound of  
wail,  
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride?"

And the wave of their crimson  
mantles ?  
And the golden crown of pride ?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there ?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair ?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride ;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of  
woe,  
No maiden was by their side !"

### THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of  
Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all  
sadness.  
Thus began the King and spake :  
"So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly.  
From balcony the King looked on ;  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.  
"Sir Knight ! your name and  
scutcheon, say !"  
"Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;  
I am a Prince of mighty sway !"

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with  
mists,  
And the castle 'gan to rock.

At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls  
glances ;  
Waves a mighty shadow in ;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around.  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame.  
"Twixt son and daughter all dis-  
traught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took ;  
"Golden wine will make you  
whole !"  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank ;  
"O that draught was very cool !"

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter ; and their faces  
Colorless grow utterly.  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
He beholds his children die.

"Woe ! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
Take me, too, the joyless father !"  
Spake the grim Guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast,  
"Roses in the spring I gather !"

## SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly  
gather,And shattered wrecks lie thicker on  
the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning  
visionsOf beauteous souls! The Future's  
pledge and band

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!

For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted,

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth  
stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

## L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose

After the Evening's close,

And whispered to my restless heart  
repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear

Of all who doubt and fear,

And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,

That in the groves of balm

Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more

With the perpetual roar

Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,

But speaking from death's frost,

Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,

Amid the chills and damps

Of the vast plain where Death encamps.

## BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS, 1841.

## PREFACE.

THERE is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems as the *Luise* of Voss and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Goethe. But the Swedish Poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out

from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes, baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land.

He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a Southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the Maypole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones, — "I give thee in marriage this

damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales,

too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.<sup>1</sup>

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses, and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weather-cock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chaunts,—

“Ho! watchman, ho!  
Twelve is the clock!  
God keep our town  
From fire and brand  
And hostile hand!  
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, “the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”

Esaias Tegnér, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By in Wärmland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is *Frithiofs Saga*; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

1841.

<sup>1</sup> Titles of Swedish popular tales.

## BALLADS.

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838-1839, says:—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE 12TH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same

times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for a purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
deeds, though manifold,  
o Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the ger-falcon;



And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chaunting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me, —  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen! —  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armèd hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Come round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman's hail  
Death without quarter!

Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water !

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to lee-ward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sun-light hateful.  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended !

There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland ! *skoal!*"<sup>1</sup>  
— Thus the tale ended.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little  
daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the haw-  
thorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering  
flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailør,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden  
ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his  
pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

<sup>1</sup> In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Down came the storm, and smote  
 amain,  
 The vessel in its strength;  
 She shuddered and paused, like a  
 frightened steed,  
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little  
 daughter,  
 And do not tremble so;  
 For I can weather the roughest gale,  
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's  
 coat  
 Against the stinging blast;  
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells  
 ring,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 "'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound  
 coast!"—  
 And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot  
 live  
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 But the father answered never a word,  
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
 With his face turned to the skies,  
 The lantern gleamed through the  
 gleaming snow  
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands  
 and prayed  
 That saved she might be;  
 And she thought of Christ, who  
 stilled the wave,  
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark  
 and drear,  
 Through the whistling sleet and  
 snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,  
 A sound came from the land;  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her  
 bows,  
 She drifted a dreary wreck,  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy  
 waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her  
 side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in  
 ice,  
 With the masts went by the board;  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and  
 sank,  
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair,  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt-sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown  
 sea-weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow!  
 Christ save us all from a death like  
 this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers  
all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Eden-  
hall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking glass of crystal tall;  
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to  
praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
The gray-beard with trembling hand  
obeys;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it  
light,  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;  
She wrote in it: *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*"

"'T was right a goblet the Fate  
should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right will-  
ingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Eden-  
hall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's  
fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow  
than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And through the rift, the wild flames  
start;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful  
Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes  
alone,  
The gray-beard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall  
aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

## THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It

seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Eirantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven  
miles wide,  
But never, ah never can meet with the  
man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side  
A Knight full well equipped;  
His steed was black, his helm was  
barred;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a  
clang,  
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels,  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels  
they flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest;  
And it was sharper than diamond-  
stone,  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm,  
A wreath of ruddy gold;

And that gave him the Maidens Three,  
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eft-  
soon  
If he were come from heaven down;  
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth  
he,  
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,  
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;  
I am an Unknown Knight,  
Three modest Maidens have me  
bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,  
And have three Maidens thee be-  
dight;  
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
For all the Maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,  
They put their steeds to the test;  
The second tilt they together rode,  
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,  
Neither of them would yield;  
The fourth tilt they together rode,  
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
And their blood runs unto death;  
Now sit the Maidens in the high  
tower,  
The youngest sorrows till death.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

THE CHILDREN OF THE  
LORD'S SUPPER.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had  
come. The church of the village  
gleaming stood in the morning's  
sheen. On the spire of the bel-  
fry,

Tipped with a vane of metal, the  
friendly flames of the Spring-sun  
glanced like the tongues of fire, be-  
held by Apostles aforetime.

Clear was the heaven and blue, and  
May, with her cap crowned with  
roses,

stood in her holiday dress in the fields,  
and the wind and the brooklet  
murmured gladness and peace, God's-  
peace ! with lips rosy-tinted ;

Whispered the race of the flowers,  
and merry on balancing branches  
birds were singing their carol, a jubi-  
lant hymn to the Highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard.  
Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor  
stood its old-fashioned gate ; and  
within upon each cross of iron

hung was a fragrant garland, new  
twined by the hands of affection.  
Even the dial, that stood on a hillock  
among the departed,

(There full a hundred years had it  
stood,) was embellished with  
blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage  
of his kith and the hamlet,  
who on his birthday is crowned by  
children and children's children.  
So stood the ancient prophet, and  
mute with his pencil of iron

Marked on the tablet of stone, and  
measured the time and its  
changes,

While all around at his feet, an eter-  
nity slumbered in quiet.

Also the church within was adorned,  
for this was the season

When the young, their parents' hope,  
and the loved ones of heaven,

Should at the foot of the altar renew  
the vows of their baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was  
swept and cleaned, and the dust  
was

blown from the walls and ceiling, and  
from the oil-painted benches.

There stood the church like a garden ;  
the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions <sup>1</sup>

Saw we in living presentment. From  
noble arms on the church wall

Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and  
the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood

Budded once more anew, as afore-  
time the rod before Aaron.

Wreathed thereon was the Bible with  
leaves, and the dove, washed with  
silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it  
a necklace of wind-flowers.

But in front of the choir, round the  
altar piece painted by Hörberg, <sup>2</sup>

Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-  
curling tresses of angels

Peeped, like the sun from a cloud,  
from out of the shadowy leaf-  
work.

Likewise the lustre of brass, new-  
polished, blinked from the ceil-  
ing,

And for lights there were lilies of  
Pentecost set in the sockets.

<sup>1</sup> The Feast of the Tabernacles ; in Swedish, *Löfhydaohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

<sup>2</sup> The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar pieces in the village churches.

Loud rang the bells already; the  
 thronging crowd was assembled  
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to  
 the holy preaching.  
 Hark! then roll forth at once the  
 mighty tones from the organ,  
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like  
 invisible spirits.  
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast  
 off from him his mantle,  
 Even so cast off the soul its garments  
 of earth; and with one voice  
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang  
 an anthem immortal  
 Of the sublime Wallin,<sup>1</sup> of David's  
 harp in the North-land  
 Tuned to the choral of Luther; the  
 song on its powerful pinions  
 Took every living soul, and lifted it  
 gently to heaven,  
 And every face did shine like the  
 Holy One's face upon Tabor.  
 Lo! there entered then into the  
 church the Reverend Teacher.  
 Father he hight and he was in the  
 parish; a Christianly plainness  
 Clothed from his head to his feet the  
 old man of seventy winters.  
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad  
 as the heralding angel  
 Walked he among the crowds, but  
 still a contemplative grandeur  
 Lay on his forehead as clear, as on  
 moss-covered gravestone a sun-  
 beam.  
 As in his inspiration (an evening twi-  
 light that faintly  
 Gleams in the human soul, even now,  
 from the day of creation)  
 Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, im-  
 agines St. John when in Patmos,  
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven,  
 so seemed then the old man;  
 Such was the glance of his eye, and  
 such were his tresses of silver.  
 All the congregation arose in the pews  
 that were numbered.

But with a cordial look, to the right  
 and the left hand, the old man  
 Nodding all hail and peace, disap-  
 peared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded  
 the Christian service,  
 Singing and prayer, and at last an  
 ardent discourse from the old man.  
 Many a moving word and warning,  
 that out of the heart came,  
 Fell like the dew of the morning, like  
 manna on those in the desert.  
 Afterwards, when all was finished, the  
 Teacher reëntered the chancel,  
 Followed therein by the young. On  
 the right-hand the boys had their  
 places,  
 Delicate figures, with close-curling hair  
 and cheeks rosy-blooming.  
 But on the left-hand of these, there  
 stood the tremulous lilies,  
 Tinged with the blushing light of the  
 morning, the diffident maidens,—  
 Folding their hands in prayer, and  
 their eyes cast down on the pave-  
 ment.  
 Now came, with question and answer,  
 the catechism. In the beginning  
 Answered the children with troubled  
 and faltering voice, but the old  
 man's  
 Glances of kindness encouraged them  
 soon, and the doctrines eternal  
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains,  
 so clear from lips unpolled.  
 Whene'er the answer was closed, and  
 as oft as they named the Re-  
 deemer,  
 Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the  
 maidens all courtesied.  
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an  
 angel of light there among them,  
 And to the children explained he the  
 holy, the highest, in few words,  
 Thorough, yet simple and clear, for  
 sublimity always is simple,

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet.  
 and sublimity of his psalms.

He is particularly remarkable for the beauty

Both in sermon and song, a child can  
 seize on its meaning.  
 Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded  
 when Spring-tide approaches,  
 Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed  
 by the radiant sunshine,  
 Blushes with purple and gold, till at  
 last the perfected blossom  
 Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks  
 with its crown in the breezes,  
 So was unfolded here the Christian  
 lore of salvation,  
 Line by line from the soul of childhood.  
 The fathers and mothers  
 Stood behind them in tears, and were  
 glad at each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the  
 altar; — and straightway trans-  
 figured

(So did it seem unto me) was then  
 the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and  
 awful as Death and as Judgment  
 Stood he, the God-commissioned,  
 the soul-searcher, earthward descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts  
 that to him were transparent

Shot he; his voice was deep, was low  
 like the thunder afar off.

So on a sudden transfigured he stood  
 there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers,  
 the faith the Apostles delivered,  
 This is moreover the faith whereunto  
 I baptized you, while still ye  
 Lay on your mothers' breasts, and  
 nearer the portals of heaven.

Slumbering received you then the  
 Holy Church in its bosom;

Wakened from sleep are ye now, and  
 the light in its radiant splendor

Rains from the heaven downward;  
 — to-day on the threshold of  
 childhood

Kindly she frees you again, to ex-  
 amine and make your election,

For she knows naught of compulsion,  
 and only conviction desireth.

This is the hour of your trial, the  
 turning-point of existence,

Seed for the coming days; without  
 revocation departeth

Now from your lips the confession.

Bethink ye, before ye make  
 answer!

Think not, O think not with guile to  
 deceive the questioning Teacher.

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse  
 ever rests upon falsehood.

Enter not with a lie on Life's journey;  
 the multitude hears you,

Brothers and sisters and parents,  
 what dear upon earth is and holy

Standeth before your sight as a wit-  
 ness; the Judge everlasting

Looks from the sun down upon you,  
 and angels in waiting beside him

Grave your confession in letters of  
 fire, upon tablets eternal.

Thus then, — believe ye in God, in  
 the Father who this world cre-  
 ated?

Him who redeemed it, the Son, and  
 the Spirit where both are united?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy  
 promise!) to cherish

God more than all things earthly, and  
 every man as a brother?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm  
 your faith by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to  
 hope, to forgive, and to suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and  
 walk before God in uprightness?

Will ye promise me this before God  
 and man? — With a clear voice

Answered the young men Yes! and  
 Yes! with lips softly-breathing

Answered the maidens eke. Then  
 dissolved from the brow of the

Teacher  
 Clouds with the thunders therein,  
 and he spake in accents more

gentle,  
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps  
 by Babylon's rivers.



"Hail, then, hail to you all ! To  
 the heirdom of heaven be ye  
 welcome !  
 Children no more from this day, but  
 by covenant brothers and sisters !  
 Yet, — for what reason not children ?  
 Of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
 Here upon earth an assemblage of  
 children, in heaven one father,  
 Ruling them all as his household, —  
 forgiving in turn and chastising,  
 That is of human life a picture, as  
 Scripture has taught us.  
 Blessed are the pure before God !  
 Upon purity and upon virtue  
 Resteth the Christian Faith ; she her-  
 self from on high is descended.  
 Strong as a man and pure as a child,  
 is the sum of the doctrine,  
 Which the Divine One taught, and  
 suffered and died on the cross  
 for.  
 O ! as ye wander this day from child-  
 hood's sacred asylum  
 Downward and ever downward, and  
 deeper in Age's chill valley,  
 O ! how soon will ye come, — too  
 soon ! — and long to turn backward  
 Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-  
 illuminated, where Judgment  
 Stood like a father before you, and  
 Pardon, clad like a mother,  
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the  
 loving heart was forgiven,  
 Life was a play and your hands  
 grasped after the roses of heaven !  
 Seventy years have I lived already ;  
 the father eternal  
 Gave me gladness and care ; but the  
 loveliest hours of existence,  
 When I have steadfastly gazed in  
 their eyes, I have instantly known  
 them,  
 Known them all again ; — they were  
 my childhood's acquaintance.  
 Therefore take them henceforth, as  
 guides in the paths of existence,  
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven,  
 and Innocence, bride of man's  
 childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest  
 from the world of the blessed,  
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on  
 life's roaring billows  
 Swings she in safety, she heedeth them  
 not, in the ship she is sleeping.  
 Calmly she gazes around in the tur-  
 moil of men ; in the desert  
 Angels descend and minister unto  
 her ; she herself knoweth  
 Naught of her glorious attendance ;  
 but follows faithful and humble,  
 Follows so long as she may her friend ;  
 O do not reject her,  
 For she cometh from God and she  
 holdeth the keys of the heav-  
 ens. —  
 Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and will-  
 ingly flyeth incessant  
 'Twixt the earth and the sky, the car-  
 rier-pigeon of heaven.  
 Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and  
 an exile, the Spirit  
 Tugs at his chains evermore, and  
 struggles like flames ever up-  
 ward.  
 Still he recalls with emotion his  
 father's manifold mansions,  
 Thinks of the land of his fathers,  
 where blossomed more freshly  
 the flowers,  
 Shone a more beautiful sun, and he  
 played with the wingèd angels.  
 Then grows the earth too narrow, too  
 close ; and homesick for heaven  
 Longs the wanderer again ; and the  
 Spirit's longings are worship ;  
 Worship is called his most beautiful  
 hour, and its tongue is entreaty.  
 Ah ! when the infinite burden of life  
 descendeth upon us,  
 Crushes to earth our hope, and, under  
 the earth, in the graveyard, —  
 Then it is good to pray unto God ;  
 for his sorrowing children  
 Turns he ne'er from his door, but  
 he heals and helps and consoles  
 them.  
 Yet it is better to pray when all things  
 are prosperous with us,

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most  
 beautiful Fortune  
 Kneels down before the Eternal's  
 throne; and, with hands inter-  
 folded,  
 Praises thankful and moved the only  
 giver of blessings.  
 Or do ye know, ye children, one  
 blessing that comes not from  
 Heaven?  
 What has mankind forsooth, the poor!  
 that it has not received?  
 Therefore, fall in the dust and pray!  
 The seraphs adoring  
 Cover with pinions six their face in  
 the glory of him who  
 Hung his masonry pendant on naught,  
 when the world he created.  
 Earth declareth his might, and the  
 firmament uttereth his glory.  
 Races blossom and die, and stars fall  
 downward from heaven,  
 Downward like withered leaves; at  
 the last stroke of midnight, mil-  
 lenniums  
 Lay themselves down at his feet, and  
 he sees them, but counts them as  
 nothing.  
 Who shall stand in his presence?  
 The wrath of the judge is terrific,  
 Casting the insolent down at a glance.  
 When he speaks in his anger  
 Hillocks skip like the kid, and moun-  
 tains leap like the roebuck.  
 Yet, — why are ye afraid, ye children?  
 This awful avenger,  
 Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice  
 was not in the earthquake,  
 Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it  
 was in the whispering breezes.  
 Love is the root of creation; God's  
 essence; worlds without number  
 Lie in his bosom like children; he  
 made them for this purpose only.  
 Only to love and to be loved again, he  
 breathed forth his spirit  
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright  
 standing, it laid its  
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was  
 warm with a flame out of heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame! It  
 is the breath of your being.  
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not  
 father, nor mother  
 Loved you, as God has loved you;  
 for 't was that you may be happy  
 Gave he his only son. When he  
 bowed down his head in the  
 death-hour  
 Solemnized Love its triumph; the  
 sacrifice then was completed.  
 Lo! then was rent on a sudden the  
 veil of the temple, dividing  
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead  
 from their sepulchres rising  
 Whispered with pallid lips and low  
 in the ears of each other  
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to  
 creation's enigma, — Atonement!  
 Depths of Love are Atonement's  
 depths, for Love is Atonement.  
 Therefore, child of mortality, love  
 thou the merciful Father;  
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and  
 not from fear, but affection;  
 Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the  
 heart that loveth is willing;  
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is  
 Love, and Love only.  
 Lovest thou God as thou oughtest,  
 then lovest thou likewise thy  
 brethren;  
 One is the sun in heaven, and one,  
 only one, is Love also.  
 Bears not each human figure the god-  
 like stamp on his forehead?  
 Readest thou not in his face thine  
 origin? Is he not sailing  
 Lost like thyself on an ocean un-  
 known, and is he not guided  
 By the same stars that guide thee?  
 Why shouldst thou hate then thy  
 brother?  
 Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is  
 sweet to stammer one letter  
 Of the Eternal's language; — on earth  
 it is called Forgiveness!  
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with  
 the crown of thorns round his  
 temples?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him?

Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,

Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd

Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.

Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals

Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.

Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,—Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,

Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,

Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,

Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,

Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,

For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,

Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her home-  
stead.

Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous

Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than

Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.

Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness

Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who

Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only

More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading

Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of affection,

Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.

Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,

Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom

Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpoluted by vapors;

Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,

Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,

Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,

Writ in the climate of heaven, in the  
language spoken by angels.

You, in like manner, ye children be-  
loved, he one day shall gather,  
Never forgets he the weary; — then  
welcome, ye loved ones, here-  
after!

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of  
vows, forget not the promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holi-  
ness; earth shall ye heed not;

Earth is but dust and heaven is light;  
I have pledged you to heaven.

God of the Universe, hear me! thou  
fountain of Love everlasting,

Hark to the voice of thy servant! I  
send up my prayer to thy heaven!

Let me hereafter not miss at thy  
throne one spirit of all these,

Whom thou hast given me here!  
I have loved them all like a  
father.

May they bear witness for me, that I  
taught them the way of salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word;  
again may they know me,

Fall on their Teacher's breast, and be-  
fore thy face may I place them,

Pure as they now are, but only more  
tried, and exclaiming with glad-  
ness,

Father, lo! I am here, and the chil-  
dren, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words;  
and now at the beck of the old  
man

Knee against knee they knitted a  
wreath round the altar's en-  
closure.

Kneeling he read then the prayers  
of the consecration, and softly

With him the children read; at the  
close, with tremulous accents,

Asked he the peace of heaven, a  
benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for  
the day; the following Sunday

Was for the young appointed to eat  
of the Lord's holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds,  
stood the Teacher silent and laid  
his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his  
looks upward; while thoughts  
high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul,  
and his eyes glanced with won-  
derful brightness.

"On the next Sunday, who knows!  
perhaps I shall rest in the grave-  
yard!"

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a  
lily broken untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth; why  
delay I? the hour is accom-  
plished.

Warm is the heart;—I will so! for  
to-day grows the harvest of  
heaven.

What I began accomplish I now; for  
what failing therein is

I, the old man, will answer to God  
and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye deni-  
zens new-come in heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the  
bread of Atonement?

What it denoteth, that know ye full  
well, I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is,  
of Atonement a token,

Stablished between earth and heaven.  
Man by his sins and transgres-  
sions

Far has wandered from God, from  
his essence. 'Twas in the be-  
ginning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he  
fell, and it hangs its crown o'er  
the

Fall to this day; in the Thought is  
the Fall; in the Heart the Ato-  
nement.

Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement  
infinite likewise.

See! behind me, as far as the old  
man remembers, and forward,

Far as Hope in her flight can reach  
with her wearied pinions,

Sin and Atonement incessant go  
 through the lifetime of mortals.  
 Brought forth is sin full-grown; but  
 Atonement sleeps in our bosoms  
 Still as the cradled babe; and dreams  
 of heaven and of angels,  
 Cannot awake to sensation; is like  
 the tones in the harp's strings,  
 Spirits imprisoned, that wait ever-  
 more the deliverer's finger.  
 Therefore, ye children beloved, de-  
 scended the Prince of Atonement,  
 Woke the slumberer from sleep, and  
 she stands now with eyes all re-  
 splendent,  
 Bright as the vault of the sky, and  
 battles with Sin and o'ercomes  
 her.  
 Downward to earth he came and  
 transfigured, thence reascended,  
 Not from the heart in like wise, for  
 there he still lives in the Spirit,  
 Loves and atones evermore. So long  
 as Time is, is Atonement.  
 Therefore with reverence receive this  
 day her visible token.  
 Tokens are dead if the things do not  
 live. The light everlasting  
 Unto the blind man is not, but is born  
 of the eye that has vision.  
 Neither in bread nor in wine, but in  
 the heart that is hallowed  
 Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the in-  
 tention alone of amendment  
 Fruits of the earth ennobles to  
 heavenly things, and removes  
 all  
 Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only  
 Love with his arms wide ex-  
 tended,  
 Penitence weeping and praying; the  
 Will that is tried, and whose gold  
 flows  
 Purified forth from the flames; in a  
 word, mankind by Atonement  
 Breaketh Atonement's bread, and  
 drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.  
 But he who cometh up hither, un-  
 worthy, with hate in his bosom,

Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty  
 of Christ's blessed body,  
 And the Redeemer's blood! To him-  
 self he eateth and drinketh  
 Death and doom! And from this, pre-  
 serve us, thou heavenly Father!  
 Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of  
 the bread of Atonement?"  
 Thus with emotion he asked, and to-  
 gether answered the children  
 Yes! with deepsobs interrupted. Then  
 read he the due supplications,  
 Read the Form of Communion, and  
 in chimed the organ and anthem;  
 O! Holy Lamb of God, who takest  
 away our transgressions,  
 Hear us! give us thy peace! have  
 mercy, have mercy upon us!  
 Th' old man, with trembling hand,  
 and heavenly pearls on his eye-  
 lids,  
 Filled now the chalice and paten, and  
 dealt round the mystical symbols.  
 O! then seemed it to me, as if God,  
 with the broad eye of mid-day,  
 Clearer looked in at the windows, and  
 all the trees in the churchyard  
 Bowed down their summits of green,  
 and the grass on the graves 'gan  
 to shiver.  
 But in the children, (I noted it well;  
 I knew it) there ran a  
 Tremor of holy rapture along through  
 their icy-cold members.  
 Decked like an altar before them,  
 there stood the green earth, and  
 above it  
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before  
 Stephen they saw there  
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on  
 his right hand the Redeemer.  
 Under them hear they the clang of  
 harpstrings, and angels from gold  
 clouds  
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan  
 with their pinions of purple.  
 Closed was the Teacher's task, and  
 with heaven in their hearts and  
 their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each, bowed him, weeping full sorely, Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he	Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings, Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
     With large and sinewy hands;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
     Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
     He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
     For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till  
     night,  
     You can hear his bellows blow;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy  
     sledge,  
     With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
     When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from  
     school  
     Look in at the open door;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
     And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
     Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
     And sits among his boys;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
     He hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir,  
     And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's  
     voice,  
     Singing in Paradise!  
 He needs must think of her once  
     more,  
     How in the grave she lies;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he  
     wipes  
     A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
     Onward through life he goes;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
     Each evening sees it close;  
 Something attempted, something  
     done,  
     Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy  
     friend,  
     For the lesson thou hast taught!  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
     Our fortunes must be wrought;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
     Each burning deed and thought!

### ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars;  
 Her level rays, like golden bars,  
     Lie on the landscape green,  
     With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
 As if Diana, in her dreams,  
     Had dropt her silver bow  
     Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,— the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity, —  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows  
deep,  
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering eyes !  
O, drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds,— as if with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering  
strings;  
And whispers, in its song,  
"Where hast thou stayed so long !"

## THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream,— away !  
Too long did it remain !  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought;  
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see;  
And wander through the world once  
more,  
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,— and they are wondrous  
fair,—  
Left me that vision mild;  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE  
ANTAÑO.

*Spanish Proverb.*

THE sun is bright,— the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind  
blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;— the buds, the  
leaves,  
That gild the elm tree's nodding  
crest,

And even the nest beneath the  
eaves ;—

There are no birds in last year's  
nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the  
truth,  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !

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### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering  
wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering  
Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in  
the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still  
shining ;

Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

### GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase,  
which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It  
is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its  
walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the  
sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name  
imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave  
have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in  
their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas ! no more  
their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise  
again  
At the great harvest, when the arch-  
angel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff  
and grain.  
Then shall the good stand in immortal  
bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second  
birth ;  
And each bright blossom, mingle its  
perfume  
With that of flowers, which never  
bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,  
turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed  
we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human  
harvests grow !

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### TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and  
free,



Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide  
thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds  
me  
Of three friends, all true and tried ;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !  
How like quivering flames they  
start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !  
That my spirit leans to thee ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

## BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a  
breath

Say, " It is Christ of Nazareth !"  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say, " He calleth thee !"  
*Θάρσει, ἐγείραι, φωνεῖ σε !*

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, " What wilt thou at my  
hands ?

And he replies, " O give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !"  
And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάγε·*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
*Ἰησοῦ ἐλέησόν με !*  
*Θάρσει, ἐγείραι, ὕπαγε !*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;  
And though my eyes with tears are  
dim,

I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands  
green,

Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippo-  
crene,

Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-  
tween

Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and  
crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-im-  
browned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless  
mood;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;  
Through all that dark and desperate  
fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light, — for strength to  
bear

Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm, — the struggle, — the re-  
lief, —  
Then sleep we side by side.

#### MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath  
    snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;  
    —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

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### EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
    Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its  
    sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
    Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and  
    bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
    Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
    Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
    Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered  
    branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-  
    night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
    Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
    Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
    Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
    Excelsior!

## POEMS ON SLAVERY. 1842.

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

## TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold.

At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams

The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand! —  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard  
of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew;  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyæna scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried  
aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day;  
For Death had illumined the Land of  
Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fether, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!

### THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
In valleys green and cool;  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save;  
To cast the captive's chains aside,  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

### THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-  
worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake;  
Where waving mosses shroud the  
pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poison-  
ous vine  
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could  
pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green  
morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled  
grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;  
Great scars deformed his face;  
On his forehead he bore the brand  
of shame  
And the rags that hid his mangled  
frame  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
 All things were glad and free ;  
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
 And wild birds filled the echoing air  
 With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
 From the morning of his birth ;  
 On him alone the curse of Cain  
 Fell like a flail on the garnered grain,  
 And struck him to the earth !

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### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !  
 He, a Negro and enslaved,  
 Sang of Israel's victory,  
 Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
 Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
 In a voice so sweet and clear  
 That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
 Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
 When upon the Red Sea coast  
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
 Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
 For its tones by turns were glad,  
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
 And an earthquake's arm of might  
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel  
 Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?  
 And what earthquake's arm of might  
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

### THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,  
 Half-buried in the sands,  
 Lie skeletons in chains,  
 With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
 Deeper than plummet lies,  
 Float ships, with all their crews,  
 No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
 Freight with human forms,  
 Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
 Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;  
 They gleam from the abyss ;  
 They cry, from yawning waves,  
 "We are the Witnesses !"

Within Earth's wide domains  
 Are markets for men's lives ;  
 Their necks are galled with chains,  
 Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
 In deserts makes its prey ;  
 Murders, that with affright  
 Scare schoolboys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
 Anger and lust and pride ;  
 The foulest, rankest weeds,  
 That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;  
 They glare from the abyss ;  
 They cry, from unknown graves,  
 "We are the Witnesses !"

---

### THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon,  
 Lay moored with idle sail ;  
 He waited for the rising moon,  
 And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon ;  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,  
Her arms and neck were bare ;  
No garment she wore save a kirtle  
bright  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren, — the farm is  
old,"  
The thoughtful Planter said ;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
With such accursed gains ;  
For he knew whose passions gave her  
life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;  
He took the glittering gold !

Then pale as death grew the maiden's  
cheek  
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land !

---

### THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who  
tore  
The lion in his path, — when, poor  
and blind,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven no  
more,  
Shorn of his noble strength and  
forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its  
overthrow  
Destroyed himself, and with him those  
who made  
A cruel mockery of his sightless  
woe ;  
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and  
jest of all,  
Expired, and thousands perished in  
the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this  
land,  
Shorn of his strength, and bound  
in bonds of steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise  
his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this Com-  
monweal,  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rub-  
bish lies.

## THE SPANISH STUDENT, 1843.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN, {	. . . . .	<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO, }		
THE COUNT OF LARA, {	. .	<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS, }		
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.		
A CARDINAL.		
BELTRAN CRUZADO, . . . . .		<i>Count of the Gipsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN, . . . . .		<i>A young Gipsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.		
PEDRO CRESPO, . . . . .		<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO, . . . . .		<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO, . . . . .		<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA, . . . . .		<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR, . . . . .		<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA, . . . . .		<i>A Gipsy Girl.</i>
ANGELICA, . . . . .		<i>A poor Girl.</i>
MARTINA, . . . . .		<i>The Padre Cura's Niece.</i>
DOLORES, . . . . .		<i>Preciosa's Maid.</i>
<i>Gipsies, Musicians, &amp;c.</i>		

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

*Lara.* You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;

How happened it?

*Carlos.* I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there?

*Lara.* Why, all the town and court.

The house was crowded; and the busy fans

Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;

The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,

Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol, And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

*Carlos.* What was the play?

*Lara.* It was a dull affair; One of those comedies in which you see,

As Lope says, the history of the world Brought down from Genesis to the

Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,

Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,

"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet, An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,

A Doña Inez with a black mantilla, Followed at twilight by an unknown

lover,

Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

*Carlos.* Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?



*Lara.* And never better. Every  
footstep fell

As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.  
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

*Carlos.* Almost beyond the privilege  
of woman !

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.  
Her step was royal, — queen-like, —  
and her face

As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

*Lara.* May not a saint fall from  
her Paradise,

And be no more a saint ?

*Carlos.* Why do you ask ?

*Lara.* Because I have heard it  
said this angel fell,

And, though she is a virgin outwardly,  
Within she is a sinner ; like those  
panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old  
monks

Painted in convents, with the Virgin  
Mary

On the outside, and on the inside  
Venus !

*Carlos.* You do her wrong ; in-  
deed, you do her wrong !

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

*Lara.* How credulous you are !

Why, look you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in  
Madrid,

In this whole city ! And would you  
persuade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who shows  
herself,

Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for  
money,

And with voluptuous motions fires  
the blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held  
A model for her virtue ?

*Carlos.* You forget

She is a Gipsy girl.

*Lara.* And therefore won  
The easier.

*Carlos.* Nay, not to be won at all !

The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes  
Is chastity. That is her only vir-  
tue.

Dearer than life she holds it. I  
remember

A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless  
bawd,

Whose craft was to betray the young  
and fair ;

And yet this woman was above all  
bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched by  
her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her  
race,

Offered her gold to be what she made  
others,

She turned upon him, with a look of  
scorn,

And smote him in the face !

*Lara.* And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

*Carlos.* It proves a nobleman may  
be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I  
believe

That woman, in her deepest degra-  
dation,

Holds something sacred, something  
undefiled,

Some pledge and keepsake of her  
higher nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark,  
retains

Some quenchless gleam of the cele-  
stial light !

*Lara.* Yet Preciosa would have  
taken the gold.

*Carlos* [*rising*]. I do not think so.

*Lara.* I am sure of it.

But why this haste ? Stay yet a little  
longer,

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

*Carlos.* 'T is late. I must begone,  
for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

*Lara.* Yes ; persuade me.

*Carlos.* No one so deaf as he who  
will not hear.

*Lara.* No one so blind as he who  
will not see !

*Carlos.* And so good night. I  
wish you pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

*Lara.* Greater faith !  
I have the greatest faith ; for I believe  
Victorian is her lover. I believe  
That I shall be to-morrow ; and there-  
after

Another, and another, and another  
Chasing each other through her  
zodiac,

As Taurus chases Aries.

[*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*]

Well, Francisco,  
What speed with Preciosa ?

*Fran.* None, my lord.  
She sends your jewels back, and bids  
me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your  
gold.

*Lara.* Then I will try some other  
way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

*Fran.* Yes, my lord.  
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

*Lara.* What was he doing there ?

*Fran.* I saw him buy  
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

*Lara.* Was there another like it ?

*Fran.* One so like it  
I could not choose between them.

*Lara.* It is well.  
To-morrow morning bring that ring  
to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my  
bed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street in Madrid.*

*Enter CHISPA, followed by musi-  
cians with a bagpipe, guitars, and  
other instruments.*

*Chis.* Abernuncio Satanas ! and a  
plague on all lovers who ramble about  
at night, drinking the elements, in-  
stead of sleeping quietly in their beds.  
Every dead man to his cemetery, say  
I ; and every friar to his monastery.  
Now, here 's my master, Victorian,  
yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a  
gentleman ; yesterday a student, and  
to-day a lover ; and I must be up

later than the nightingale, for as the  
abbot sings so must the sacristan re-  
spond. God grant he may soon be  
married, for then shall all this sere-  
nading cease. Ay, marry ! marry !  
marry ! Mother, what does marry  
mean ? It means to spin, to bear  
children, and to weep, my daughter !  
And, of a truth, there is something  
more in matrimony than the wedding-  
ring. [*To the musicians.*] And now,  
gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the  
ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk  
this way ; and don't hang down your  
heads. It is no disgrace to have an  
old father and a ragged shirt. Now,  
look you, you are gentlemen who lead  
the life of crickets ; you enjoy hunger  
by day and noise by night. Yet, I  
beseech you, for this once be not  
loud, but pathetic ; for it is a se-  
renade to a damsel in bed, and not  
to the Man in the Moon. Your ob-  
ject is not to arouse and terrify, but  
to soothe and bring lulling dreams.  
Therefore each shall not play upon  
his instrument as if it were the only  
one in the universe, but gently, and  
with a certain modesty, according  
with the others. Pray, how may I  
call thy name, friend ?

*1st Mus.* Gerónimo Gil, at your  
service.

*Chis.* Every tub smells of the wine  
that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not  
Saturday an unpleasant day with thee ?

*1st Mus.* Why so ?

*Chis.* Because I have heard it said  
that Saturday is an unpleasant day  
with those who have but one shirt.  
Moreover, I have seen thee at the tav-  
ern, and if thou canst run as fast as  
thou canst drink, I should like to hunt  
hares with thee. What instrument is  
that ?

*1st Mus.* An Aragonese bagpipe.

*Chis.* Pray, art thou related to the  
bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a  
maravedí for playing, and ten for leav-  
ing off ?

*1st Mus.* No, your honor.

*Chis.* I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

*2d and 3d Mus.* We play the bandurria.

*Chis.* A pleasing instrument. And thou?

*4th Mus.* The fife.

*Chis.* I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

*Other Mus.* We are the singers, please your honor.

*Chis.* You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — PRECIOSA'S chamber.  
*She stands at the open window.*

*Pre.* How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon! Like  
thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults  
of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their  
souls in song.  
And hark! what songs of love, what  
soul-like sounds,  
Answer them from below!

#### SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!

She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

[*Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.*]

*Vict.* Poor little dove! Thou  
tremblest like a leaf!

*Pre.* I am so frightened! 'T is for  
thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by  
night!

Did no one see thee?

*Vict.* None, my love, but thou.

*Pre.* 'T is very dangerous; and  
when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come  
here

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast  
thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from  
thee.

*Vict.* Since yesterday I've been in  
Alcalá.

Ere long the time will come, sweet  
Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no more  
divide us,

And I no more shall scale thy wall by  
night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

*Pre.* An honest thief, to steal but  
what thou givest.

*Vict.* And we shall sit together  
unmolested,

And words of true love pass from  
tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

*Pre.* That were a life indeed to make time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

*Vict.* Sweet child of air!  
Never did I behold thee so attired  
And garmented in beauty as to-night!  
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

*Pre.* Am I not always fair?

*Vict.* Ay, and so fair  
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

*Pre.* I heed them not.  
When thou art present, I see none but thee!

*Vict.* There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes  
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

*Pre.* And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

*Vict.* Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!  
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sara-bands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

*Pre.* In good sooth,  
I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

*Vict.* And with whom, I pray?

*Pre.* A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace  
The Archbishop of Toledo.

*Vict.* What mad jest is this?

*Pre.* It is no jest; indeed it is not.

*Vict.* Prithée, explain thyself.

*Pre.* Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

*Vict.* I have heard it whispered.

*Pre.* Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold

With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop

Has sent for me —

*Vict.* That thou mayst dance before them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe  
The fire of youth into these gray old men!

'T will be thy proudest conquest!

*Pre.* Saving one.  
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

*Vict.* The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;

With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee

I gave my heart away!

*Pre.* Dost thou remember  
When first we met?

*Vict.* It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting

Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

*Pre.* 'T was Easter Sunday. The full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,

Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.

I never had been happy till that moment.

*Vict.* Thou blessed angel!

*Pre.* And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day. But from that day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

*Vict.* Remember him no more.

Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!

I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

*Pre.* I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

*Vict.* That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul, And play the prelude of our fate.

We hear

The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

*Pre.* That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

*Vict.* So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.

*Pre.* I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel!

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think

We cannot walk together in this world!

The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

*Vict.*

Thou little sceptic!

Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted. Compare me with the great men of

the earth;

What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp As in a palace hall. Art thou con-

vinced?

*Pre.* Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven,

But not that I am worthy of that heaven. How shall I more deserve it?

*Vict.*

Loving more.

*Pre.* I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

*Vict.* Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

*A Watch [in the street].* Ave Maria

Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

*Vict.* Hear'st thou that cry?

*Pre.*

It is a hateful sound,

To scare thee from me!

*Vict.* As the hunter's horn  
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of  
hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

*Pre.* Pray, do not go.

*Vict.* I must away to Alcalá to-  
night.

Think of me when I am away.

*Pre.* Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think  
of thee.

*Vict.* [*giving her a ring*]. And to  
remind thee of my love, take this;  
A serpent, emblem of Eternity;  
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's  
blood.

*Pre.* It is an ancient saying, that  
the ruby  
Brings gladness to the wearer, and  
preserves  
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath  
the pillow,  
Drives away evil dreams. But then,  
alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

*Vict.* What convent of barefooted  
Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

*Pre.* [*laying her hand upon his  
mouth*]. Hush! Hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels  
guard thee!

*Vict.* Good night! good night!  
Thou art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to  
pray to!

[*He descends by the balcony*].

*Pre.* Take care, and do not hurt  
thee. Art thou safe?

*Vict.* [*from the garden*]. Safe as  
my love for thee! But art thou  
safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moon-  
light

As well as I. Pray, shut thy window  
close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air of  
night

That from this garden climbs to kiss  
thy lips.

*Pre.* [*throwing down her handker-  
chief*]. Thou silly child. Take  
this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

*Vict.* And brings to me  
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the  
soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the  
breath

Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

*Pre.* Make not thy voyage long.

*Vict.* To-morrow night  
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art  
the star

To guide me to an anchorage. Good  
night!

My beauteous star! My star of love,  
good night!

*Pre.* Good night!

*Watch* [*at a distance*]. Ave Maria  
Purissima!

SCENE IV. *An inn on the road to  
Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a  
bench. Enter CHISPA.*

*Chis.* And here we are, halfway  
to Alcalá, between cocks and mid-  
night. Body o' me! what an inn  
this is! The lights out, and the land-  
lord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

*Balt.* [*waking*]. Here I am.

*Chis.* Yes, there you are, like a  
one-eyed Alcalde in a town without  
inhabitants. Bring a light, and let  
me have supper.

*Balt.* Where is your master?

*Chis.* Do not trouble yourself  
about him. We have stopped a  
moment to breathe our horses; and,  
if he chooses to walk up and down in  
the open air, looking into the sky as  
one who hears it rain, that does not  
satisfy my hunger, you know. But  
be quick, for I am in a hurry, and  
every man stretches his legs accord-  
ing to the length of his coverlet.  
What have we here?

*Balt.* [*setting a light on the table*].  
Stewed rabbit.

*Chis.* [*eating*]. Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

*Balt.* And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

*Chis.* [*drinking*]. Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swineskin.

*Balt.* I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

*Chis.* And I swear to you, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.

*Balt.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Chis.* And more noise than nuts.

*Balt.* Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

*Chis.* No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

*Balt.* Why does he go so often to Madrid?

*Chis.* For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

*Balt.* I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

*Chis.* What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

*Vict.* [*without*]. Chispa!

*Chis.* Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

*Vict.* Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

*Chis.* Ea! Señor. Comewith me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. VICTORIAN's chambers at

*Alcald.* HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

*Hyp.* I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep,

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here 's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand.

Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!

And make dull midnight merry with a song.

[*He plays and sings.*]

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins.

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

[*Enter VICTORIAN.*]

*Vict.* Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

*Hyp.* What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

*Vict.* Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin, I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

*Hyp.* The same old tale Of the old woman in the chimney corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

*Vict.* Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

*Hyp.* Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

*Vict.* Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned, Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

*Hyp.* Thou meanest Preciosa.

*Vict.* Ay, the same. Thou knowest how her image haunted me

Long after we returned to Alcalá. She's in Madrid.

*Hyp.* I know it.

*Vict.* And I'm in love.

*Hyp.* And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be In Alcalá.

*Vict.* O pardon me, my friend, If I so long have kept this secret from thee;

But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the time, They sink again, they were not meant for us.

*Hyp.* Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa, —

Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;

Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare  
Nec centenni commendare  
Sciret Seraph studio!*

*Vict.* Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it.

I am in earnest!

*Hyp.* Seriously enamoured? What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá

Enamoured of a Gipsy? Tell me frankly,

How meanest thou?

*Vict.* I mean it honestly.

*Hyp.* Surely thou wilt not marry her!

*Vict.* Why not?

*Hyp.* She was betrothed to one Bartolomé, If I remember rightly, a young Gipsy Who danced with her at Córdoba.

*Vict.* They quarrelled, And so the matter ended.

*Hyp.* But in truth Thou wilt not marry her?

*Vict.* In truth, I will. The angels sang in heaven when she was born!

She is a precious jewel I have found Among the filth and rubbish of the world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,

Set on my forehead like the morning star,

The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

*Hyp.* If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead, 'T will be indeed a wonder.

*Vict.* Out upon thee, With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

*Hyp.* Not much.



What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

*Vict.* She lies asleep,  
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath

Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,

The cross she prayed to, e'er she fell asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

*Hyp.* Which means, in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

*Vict.* O, would I had the old magician's glass

To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

*Hyp.* And wouldst thou venture?

*Vict.* Ay, indeed I would!

*Hyp.* Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

*Vict.* Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
That could we, by some spell of magic, change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
In the same attitudes they now are in,  
What fearful glances downward might we cast

Into the hollow chasms of human life!

What groups should we behold about the deathbed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!  
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

*Hyp.* Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,

Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears  
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,

Desertest for this Glauçè.

*Vict.* Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

*Hyp.* [*rising*]. And so, good night!  
Good morning, I should say.

[*Clock strikes three.*]

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day!

And so, once more, good night! We'll speak more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,

Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,

In all her loveliness. Good night!

[*Exit.*]

*Vict.* Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

[*Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.*]

Must read, or sit in revery and watch  
The changing color of the waves that  
break

Upon the idle seashore of the mind !  
Visions of Fame ! that once did visit  
me,

Making night glorious with your smile,  
where are ye ?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are  
gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that  
bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immortal ?  
Or teach me where that wondrous  
mandrake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth  
with groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends  
away,

And make the mind prolific in its fan-  
cies ?

I have the wish, but want the will, to  
act !

Souls of great men departed ! Ye  
whose words

Have come to light from the swift river  
of Time,

Like Roman swords found in the  
Tagus' bed,

Where is the strength to wield the  
arms ye bore ?

From the barred visor of Antiquity  
Reflected shines the eternal light of  
Truth,

As from a mirror ! All the means of  
action —

The shapeless masses — the mate-  
rials —

Lie everywhere about us. What we  
need

Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal, bright and  
clear.

That fire is genius ! The rude peasant  
sits

At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the  
wall.

The son of genius comes, foot-sore  
with travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement  
night.

He takes the charcoal from the peas-  
ant's hand,

And, by the magic of his touch at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues  
shine,

And, in the eyes of the astonished  
clown,

It gleams a diamond ! Even thus  
transformed,

Rude popular traditions and old tales  
Shine as immortal poems, at the  
touch

Of some poor, houseless, homeless,  
wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his  
pains.

But there are brighter dreams than  
those of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love ! Out  
of the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
As from some woodland fount a spirit  
rises

And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
Ere the enamoured knight can touch  
her robe !

'T is this ideal that the soul of man,  
Like the enamoured knight beside the  
fountain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's  
stream ;

Waits to behold her rise from the dark  
waters,

Clad in a mortal shape ! Alas ! how  
many

Must wait in vain ! The stream flows  
evermore,

But from its silent deeps no spirit  
rises !

Yet I, born under a propitious star,  
Have found the bright ideal of my  
dreams.

Yes ! she is ever with me. I can feel,  
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
Her gentle breathing ! on my breast  
can feel

The pressure of her head ! God's  
benison

Rest ever on it! Close those beautiful eyes,  
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night  
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

[*Gradually sinks asleep.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. PRECIOSA'S chamber.

Morning. PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

*Pre.* Why will you go so soon?  
Stay yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound

That will be heard in heaven. Pray,  
tell me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing  
from me.

What is your landlord's name?

*Ang.* The Count of Lara.

*Pre.* The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley  
with him!

And rather die an outcast in the streets  
Than touch his gold.

*Ang.* You know him, then?

*Pre.* As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.  
As you would keep your name without a blemish,

Beware of him!

*Ang.* Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each  
word of kindness,

Come whence it may, is welcome to  
the poor.

*Pre.* Make me your friend. A girl  
so young and fair

Should have no friends but those of  
her own sex.

What is your name?

*Ang.* Angelica.

*Pre.* That name

Was given you, that you might be an  
angel

To her who bore you! When your  
infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you were  
her angel.

O, be an angel still! She needs that  
smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear  
nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a poor  
girl,

Whom chance has taken from the  
public streets.

I have no other shield than mine own  
virtue,

That is the charm which has pro-  
tected me!

Amid a thousand perils, I have worn  
it

Here on my heart! It is my guardian  
angel.

*Ang.* [*rising*]. I thank you for this  
counsel, dearest lady.

*Pre.* Thank me by following it.

*Ang.* Indeed I will.

*Pre.* Pray, do not go. I have  
much more to say.

*Ang.* My mother is alone. I dare  
not leave her.

*Pre.* Some other time, then, when  
we meet again.

You must not go away with words  
alone.

[*Gives her a purse.*]

Take this. Would it were more.

*Ang.* I thank you, lady.

*Pre.* No thanks. To-morrow  
come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the  
last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be  
yours,

If that can save you from the Count  
of Lara.

*Ang.* O, my dear lady! how shall  
I be grateful

For so much kindness?

*Pre.* I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

*Ang.* Both Heaven and you.

*Pre.* Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

*Ang.* I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,  
And all good angels. [Exit.

*Pre.* May they guard thee too,  
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquina,

My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

[Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.]

*Cruz.* Ave Maria!

*Pre.* O God! my evil genius!  
What seekest thou here to-day?

*Cruz.* Thyself, — my child.

*Pre.* What is thy will with me?

*Cruz.* Gold! gold!

*Pre.* I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold!

*Pre.* I gave the last in charity to-day.

*Cruz.* That is a foolish lie.

*Pre.* It is the truth.

*Cruz.* Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

*Pre.* To one

Who needs it more.

*Cruz.* No one can need it more.

*Pre.* Thou art not poor.

*Cruz.* What, I, who lurk about in dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the galley slave,

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound,

I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —

Not poor!

*Pre.* Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

*Pre.* Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times, Never denied thee; never had a wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long, Thou shalt have more.

*Cruz.* And if I have it not, Thou shalt no longer dwell here in

rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,

And live in idleness; but go with me, Dance the Romalis in the public

streets,

And wander wild again o'er field and fell;

For here we stay not long.

*Pre.* What! march again?

*Cruz.* Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!

Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face,

The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,

And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.

Then I am free and strong, — once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

*Pre.* God speed thee on thy march! — I cannot go.

*Cruz.* Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román —

*Pre. [with emotion].* O, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,  
If my humility and meek submission  
In all things hitherto, can move in thee  
One feeling of compassion; if thou art

Indeed my father, and canst trace in me

One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead

In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,  
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me

To wed that man! I am afraid of him!

I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste  
What cannot be undone!

*Cruz.* O child, child, child,  
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird

Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city

To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready

To go with us; and until then remember

A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit. Pre.*]

Woe is me!  
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!

But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

*Arch.* Knowing how near it touched the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten

By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,

Beseeching that his Holiness would aid

In curing the gross surfeit of the time,  
By seasonable stop put here in Spain  
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.

All this you know.

*Card.* Know and approve.

*Arch.* And farther  
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,  
The first have been suppressed.

*Card.* I trust forever;

It was a cruel sport.

*Arch.* A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

*Card.* Yet the people  
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances

Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry,  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.

Hence I would act advisedly herein;  
And therefore have induced your Grace to see

These national dances, ere we interdict them.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

*Ser.* The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians  
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

*Arch.* Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold

In what angelic yet voluptuous shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

[*Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.*]

*Card. [aside].* O, what a fair and ministering angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

*Pre. [kneeling before the ARCH-BISHOP].* I have obeyed the order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours, I proffer this excuse, and here beseech Your holy benediction.

*Arch.* May God bless thee, And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

*Card. [aside].* Her acts are modest and her words discreet!

I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

*Pre.* Thus am I called.

*Card.* That is a Gipsy name. Who is thy father?

*Pre.* Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

*Arch.* I have a dim remembrance of that man.

He was a bold and reckless character, A sunburnt Ishmael!

*Card.* Dost thou remember Thy earlier days?

*Pre.* Yes; by the Darro's side My childhood passed. I can remember still

The river, and the mountains capped with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the street;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd,

The march across the moor; the halt at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted

The forest where we slept; and, farther back,

As in a dream or in some former life, Gardens and palace walls.

*Arch.* 'Tis the Alhambra, Under whose towers the Gipsy camp was pitched.

But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

*Pre.* Your Grace shall be obeyed.

[*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening.* DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

*Carlos.* Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

*Hyp.* And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

*Carlos.* Command me always.

*Hyp.* Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

*Carlos.* I do;

But what of that?

*Hyp.* I am that wretched man.

*Carlos.* You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

*Hyp.* And amen! said my Cid Campeador.

*Carlos.* Pray, how much need you?

*Hyp.* Some half dozen ounces, Which, with due interest—

*Carlos [giving his purse].* What, am I a Jew,

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

*Hyp.* Thank you. A pretty purse,

Made by the hand of some fair  
Madrileña :

Perhaps a keepsake.

*Carlos.* No, 't is at your service.

*Hyp.* Thank you again. Lie  
there, good Chrysostom,  
And with thy golden mouth remind  
me often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

*Carlos.* But tell me,  
Come you to-day from Alcalá ?

*Hyp.* This moment.

*Carlos.* And pray, how fares the  
brave Victorian ?

*Hyp.* Indifferent well ; that is to  
say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the  
glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen  
catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

*Carlos.* And is it faring ill  
To be in-love ?

*Hyp.* In his case very ill.

*Carlos.* Why so ?

*Hyp.* For many reasons. First  
and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal ;  
A creature of his own imagination ;  
A child of air, an echo of his heart,  
And, like a lily on the river floating,  
She floats upon the river of his  
thoughts !

*Carlos.* A common thing with  
poets. But who is

This floating lily ? For, in fine, some  
woman,

Some living woman, — not a mere  
ideal, —

Must wear the outward semblance of  
his thought.

Who is it ? Tell me.

*Hyp.* Well, it is a woman !  
But, look you, from the coffer of his  
heart

He brings forth precious jewels to  
adorn her,

As pious priests adorn some favorite  
saint

With gems and gold, until at length  
she gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these,  
you know,

And the priest's benediction, 't is a  
doll.

*Carlos.* Well, well ! who is this  
doll ?

*Hyp.* Why, who do you think ?

*Carlos.* His cousin Violante.

*Hyp.* Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last  
storm

He threw her overboard, with all her  
ingots.

*Carlos.* I cannot guess ; so tell  
me who it is.

*Hyp.* Not I.

*Carlos.* Why not ?

*Hyp.* [*mysteriously*]. Why ? Be-  
cause Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Sala-  
manca !

*Carlos.* Jestng aside, who is it ?

*Hyp.* Preciosa.

*Carlos.* Impossible ! The Count  
of Lara tells me

She is not virtuous.

*Hyp.* Did I say she was ?  
The Roman Emperor Claudius had

a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I  
think ;

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist ! I see him yonder through  
the trees,

Walking as in a dream.

*Carlos.* He comes this way.

*Hyp.* It has been truly said by  
some wise man,

That money, grief, and love cannot be  
hidden.

[*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*]

*Vict.* Where'er thy step has passed  
is holy ground :

These groves are sacred ! I behold  
thee walking

Under these shadowy trees, where we  
have walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence  
now ;

Feel that the place has taken a charm  
from thee,

And is forever hallowed.

*Hyp.* Mark him well !  
See how he strides away with lordly  
air,

Like that odd guest of stone, that  
grim Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the  
play.

*Carlos.* What ho ! Victorian !

*Hyp.* Wilt thou sup with us ?

*Vict.* ¡Holá ! amigos ! Faith, I  
did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos ?

*Carlos.* At your service ever.

*Vict.* How is that young and  
green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of ?

*Carlos.* Ay, soft, emerald eyes !  
She has gone back to Cadiz.

*Hyp.* *Ay de mí !*

*Vict.* You are much to blame for  
letting her go back.

A pretty girl ; and in her tender  
eyes

Just that soft shade of green we some-  
times see

In evening skies.

*Hyp.* But, speaking of green eyes,  
Are thine green ?

*Vict.* Not a whit. Why so ?

*Hyp.* I think  
The slightest shade of green would  
be becoming,

For thou art jealous.

*Vict.* No, I am not jealous.

*Hyp.* Thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Why ?

*Hyp.* Because thou art in love,  
And they who are in love are always  
jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Marry, is that all ?

Farewell ; I am in haste. Farewell,  
Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous ?

*Hyp.* Ay, in truth

I fear there is reason. Be upon thy  
guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count of  
Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel.

*Vict.* Indeed !

Then he will have his labor for his  
pains.

*Hyp.* He does not think so, and  
Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

*Vict.* How's this, Don Carlos ?

*Carlos.* Some hints of it I heard  
from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's  
virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

*Vict.* Death and damnation !  
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his  
mouth,

And throw it to my dog ! But no,  
no, no !

This cannot be. You jest, indeed  
you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For other-  
wise

We are no longer friends. And so,  
farewell ! *[Exit.]*

*Hyp.* Now what a coil is here !  
The Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his  
death,

And the great Moor Calaynos, when  
he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,  
Were nothing to him ! O hot-headed  
youth !

But come ; we will not follow. Let  
us join

The crowd that pours into the Prado.  
There

We shall find merrier company ; I  
see

The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,  
And fifty fans, that beckon me al-  
ready.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. PRECIOSA'S chamber.

*She is sitting, with a book in her  
hand, near a table, on which are*



*flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

*Pre. [reads].*

All are sleeping, weary heart !  
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were here.  
I know not what it is makes me so  
restless !

*[The bird sings.]*

Thou little prisoner with thy motley  
coat,

That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon  
singest,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like  
thee,

I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart !  
Thou, thou only sleepless art !  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart !

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and me-  
thinks

More hearts are breaking in this  
world of ours

Than one would say. In distant  
villages

And solitudes remote, where winds  
have wafted

The barbed seeds of love, or birds of  
passage

Scattered them in their flight, do they  
take root,

And grow in silence, and in silence  
perish.

Who hears the falling of the forest  
leaf ?

Or who takes note of every flower  
that dies ?

Heigho ! I wish Victorian would  
come.

Dolores !

*[Turns to lay down her book, and  
perceives the COUNT.]*

Ha !

*Lara.* Señora, pardon me !

*Pre.* How 's this ? Dolores !

*Lara.* Pardon me —

*Pre.* Dolores !

*Lara.* Be not alarmed ; I found  
no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold —

*Pre. [turning her back upon  
him].* You are too bold !

Retire ! retire, and leave me !

*Lara.* My dear lady,  
First hear me ! I beseech you, let  
me speak !

'T is for your good I come.

*Pre. [turning toward him with  
indignation].*

Begone ! Begone !  
You are the Count of Lara, but your  
deeds

Would make the statues of your  
ancestors

Blush on their tombs ! Is it Castilian  
honor,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her  
wrong ?

O shame ! shame ! shame ! that you,  
a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your  
thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love,  
And think to buy my honor with  
your gold !

I have no words to tell you how I  
scorn you !

Begone ! The sight of you is hate-  
ful to me !

Begone, I say !

*Lara.* Be calm ; I will not harm  
you.

*Pre.* Because you dare not.  
*Lara.* I dare anything !

Therefore beware ! You are deceived  
in me.

In this false world, we do not always  
know

Who are our friends and who our  
enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need  
friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court  
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

*Pre.* If to this  
I owe the honor of the present visit,  
You might have spared the coming.

Having spoken,  
Once more I beg you, leave me to  
myself.

*Lara.* I thought it but a friendly  
part to tell you  
What strange reports are current here  
in town.

For my own self, I do not credit them;  
But there are many who, not know-  
ing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

*Pre.* There was no need  
That you should take upon yourself  
the duty

Of telling me these tales.

*Lara.* Malicious tongues  
Are ever busy with your name.

*Pre.* Alas!  
I have no protectors. I am a poor  
girl,

Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.  
They wound me, yet I cannot shield  
myself.

I give no cause for these reports. I  
live

Retired; am visited by none.

*Lara.* By none?  
O, then, indeed, you are much  
wronged!

*Pre.* How mean you?

*Lara.* Nay, nay; I will not wound  
your gentle soul

By the report of idle tales.

*Pre.* Speak out!  
What are these idle tales? You need  
not spare me.

*Lara.* I will deal frankly with you.  
Pardon me;

This window, as I think, looks toward  
the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not?  
In yon high house, beyond the garden  
wall, —

You see the roof there just above the  
trees, —

There lives a friend, who told me  
yesterday,

That on a certain night, — be not  
offended

If I too plainly speak, — he saw a man  
Climb to your chamber window. You  
are silent!

I would not blame you, being young  
and fair —

[*He tries to embrace her. She starts  
back, and draws a dagger from her  
bosom.*]

*Pre.* Beware! beware! I am a  
Gipsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One  
step nearer

And I will strike!

*Lara.* Pray you, put up  
that dagger.

Fear not.

*Pre.* I do not fear. I have a  
heart

In whose strength I can trust.

*Lara.* Listen to me.  
I come here as your friend, — I am  
your friend, —

And by a single word can put a stop  
To all those idle tales, and make your  
name

Spotless as lilies are. Here on my  
knees,

Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,  
I love you even to madness, and that  
love

Has driven me to break the rules of  
custom,

And force myself unasked into your  
presence.

[*VICTORIAN enters behind.*]

*Pre.* Rise, Count of Lara! That  
is not the place

For such as you are. It becomes you  
not

To kneel before me. I am strangely  
moved

To see one of your rank thus low and  
humbled;

For your sake I will put aside all  
 anger,  
 All unkind feeling, all dislike, and  
 speak  
 In gentleness, as most becomes a  
 woman,  
 And as my heart now prompts me.  
 I no more

Will hate you, for all hate is painful  
 to me.

But if, without offending modesty  
 And that reserve which is a woman's  
 glory,  
 I may speak freely, I will teach my  
 heart

To love you.

*Lara.* O sweet angel!

*Pre.* Ay, in truth,  
 Far better than you love yourself or  
 me.

*Lara.* Give me some sign of this,  
 — the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

*Pre.* Nay, come no nearer.  
 The words I utter are its sign and  
 token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not de-  
 ceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not  
 such

As you would offer me. For you  
 come here

To take from me the only thing I  
 have,

My honor. You are wealthy, you have  
 friends

And kindred, and a thousand pleasant  
 hopes

That fill your heart with happiness;  
 but I

Am poor, and friendless, having but  
 one treasure,

And you would take that from me,  
 and for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and make  
 me

What you would most despise. O  
 Sir, such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be  
 true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
 is of a different kind. It seeks your  
 good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
 Your earthly passion, your unchaste  
 desires,

And bids you look into your heart,  
 and see

How you do wrong that better nature  
 in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

*Lara.* I swear to you  
 I would not harm you; I would only  
 love you.

I would not take your honor, but  
 restore it,

And in return I ask but some slight  
 mark

Of your affection. If indeed you love  
 me,

As you confess you do, O let me thus  
 With this embrace —

*Vict.* [*rushing forward*]. Hold!  
 hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

*Lara.* First, what right have you  
 To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

*Vict.* I too am noble, and you are  
 no more!

Out of my sight!

*Lara.* Are you the master here?

*Vict.* Ay, here and elsewhere, when  
 the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

*Pre.* [*to LARA*]. Go! I beseech  
 you, go!

*Vict.* I shall have business with  
 you, Count, anon!

*Lara.* You cannot come too  
 soon! [*Exit.*]

*Pre.* Victorian!

O we have been betrayed!

*Vict.* Ha! ha! betrayed!  
 'T is I have been betrayed, not we!

— not we!

*Pre.* Dost thou imagine —

*Vict.* I imagine nothing;  
 I see how 't is thou whilst the time

away

When I am gone!

*Pre.* O speak not in that tone !  
It wounds me deeply.

*Vict.* 'T was not meant to flatter.

*Pre.* Too well thou knowest the  
presence of that man  
Is hateful to me !

*Vict.* Yet I saw thee stand  
And listen to him, when he told his  
love.

*Pre.* I did not heed his words.

*Vict.* Indeed thou didst,  
And answerdst them with love.

*Pre.* Hadst thou heard all —

*Vict.* I heard enough.

*Pre.* Be not so angry with me.

*Vict.* I am not angry ; I am very  
calm.

*Pre.* If thou wilt let me speak —

*Vict.* Nay, say no more.  
I know too much already. Thou art  
false !

I do not like these Gipsy marriages !  
Where is the ring I gave thee ?

*Pre.* In my casket.

*Vict.* There let it rest ! I would  
not have thee wear it ;  
I thought thee spotless, and thou art  
polluted !

*Pre.* I call the heavens to wit-  
ness —

*Vict.* Nay, nay, nay !  
Take not the name of Heaven upon  
thy lips !

They are forsworn !

*Pre.* Victorian ! dear Victorian !

*Vict.* I gave up all for thee ; my-  
self, my fame,  
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very  
soul !

And thou hast been my ruin ! Now,  
go on !

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,  
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's  
knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian  
was !

[*He casts her from him and rushes  
out.*]

*Pre.* And this from thee !

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE V. *The COUNT OF LARA's  
rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

*Lara.* There 's nothing in this  
world so sweet as love,  
And next to love the sweetest thing  
is hate !

I 've learned to hate, and therefore am  
fevenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me !  
The fire that I have kindled —

[*Enter FRANCISCO.*]

Well, Francisco,  
What tidings from Don Juan ?

*Fran.* Good, my lord ;  
He will be present.

*Lara.* And the Duke of Lermos ?

*Fran.* Was not at home.

*Lara.* How with the rest ?

*Fran.* I 've found  
The men you wanted. They will all  
be there,

And at the given signal raise a whirl-  
wind

Of such discordant noises, that the  
dance

Must cease for lack of music.

*Lara.* Bravely done.

Ah ! little dost thou dream, sweet  
Preciosa,

What lies in wait for thee. Sleep  
shall not close

Thine eyes this night ! Give me my  
cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A retired spot beyond  
the city gates. Enter VICTO-  
RIAN and HYPOLITO.*

*Vict.* O shame ! O shame ! Why  
do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine  
mocks me,

And voices and familiar sights and  
sounds

Cry, "Hide thyself !" O what a thin  
partition

Doth shut out from the curious world  
the knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing.  
Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame,

And in derision seems to smile at me!

*Hyp.* Did I not caution thee?

Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

*Vict.* And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,

We may be over-hasty in condemning!

The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

*Hyp.* And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

*Vict.* She does not love him!

'T is for gold! for gold!

*Hyp.* Ay, but remember, in the public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gipsy gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

*Vict.* She had that ring from me!

God! she is false!

But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.

Where stays the coward?

*Hyp.* Nay, he is no coward;

A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.

I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-confident;

He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

[*Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.*]

*Lara.* Good evening, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Good evening, Count.

*Lara.* I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

*Vict.* Not long, and yet too long.

Are you prepared?

*Lara.* I am.

*Hyp.* It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way

Left open to accord this difference,

But you must make one with your swords?

*Vict.* No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,

Stand not between me and my foe.  
Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard,  
Sir Count!

[*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.*]

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account?

*Lara.* Strike! strike!

*Vict.*

You are disarmed. I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

[*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*]

*Hyp.* Enough! Let it end here!

The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing

To move you to extremes.

*Lara.*

I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,

Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

*Vict.* Nay, something more than that.

*Lara.* I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,

Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

*Vict.* Ay, false as hell itself!

*Lara.* In truth I did not seek her; she sought me;

And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

*Vict.* Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

*Lara.* You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

*Fran.* Ay, my lord.

*Lara.* If farther proof is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

*Vict.* Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

[*Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.*]

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done, Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

*Hyp.* Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*]

*Lara.* Farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[*Exit with FRANCISCO.*]

SCENE VII. *A lane in the suburbs.*

*Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

*Bart.* In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

*Cruz.* And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

*Bart.* There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

*Cruz.* Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

*Bart.* First tell me what keeps thee here?

*Cruz.* Preciosa.

*Bart.* And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

*Cruz.* The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

*Bart.* I hear she has a Busné lover.

*Cruz.* That is nothing.

*Bart.* I do not like it. I hate him,

— the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

*Cruz.* Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

*Bart.* Meanwhile, show me her house.

*Cruz.* Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

*Bart.* No matter. Show me the house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

*Lara.* So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!  
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

*Juan.* Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began,  
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart!  
her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

*Luis.* I pitied her.

*Lara.* Her pride is humbled; and this very night  
I mean to visit her.

*Juan.* Will you serenade her?

*Lara.* No music! no more music!

*Luis.* Why not music?  
It softens many hearts.

*Lara.* Not in the humor  
She now is in. Music would madden her.

*Juan.* Try golden cymbals.

*Luis.* Yes, try Don Dinero,  
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

*Lara.* To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.  
A bumper and away, for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa!

[They rise and drink.]

*All.* Preciosa.

*Lara* [holding up his glass]. Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,

Her precious name! O never more henceforth

Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more

A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!

[Drinks and dashes the goblet down.]

*Juan.* *Itte! missa est!*

[Scene closes.]

SCENE X. *Street and garden wall.*

*Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

*Bart.* Why not?

*Cruz.* Because she is not at home.

*Bart.* No matter; we can wait.  
But how is this? The gate is bolted.

[Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.] Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

## SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!  
I come to watch o'er thee!  
To be near thee, — to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers!  
Good night! Good night, beloved,  
While I count the weary hours.

*Cruz.* They are not coming this way.

*Bart.* Wait, they begin again.

SONG [*coming nearer*].

Ah! thou moon that shinest  
Argent-clear above!  
All night long enlighten  
My sweet lady-love!  
Moon that shinest,  
All night long enlighten!

*Bart.* Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

*Cruz.* Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG [*dying away*].

The nuns in the cloister  
Sang to each other;  
For so many sisters  
Is there not one brother!  
Ay, for the partridge, mother!  
The cat has run away with the partridge!  
Puss! puss! puss!

*Bart.* Follow that! follow that!  
Come with me. Puss! puss!

[*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.*]

*Lara.* The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,  
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale

Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.

Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

[*Exeunt. Reënter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*]

*Bart.* They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. [*Tries the gate.*] Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall. [*They climb the wall.*]

SCENE XI. PRECIOSA'S *bed-chamber.*  
*Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.*

*Dol.* She sleeps at last!

[*Opens the window and listens.*]

All silent in the street,  
And in the garden. Hark!

*Pre.* [*in her sleep*]. I must go hence!

Give me my cloak!

*Dol.* He comes! I hear his footsteps!

*Pre.* Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

[*Signal from the garden.*]

*Dol.* [*from the window*]. Who's there?

*Voice* [*from below*]. A friend.

*Dol.* I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

*Pre.* I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now, — give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye. I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me, save me!

[*She wakes.*]



How late is it, Dolores ?

*Dol.* It is midnight.

*Pre.* We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

[*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*]

*Voice.* Muera !

*Another Voice.* O villains ! villains !

*Lara.* So ! have at you !

*Voice.* Take that !

*Lara.* O, I am wounded !

*Dol.* [*shutting the window*]. Jesu Maria !

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

#### SONG.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue !

Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me !

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

*Vict.* Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes

Arcadian ;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about

With tapestries, that make its walls dilate

In never ending vistas of delight.

*Hyp.* Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

#### SONG [*continued*].

Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend,

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !

They are cheats,

Thorns below and flowers above.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

*Vict.* A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

*Hyp.* It suits thy case.

*Vict.* Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it ?

*Hyp.* Lopez Maldonado.

*Vict.* In truth, a pretty song.

*Hyp.* With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

*Vict.* I will forget her ! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds !

I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,

And she will say, "He was indeed my friend !"

O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart !

*Hyp.* Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more !

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

*Vict.* Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword

That pierces me ; for, like Excalibar,  
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it  
will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that  
grasps it,  
And waves it in the air ; and wailing  
voices

Are heard along the shore.

*Hyp.* And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.  
This is not well. In truth, it vexes  
me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of  
Time,

To make them jog on merrily with  
life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest on  
the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty  
health

To talk of dying.

*Vict.* Yet I fain would die !  
To go through life, unloving and  
unloved ;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the  
soul

We cannot still ; that longing, that  
wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have  
not

And cannot have ; the effort to be  
strong ;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile,  
and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed be-  
neath our cloaks ;

All this the dead feel not, — the dead  
alone !

Would I were with them !

*Hyp.* We shall all be soon.

*Vict.* It cannot be too soon ; for  
I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of  
Life,

Where strangers walk as friends, and  
friends as strangers ;

Where whispers overheard betray  
false hearts ;

And through the mazes of the crowd  
we chase

Some form of loveliness, that smiles,  
and beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only  
to leave us

A mockery and a jest ; maddened, —  
confused, —

Not knowing friend from foe.

*Hyp.* Why seek to know ?  
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy  
youth !

Take each fair mask for what it gives  
itself,

Nor strive to look beneath it.

*Vict.* I confess,  
That were the wiser part. But Hope  
no longer

Comforts my soul. I am a wretched  
man,

Much like a poor and shipwrecked  
mariner,

Who, struggling to climb up into the  
boat,

Has both his bruised and bleeding  
hands cut off,

And sinks again into the weltering  
sea,

Helpless and hopeless !

*Hyp.* Yet thou shalt not perish.  
The strength of thine own arm is thy  
salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds,  
there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust  
thy star !

[*Sound of a village bell in the  
distance.*]

*Vict.* Ave Maria ! I hear the  
sacristan

Ring the chimes from yonder  
village belfry !

A solemn sound, that echoes far and  
wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the laboring hind a-field,

the shepherd,  
Guarding his flock, the lonely mule-  
teer,

And all the crowd in village streets,  
stand still,

And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

*Hyp.* Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence The village lies.

*Vic.* This path will lead us to it, Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail

Across the running sea, now green, now blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the main,

Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gipsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gipsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

*Pan.* Make room, ye vagabonds and Gipsy thieves! Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

*Cres.* Keep silence all! I have an edict here From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands, Which I shall publish in the marketplace.

Open your ears and listen!

[*Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.*]

Padre Cura, Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

*Padre.* Good day, and God be with you. Pray, what is it?

*Cres.* An act of banishment against the Gipsies!

[*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*]

*Pan.* Silence!

*Cres.* [*reads*]. "I hereby order and command, That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers, Known by the name of Gipsies, shall henceforth Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds And beggars; and if, after seventy days, Any be found within our kingdom's bounds, They shall receive a hundred lashes each; The second time, shall have their ears cut off; The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them, Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!

You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

*Pan.* And if in seventy days you are not gone, Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

[*The Gipsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.*]

*Padre.* A righteous law! A very righteous law! Pray you, sit down.

*Cres.* I thank you heartily. [*They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.*]

A very righteous judgment, as you say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—

How came these Gipsies into Spain?

*Padre.* Why, look you; They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants,  
 Sir Alcalde,  
 As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.  
 And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda  
 says,  
 There are a hundred marks to prove  
 a Moor  
 Is not a Christian, so 't is with the  
 Gipsies.  
 They never marry, never go to  
 mass,  
 Never baptize their children, nor keep  
 Lent,  
 Nor see the inside of a church,—nor  
 —nor—

*Cres.* Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!  
 No matter for the other ninety-five.  
 They should be burnt, I see it plain  
 enough,  
 They should be burnt.

[*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.*]

*Padre.* And pray, whom have we here?

*Cres.* More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

*Hyp.* Good evening, gentlemen!  
 Is this Guadarrama?

*Padre.* Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

*Hyp.* We seek the Padre Cura of the village;

And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

*Padre.* I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

*Hyp.* We are poor students, travelling in vacation.  
 You know this mark?

[*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*]

*Padre* [*joyfully*]. Ay, know it, and have worn it.

*Cres.* [*aside*]. Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!  
 And there's no law against them.  
 Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Padre.* Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

*Hyp.* Padre Cura,  
 From the first moment I beheld your face,  
 I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks,

A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us.

*Vict.* [*aside*]. What impudence!

*Hyp.* As we approached, I said to my companion,  
 "That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,

Must be the sacristan."

*Padre.* Ah! said you so?  
 Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

*Hyp.* Indeed! you much astonish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace  
 As an alcalde's should be.

*Padre.* That is true.  
 He is out of humor with some vagrant Gipsies,

Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.

There is nothing so undignified as anger.

*Hyp.* The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,  
 If, from his well-known hospitality,  
 We crave a lodging for the night.

*Padre.* I pray you!  
 You do me honor! I am but too happy

To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion

To speak with scholars ; and *Emollit mores*,

*Nec sinit esse feros*, Cicero says.

*Hyp.* 'T is Ovid, is it not ?

*Padre.* No, Cicero.

*Hyp.* Your grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid !

But hang me if it is not ! [*Aside.*]

*Padre.* Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero !

Pray you, go in, go in ! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

*Padre.* So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

*Hyp.* And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace ?

*Padre.* Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

*Hyp.* Descended from the Marquis Santillana ?

From the distinguished poet ?

*Padre.* From the Marquis, Not from the poet.

*Hyp.* Why, they were the same. Let me embrace you ! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither ! Yet once more ! — once more !

Your name is ever green in Alcalá, And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas !

It was not so in Santillana's time !"

*Padre.* I did not think my name remembered there.

*Hyp.* More than remembered ; it is idolized.

*Padre.* Of what professor speak you ?

*Hyp.* Timoneda.

*Padre.* I don't remember any Timoneda.

*Hyp.* A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

*Padre.* Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,

Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !

I had not buried then so many hopes ! I had not buried then so many friends !

I've turned my back on what was then before me ;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva ?

*Hyp.* Cueva ? Cueva ?

*Padre.* Fool that I am ! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

*Hyp.* I should not like to try my strength with you.

*Padre.* Well, well. But I forget ; you must be hungry.

Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'T is my niece.

[*Enter MARTINA.*]

*Hyp.* You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* [*Aside.*]

He was a very great man, was Cicero ! Your servant, fair Martina.

*Mart.* Servant, sir.

*Padre.* This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

*Mart.* 'T will be ready soon.

*Padre.* And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay ; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*]

*Hyp.* Hist! Martina!  
One word with you. Bless me! what  
handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in  
the village.

Is it not so?

*Mart.* There have been Gipsies  
here.

*Hyp.* Yes, and they told your  
fortune.

*Mart.* [*embarrassed*]. Told my  
fortune?

*Hyp.* Yes, yes; I know they did.  
Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They  
said,—they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was  
a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was  
it not?

*Mart.* [*surprised*]. How know you  
that?

*Hyp.* O, I know more than that.  
What a soft, little hand! And then  
they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and  
tall,

And rich, should come one day to  
marry you,

And you should be a lady: Was it  
not?

He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

[*Tries to kiss her. She runs off.*  
*Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*]

*Vict.* The muleteer has come.

*Hyp.* So soon?

*Vict.* I found him  
Sitting at supper by the tavern door,  
And, from a pitcher that he held  
aloft

His whole arm's length, drinking the  
blood-red wine.

*Hyp.* What news from Court?

*Vict.* He brought this letter only.  
[*Reads.*]

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let  
That lying tongue deceive me!  
Preciosa,

Sweet Preciosa! how art thou  
avenged!

*Hyp.* What news is this, that  
makes thy cheek turn pale,  
And thy hand tremble?

*Vict.* O, most infamous!  
The Count of Lara is a damned  
villain!

*Hyp.* That is no news, forsooth.

*Vict.* He strove in vain  
To steal from me the jewel of my  
soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not succeed-  
ing,

He swore to be revenged; and set  
on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has suc-  
ceeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from  
the stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous  
lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more  
a beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's  
green earth,

Housing with Gipsies!

*Hyp.* To renew again  
The Age of Gold, and make the shep-  
herd swains

Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's  
Diana.

*Redit et Virgo!*

*Vict.* Dear Hypolito,  
How have I wronged that meek, con-  
fiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my  
tears

Wash out the wrong I've done her!

*Hyp.* O beware!  
Act not that folly o'er again.

*Vict.* Ay, folly,  
Delusion, madness, call it what thou  
wilt,

I will confess my weakness,—I still  
love her!

Still fondly love her!

[*Enter the PADRE CURA.*]

*Hyp.* Tell us, Padre Cura,

Who are these Gipsies in the neighborhood?

*Padre.* Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

*Vict.* Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

*Hyp.* And have they with them  
a pale, beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa?

*Padre.* Ay, a pretty girl.  
The gentleman seems moved.

*Hyp.* Yes, moved with hunger.  
He is half famished with this long  
day's journey.

*Padre.* Then, pray you, come this  
way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip and singing the cachucha.*

*Chis.* Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

[*Enter DON CARLOS.*]

*Carlos.* Are not the horses ready yet?

*Chis.* I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! [*He knocks at the gate*

*with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*]

*Mos.* Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

*Chis.* Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

*Mos.* You cannot have fresh horses, because there are none.

*Chis.* Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog.

Do I look like your aunt?

*Mos.* No; she has a beard.

*Chis.* Go to! Go to!

*Mos.* Are you from Madrid?

*Chis.* Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

*Mos.* What's the news at Court?

*Chis.* Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

[*Strikes him round the legs.*]

*Mos.* Oh! oh! you hurt me!

*Carlos.* Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. [*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*] It is almost dark, and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late?

*Mos.* Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

*Carlos.* And where?

*Mos.* Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*]

*Carlos.* Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

*Chis.* Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

*Carlos.* Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

*Chis.* And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

*Carlos.* I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

*Chis.* Among the Squires?

*Carlos.* No; among the Gipsies, blockhead!

*Chis.* I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

GIPSIES [*at the forge sing*].

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,  
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee,  
O how from their fury shall I flee?

*1st Gipsy* [*playing*]. Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

GIPSIES [*at the forge sing*].

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,  
And thus his ditty ran;  
God send the Gipsy lassie here,  
And not the Gipsy man.

*1st Gipsy* [*playing*]. There you are in your morocco.

*2d Gipsy.* One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

*1st Gipsy.* Have at you, Chirelin.

GIPSIES [*at the forge sing*].

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gipsy man,  
The Gipsy lassie came.

[*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*]

*Cruz.* Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. [*Speaking to the right.*] You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

*Gipsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* [*to the left*]. And you, by

the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

*Gipsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

*Gipsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

*Gipsies.* Ay! ay!

*Cruz.* Away, then!

[*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*]

*Pre.* How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees  
The red light of the forge! Wild,  
beckoning shadows  
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,  
Then flitting into darkness! So within me  
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,  
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being  
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!  
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

[*BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.*]

*Bart.* Ho! Preciosa!

*Pre.* O, Bartolomé!  
Thou here?

*Bart.* Lo! I am here.

*Pre.* Whence comest thou?

*Bart.* From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,



And fever! Like a wild wolf to the  
sheepfold,  
Come I for thee, my lamb.

*Pre.* O touch me not!  
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy  
hands!

The Count of Lara's curse is on thy  
soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, begone  
from here!

Thou art in danger! They have set  
a price

Upon thy head!

*Bart.* Ay, and I've wandered long  
Among the mountains; and for many  
days

Have seen no human face, save the  
rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole  
companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy  
name,

And the loud echo sent it back to me,  
Till I grew mad. I could not stay  
from thee,

And I am here! Betray me, if thou  
wilt.

*Pre.* Betray thee? I betray thee?

*Bart.* Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave  
death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of this  
realm!

Fly with me!

*Pre.* Speak of that no more.

I cannot.

I am thine no longer.

*Bart.* O, recall the time  
When we were children! how we  
played together,

How we grew up together; how we  
plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even in  
childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has  
come.

I am hunted from the kingdom, like a  
wolf!

Fulfil thy promise.

*Pre.* 'T was my father's promise,

Not mine. I never gave my heart to  
thee,

Nor promised thee my hand!

*Bart.* False tongue of woman!  
And heart more false!

*Pre.* Nay, listen unto me.  
I will speak frankly. I have never  
loved thee;

I cannot love thee. This is not my  
fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man  
Restless and violent. What wouldst  
thou with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to  
live,

Whose heart is broken? Seek an-  
other wife,

Better than I, and fairer; and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods es-  
trange her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless  
passion.

I never sought thy love; never did  
aught

To make thee love me. Yet I pity  
thee,

And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds  
of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

*Bart.* For thy dear sake,  
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me  
patience.

*Pre.* Then take this farewell, and  
depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

*Bart.* Come, come with me.

*Pre.* Hark! I hear footsteps.

*Bart.* I entreat thee, come!

*Pre.* Away! It is in vain.

*Bart.* Wilt thou not come?

*Pre.* Never!

*Bart.* Then woe, eternal  
woe, upon thee.

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou  
shalt die. [*Exit.*

*Pre.* All holy angels keep me in  
this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon  
me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me !

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me !

Yet why should I fear death ? What is it to die ?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair, And be at rest forever ! O, dull heart,

Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

[Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.]

*Vict.* 'T is she ! Behold, how beautiful she stands Under the tent-like trees !

*Hyp.* A woodland nymph !

*Vict.* I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

*Hyp.* Be wary. Do not betray thyself too soon.

*Vict.* [disguising his voice]. Hist ! Gipsy !

*Pre.* [aside with emotion]. That voice ! that voice from heaven !

O speak again ! Who is it calls ?

*Vict.* A friend.

*Pre.* [aside]. 'T is he ! 'T is he ! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast

heard my prayer, And sent me this protector ! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart ! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true ?

*Vict.* A true friend to the true ; Fear not ; come hither. So ; can you tell fortunes ?

*Pre.* Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

*Vict.* [putting a piece of gold into her hand]. There is the cross.

*Pre.* Is 't silver ?

*Vict.* No, 't is gold

*Pre.* There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

*Vict.* Fie ! the old story ! Tell me a better fortune for my money ;

Not this old woman's tale !

*Pre.* You are passionate ; And this same passionate humor in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes ; I see it now ;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid who loved you !

How could you do it ?

*Vict.* I never loved a maid ; For she I loved was then a maid no more.

*Pre.* How know you that ?

*Vict.* A little bird in the air

Whispered the secret.

*Pre.* There, take back your gold ! Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !

There is no blessing in its charity ! Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;

And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

*Vict.* [aside]. How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own !—

That is a pretty ring upon your finger. Pray give it me. [Tries to take the ring.]

*Pre.* No ; never from my hand Shall that be taken !

*Vict.* Why, 't is but a ring. I'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,

Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

*Pre.* Why would you have this ring ?

*Vict.* A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I would  
fain keep it

As a memento of the Gipsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller  
Who sent me back to wed a widowed  
maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

*Pre.* No, never! never!  
I will not part with it, even when I  
die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers  
thus,  
That it may not fall from them. 'T is  
a token

Of a beloved friend, who is no more.  
*Vict.* How? dead?

*Pre.* Yes; dead to me; and worse  
than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep this  
ring.

I will rise with it from my grave here-  
after,

To prove to him that I was never  
false.

*Vict.* [*aside*]. Be still, my swelling  
heart! one moment, still!

Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.  
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is  
mine,

And that you stole it.

*Pre.* O, you will not dare  
To utter such a fiendish lie!

*Vict.* Not dare?  
Look in my face, and say if there is  
aught

I have not dared, I would not dare, for  
thee!

[*She rushes into his arms.*]

*Pre.* 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes;  
yes; my heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's  
heaven!

Where hast thou been so long? Why  
didst thou leave me?

*Vict.* Ask me not now, my dearest  
Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been  
parted!

*Pre.* Hadst thou not come —

*Vict.* I pray thee,  
do not chide me.

*Pre.* I should have perished here  
among these Gipsies.

*Vict.* Forgive me, sweet! for what  
I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a  
moment's joy,

Thou being absent? O, believe it  
not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not  
slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to  
thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou  
forgive me?

*Pre.* I have forgiven thee. Ere  
those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down  
against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

*Vict.* I'm the veriest fool  
That walks the earth, to have believed  
thee false.

It was the Count of Lara —

*Pre.* That bad man  
Has worked me harm enough. Hast  
thou not heard —

*Vict.* I have heard all. And yet  
speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am  
happy;

For every tone, like some sweet in-  
cantation

Calls up the buried past to plead for  
me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my  
heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

[*They walk aside.*]

*Hyp.* All gentle quarrels in the  
pastoral poets,

All passionate love scenes in the best  
romances,

All chaste embraces on the public  
stage,

All soft adventures, which the liberal  
stars

Have winked at, as the natural course  
of things,  
Have been surpassed here by my  
friend, the student,  
And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Pre-  
ciosa!

*Pre.* Señor Hypolito! I kiss your  
hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

*Hyp.* Not to-night;  
For, should you treat me as you did  
Victorian,  
And send me back to marry maids for-  
lorn,  
My wedding day would last from now  
till Christmas.

*Chis.* [*within*]. What ho! the Gip-  
sies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!  
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

[*Enters booted, with a whip and  
lantern.*]

*Vict.* What now?  
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou  
been robbed?

*Chis.* Ay, robbed and murdered;  
and good evening to you,  
My worthy masters.

*Vict.* Speak; what  
brings thee here?

*Chis.* [*to Preciosa*]. Good news  
from Court; good news! Beltran  
Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your  
father,

But your true father has returned to  
Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more  
a Gipsy.

*Vict.* Strange as a Moorish tale!  
*Chis.* And we have all

Been drinking at the tavern to your  
health,

As wells drink in November, when it  
rains.

*Vict.* Where is the gentleman?

*Chis.* As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

*Pre.* Is this a dream? O, if it be  
a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me  
yet!

Repeat thy story! Say I'm not  
deceived!

Say that I do not dream! I am  
awake;

This is the Gipsy camp; this is  
Victorian,

And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak!  
speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a  
dream!

*Vict.* It is a dream, sweet child!  
a waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness, which even  
on earth

Heaven gives to those it loves. Now  
art thou rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good;  
And I am now the beggar.

*Pre.* [*giving him her hand*]. I  
have still

A hand to give.

*Chis.* [*aside*]. And I have two to  
take.

I've heard my grandmother say that  
Heaven gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's  
nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I  
find almonds?

*Vict.* What more of this strange  
story?

*Chis.* Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at  
the village

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,  
The proofs of what I tell you. The

old hag,  
Who stole you in your childhood, has

confessed;  
And probably they'll hang her for the

crime,  
To make the celebration more com-  
plete.

*Vict.* No; let it be a day of gen-  
eral joy;

Fortune comes well to all, that comes  
not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

*Hyp.* So farewell,  
The student's wandering life! Sweet  
serenades,

Sung under ladies' windows in the  
night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful!  
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,  
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,  
Written in books, but here surpassed  
by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gipsy with the Spanish  
Student.

SCENE VI. *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

## SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door;  
'T is the break of day, and we must away,  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy  
grass,  
And waters wide and fleet.

[*Disappears down the pass. Enter a monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.*]

*Monk.* Ave Maria, gratia plena.

Olá! good man!

*Shep.* Olá!

*Monk.* Is this the road to Segovia?

*Shep.* It is, your Reverence.

*Monk.* How far is it?

*Shep.* I do not know.

*Monk.* What is that yonder in  
the valley?

*Shep.* San Ildefonso.

*Monk.* A long way to breakfast.

*Shep.* Ay, marry.

*Monk.* Are there robbers in these  
mountains?

*Shep.* Yes, and worse than that.

*Monk.* What?

*Shep.* Wolves.

*Monk.* Santa Maria! Come with  
me to San Ildefonso, and thou  
shalt be well rewarded.

*Shep.* What wilt thou give me?

*Monk.* An Agnus Dei and my  
benediction.

[*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*]

## SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,  
And I march me hurried, worried;  
Onward, caballito mio,  
With the white star in thy forehead!  
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
And I hear their rifles crack!  
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!  
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

[*Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.*]

*Vict.* This is the highest point.  
Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us  
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty  
mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun!  
O glorious sight!

*Pre.* Most beautiful indeed!

*Hyp.* Most wonderful!

*Vict.* And in the vale below  
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted  
halberds,

San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,  
Sends up a salutation to the morn,  
As if an army smote their brazen  
shields,

And shouted victory!

*Pre.* And which way  
Lies Segovia?

*Vict.* At a great distance yonder.  
Dost thou not see it ?

*Pre.* No. I do not see it.

*Vict.* The merest flaw that dents  
the horizon's edge.

There yonder!

*Hyp.* 'T is a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,  
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,  
Wherein, you may remember, poor  
Gil Blas

Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many  
a time

Out of its grated windows have I  
looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to the  
Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the val-  
ley creeping,

Glides at its foot.

*Pre.* O, yes ! I see it now,  
Yet rather with my heart, than with  
mine eyes,

So faint it is. And all my thoughts  
sail thither,

Freighted with prayers and hopes,  
and forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as, in  
The Eastern Tale, against the wind  
and tide,

Great ships were drawn to the Mag-  
netic Mountains,

And there were wrecked, and per-  
ished in the sea ! [*She weeps.*]

*Vict.* O gentle spirit ! Thou didst  
bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls  
on thee

Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy  
weary heart

Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint  
no more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be com-  
forted

And filled with my affection.

*Pre.* Stay no longer !

My father waits. Methinks I see him  
there,

Now looking from the window, and  
now watching

Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in  
the street,

And saying, "Hark ! she comes !"

O father ! father !

[*They descend the pass. CHISPA  
remains behind.*]

*Chis.* I have a father, too, but he  
is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day !  
Poor was I born, and poor do I re-  
main. I neither win nor lose. Thus  
I wag through the world, half the time  
on foot, and the other half walking ;  
and always as merry as a thunder-  
storm in the night. And so we plough  
along, as the fly said to the ox. Who  
knows what may happen ? Patience,  
and shuffle the cards ! I am not yet  
so bald, that you can see my brains ;  
and perhaps, after all, I shall some  
day go to Rome, and come back Saint  
Peter. Benedicite ! [*Exit.*]

[*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ  
wildly, as if in pursuit, with a  
carbine in his hand.*]

*Bart.* They passed this way ! I  
hear their horses' hoofs !

Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet  
caramillo,

This serenade shall be the Gipsy's  
last !

[*Fires down the pass.*]

Ha ! ha ! well whistled, my sweet  
caramillo !

Well whistled ! — I have missed her !  
— O, my God !

[*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ  
falls.*]

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS, 1846.

### CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes,  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night ;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling.

All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities !  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas !  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous  
eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.  
Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

L. of C.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands  
the belfry old and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,  
still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on  
that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness,  
like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets  
studded, and with streams and  
vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver,  
round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From  
its chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending,  
vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that  
early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in  
the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters  
sang the swallows wild and high;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping,  
seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing  
back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes  
rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister,  
when the nuns sing in the choir;  
And the great bell tolled among them,  
like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy  
phantoms filled my brain;  
They who live in history only seemed  
to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, —  
mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip,  
Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that  
adorned those days of old;  
Stately dames, like queens attended,  
knights who bore the Fleece of  
Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants  
with deep-laden argosies;  
Ministers from twenty nations; more  
than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling  
humbly on the ground;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting  
with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where  
a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them,  
and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with  
Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody  
battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the  
White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale  
the Golden Dragon's nest.



And again the whiskered Spaniard  
all the land with terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarum sounded  
from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er  
lagoon and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there  
is victory in the land !"

Then the sound of drums aroused me.  
The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had sum-  
moned back into their graves  
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ;  
and before I was aware,  
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed  
the sun-illuminated square.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my  
steed,

Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church  
with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies ;  
And thy heart as pure as they :  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born !"  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden  
sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's flutter-  
ing leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems  
changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
 Like pine-trees dark and high,  
 Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
 A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
 As when the sun, concealed  
 Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
 Shines on a distant field.

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### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;  
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys !  
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
 Beat the wild war-drum made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village :  
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
 With such accursed instruments as these,  
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
 And every nation, that should lift again  
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

### NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands

Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song, Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold, Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme, That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band, Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:

Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone, By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust, And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pyx of sculpture rare, Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart, Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand, Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies; Dead he is not, — but departed, — for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair, That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes, Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,

Building nests in Fame's great temple,  
as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove  
he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures  
hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom  
makes the flowers of poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the  
tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet,  
laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,  
in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house,  
with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and  
his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in  
Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like,  
with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic  
comes to drown his cark and care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in  
the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and  
before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingling shapes and figures,  
like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers,  
win for thee the world's regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and  
Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from  
a region far away,

As he paced thy streets and courtyards,  
sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice,  
as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree  
of toil.

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### THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image. — THIERRY: CONQUÊTE DE L'ANGLETERRE.

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that, from the neighboring  
kloster,  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas  
wassail;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched  
creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

### RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing  
spout!

Across the window pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the  
rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted  
hide,

Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread.  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking  
soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.  
These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs pro-  
found,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers underground ;

And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to  
birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to  
earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable  
wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of  
Time.

### TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy  
mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and jocund  
smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !  
The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin ;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune !  
Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !  
Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,

As shapeless ore,  
 Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
 Of darksome mines,  
 In some obscure and sunless place,  
 Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
 Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!  
 And thus for thee, O little child,  
 Through many a danger and escape,  
 The tall ships passed the stormy  
 cape;  
 For thee in foreign lands remote,  
 Beneath the burning, tropic clime,  
 The Indian peasant, chasing the wild  
 goat,  
 Himself as swift and wild,  
 In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
 The fibres of whose shallow root,  
 Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
 The silver veins beneath it laid,  
 The buried treasures of the pirate,  
 Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!  
 Thou hearest footsteps from afar!  
 And, at the sound,  
 Thou turnest round  
 With quick and questioning eyes,  
 Like one who, in a foreign land,  
 Beholds on every hand  
 Some source of wonder and surprise!  
 And, restlessly, impatiently,  
 Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.  
 The four walls of thy nursery  
 Are now like prison walls to thee.  
 No more thy mother's smiles,  
 No more the painted tiles,  
 Delight thee, nor the playthings on  
 the floor  
 That won thy little, beating heart  
 before;  
 Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
 Thy pattering footstep falls.  
 The sound of thy merry voice  
 Makes the old walls  
 Jubilant, and they rejoice  
 With the joy of thy young heart,  
 O'er the light of whose gladness

No shadows of sadness  
 From the sombre background of mem-  
 ory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
 One whom memory oft recalls,  
 The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
 And yonder meadows broad and  
 damp  
 The fires of the besieging camp  
 Encircled with a burning belt.  
 Up and down these echoing stairs,  
 Heavy with the weight of cares,  
 Sounded his majestic tread;  
 Yes, within this very room  
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
 Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to  
 thee?  
 Out, out! into the open air!  
 Thy only dream is liberty,  
 Thou carest little how or where.  
 I see thee eager at thy play,  
 Now shouting to the apples on the  
 tree,  
 With cheeks as round and red as  
 they;  
 And now among the yellow stalks,  
 Among the flowering shrubs and  
 plants,  
 As restless as the bee.  
 Along the garden walks,  
 The tracks of thy small carriage-  
 wheels I trace;  
 And see at every turn how they efface  
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
 That rise like golden domes  
 Above the cavernous and secret homes  
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of  
 ants.  
 Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
 Dost persecute and overwhelm  
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy  
 realm!

What! tired already! with those sup-  
 pliant looks,

And voice more beautiful than a poet's  
 books,  
 Or murmuring sound of water as it  
 flows,  
 Thou comest back to parley with re-  
 pose !  
 This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal  
 hues,  
 And shining with the argent light of  
 dews,  
 Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent  
 nest,  
 From which the laughing birds have  
 taken wing,  
 By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant  
 swing.  
 Dream-like the waters of the river  
 gleam ;  
 A sailless vessel drops adown the  
 stream,  
 And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
 Thou driftest gently down the tides of  
 sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen  
 Of life's great city ! on thy head  
 The glory of the morn is shed,  
 Like a celestial benison !  
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
 And with thy little hand  
 Thou openest the mysterious gate  
 Into the future's undiscovered land.  
 I see its valves expand,  
 As at the touch of Fate !  
 Into those realms of love and hate,  
 Into that darkness blank and drear,  
 By some prophetic feeling taught,  
 I launch the bold, adventurous  
 thought,  
 Freight with hope and fear ;  
 As upon subterranean streams,  
 In caverns unexplored and dark,  
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
 Laden with flickering fire,  
 And watch its swift-receding beams,  
 Until at length they disappear,  
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
 Like the new moon thy life appears ;  
 A little strip of silver light,  
 And widening outward into night  
 The shadowy disk of future years :  
 And yet upon its outer rim,  
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
 And scarcely visible to us here,  
 Rounds and completes the perfect  
 sphere ;  
 A prophecy and intimation,  
 A pale and feeble adumbration,  
 Of the great world of light, that lies  
 Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
 Should be to wet the dusty soil  
 With the hot tears and sweat of toil, —  
 To struggle with imperious thought,  
 Until the overburdened brain,  
 Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
 Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
 Only its motion, not its power, —  
 Remember, in that perilous hour,  
 When most afflicted and oppressed,  
 From labor there shall come forth  
 rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
 On thy advancing steps await,  
 Still let it ever be thy pride  
 To linger by the laborer's side ;  
 With words of sympathy or song  
 To cheer the dreary march along  
 Of the great army of the poor,  
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
 Nor to thyself the task shall be  
 Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
 The wisdom early to discern  
 True beauty in utility ;

As great Pythagoras of yore,  
 Standing beside the blacksmith's  
 door,  
 And hearing the hammers, as they  
 smote  
 The anvils with a different note,  
 Stole from the varying tones, that  
 hung



Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold ;  
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies.

### THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time.  
O'er East and West its beam im-  
pende ;  
And day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars.  
And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see, but hear,  
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near,  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where, chanting through his beard  
of snows,  
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And with its chorus seemed to be

Preluding some great tragedy.  
Sirius was rising in the east ;  
And, slow ascending one by one,  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star,  
Stood the great giant Algebar.  
Orion, hunter of the beast !  
His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars  
That were to prove her strength, and  
try  
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
She reached the station of Orion.  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm !  
And suddenly from his outstretched  
arm  
Down fell the red skin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet.  
His mighty club no longer beat  
The forehead of the bull ; but he  
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
When, blinded by CEnopion,  
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,  
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.  
Then, through the silence overhead,  
An angel with a trumpet said,  
" Forevermore, forevermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er !"  
And, like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
And on from sphere to sphere the  
words

Reëchoed down the burning chords, —  
 “Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o’er !”

### THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o’er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
 Of that lovely night in June,  
 The blaze of the flaming furnace  
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
 The wavering shadows lay,  
 And the current that came from the  
 ocean  
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through  
 them,  
 Rose the belated tide,  
 And, streaming into the moonlight,  
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
 Among the wooden piers,  
 A flood of thoughts came o’er me  
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,  
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O, how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom  
 O’er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
 It is buried in the sea ;  
 And only the sorrow of others  
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
 On its bridge with wooden piers,  
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
 Of care-encumbered men,  
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
 Still passing to and fro,  
 The young heart hot and restless,  
 And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
 And its shadows shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief  
 of the mighty Omawhaws ;  
 Gloomy and dark, as the driving  
 cloud, whose name thou hast  
 taken !

Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see  
 thee stalk through the city’s  
 Narrow and populous streets, as once  
 by the margin of rivers  
 Stalked those birds unknown, that  
 have left us only their footprints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the foot-prints ?

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies ?

How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains ?

Ah ! 't is vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge

Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too, Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-horn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Black-feet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth.

Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder, And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,

Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's

Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires

Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;

It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !

Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !

## SONGS.

### SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries.

Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drift-  
ing

Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas ; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main ;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the En-  
deavor  
That forever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like boarded  
Household words, no more depart.

---

### THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the  
mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er  
me,  
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his  
heart,  
As showers from the clouds of sum-  
mer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with  
music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

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AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

---

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-  
BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee  
rudely,  
At the ale-house.

Soiled and dull thou art;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As these leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friend-  
ship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks, —  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;  
They, alas! have left thee friendless!  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-  
neys,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices,  
Youth and travel.

### WALTER VON DER VOGEL- WEIDE.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest:  
They should feed the birds at noon-  
tide  
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering min-  
strels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of  
food?

Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

# DRINKING SONG.

## INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !  
From the pitcher, placed between  
us,

How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for  
armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,  
Much this mystic throng expresses :  
Bacchus was the type of vigor,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken ;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains, —  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with  
Rhenish,

From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables ;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

# THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balan-  
cier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots  
seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux,  
"Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !" — JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village  
street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
"Forever — never !  
Never — forever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who  
pass, —  
"Forever — never !  
Never — forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,

Distinct as a passing footstep's fall  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-  
door,—

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of  
mirth,  
Through days of death and days of  
birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has  
stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of  
awe,—

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never  
ceased,—

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming  
strayed.

O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece  
told,—

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding  
night:

There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;

And in the hush that followed the  
prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”  
As in the days long-since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

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### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.



## SONNETS.

## THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
 Whose panes the sunken sun incar-  
   nadines,  
 Like a fair lady at her casement,  
   shines  
 The evening star, the star of love  
   and rest!  
 And then anon she doth herself divest  
 Of all her radiant garments, and re-  
   clines  
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder  
   pines,  
 With slumber and soft dreams of love  
   oppressed.  
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!  
 My morning and my evening star of  
   love!  
 My best and gentlest lady! even  
   thus,  
 As that fair planet in the sky above,  
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at  
   night,  
 And from thy darkened window fades  
   the light.

## AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by  
   the rain,  
 With banners, by great gales inces-  
   sant fanned,  
 Brighter than brightest silks of Sam-  
   arcand,  
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy  
   wain!  
 Thou standest, like imperial Charle-  
   magne,  
 Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal  
   hand  
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er  
   the land,

Blessing the farms through all thy  
   vast domain.  
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon,  
   suspended  
 So long beneath the heavens' o'er-  
   hanging eaves,  
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers  
   attended;  
 Like flames upon an altar shine the  
   sheaves;  
 And, following thee, in thy ovation  
   splendid,  
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the  
   golden leaves!

## DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the  
   realms of gloom,  
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, ma-  
   jestic eyes,  
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy  
   soul arise,  
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of  
   doom;  
 Yet in thy heart what human sym-  
   pathies,  
 What soft compassion glows, as in  
   the skies  
 The tender stars their clouded lamps  
   relume!  
 Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid  
   cheeks,  
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
 As up the convent-walls, in golden  
   streaks,  
 The ascending sunbeams mark the  
   day's decrease,  
 And, as he asks what there the stran-  
   ger seeks,  
 Thy voice along the cloister whis-  
   pers, "Peace!"

## TRANSLATIONS.

## THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree!  
 how faithful are thy branches!  
 Green not alone in summer time,  
 But in the winter's frost and rime!  
 O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
 how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how  
 faithless is thy bosom!  
 To love me in prosperity,  
 And leave me in adversity!  
 O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how  
 faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou  
 tak'st for thine example!  
 So long as summer laughs she sings,  
 But in the autumn spreads her  
 wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou  
 tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow  
 brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!  
 It flows so long as falls the rain,  
 In drought its springs soon dry  
 again.

The meadow brook, the meadow  
 brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

## ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON  
DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
 She is my life, and my goods, and  
 my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once  
 again

To me has surrendered in joy and in  
 pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my  
 good,  
 Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my  
 blood!

Then come the wild weather, come  
 sleet or come snow,  
 We will stand by each other, however  
 it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sor-  
 row, and pain,  
 Shall be to our true love as links to  
 the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight  
 and so tall,  
 The more the hail beats, and the  
 more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow  
 mighty and strong,  
 Through crosses, through sorrows,  
 through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to  
 wander alone  
 In a desolate land where the sun is  
 scarce known,—

Through forests I 'll follow, and  
 where the sea flows,  
 Through ice, and through iron,  
 through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my  
 sun,  
 The threads of our two lives are woven  
 in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast  
 obeyed,  
 Whatever forbidden thou hast not  
 gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;  
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

### THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above;  
Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, — wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers wind, —  
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,  
High in wind and tempest wild;

O, were I like him exalted,  
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —  
To the doors of heaven would bear,  
Calling, even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of air.

### THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,  
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees he how with zealous care  
At the ruthless nail of iron  
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease,  
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:  
"Blest be thou of all the good!  
Bear, as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;  
Covered all with blood so clear,  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

### THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
 Yet greater is my heart,  
 And fairer than pearls and stars  
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
 Come unto my great heart ;  
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
 Are melting away with love !

### POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIED-  
 RICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

#### MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?  
 Who has it not wants hardihood,  
 Who has it has much trouble and care,  
 Who once has had it has despair.

#### THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

#### SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
 God-like is it all sin to leave.

#### POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind  
 a poor man is ;  
 For the former seeth no man, and the  
 latter no man sees.

#### LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,  
 To my Lord heartily,  
 To my Prince faithfully,  
 To my Neighbor honestly,  
 Die I, so die I.

#### CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all  
 these creeds and doctrines three  
 Extant are ; but still the doubt is,  
 where Christianity may be.

#### THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are  
 driven ever round ;  
 If they have nothing else to grind,  
 they must themselves be ground.

#### CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and  
 warmth and comfort it bespoke ;  
 But, alas ! it now is quenched, and  
 only bites us, like the smoke.

#### ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always  
 are combined ;  
 Often in a wooden house a golden  
 room we find.

#### RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
 yet they grind exceeding small,  
 Though with patience he stands  
 waiting, with exactness grinds  
 he all.

#### TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croak-  
 ing, kindle but a torch's fire,  
 Ha ! how soon they all are silent !  
 Thus Truth silences the liar.

#### RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine  
 should sound not well in  
 strangers' ears,  
 They have only to bethink them that  
 it happens so with theirs ;  
 For so long as words, like mortals,  
 call a fatherland their own,  
 They will be most highly valued  
 where they are best and longest  
 known.

## CURFEW.

## I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire;  
Sound fades into silence,—  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall!  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all!

## II.

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,  
Forgotten they lie;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.

## THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE, 1850.

## DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight  
gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it  
darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which  
they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns  
and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my  
friends!  
I hear your voices, softened by the  
distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each  
sends

His words of friendship, comfort  
and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or  
told,  
Has ever given delight or consola-  
tion,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand  
fold,  
By every friendly sign and saluta-  
tion.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye  
have shown!  
Thanks for each kindly word, each  
silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most  
alone,

Friends are around us, though no  
word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land  
to land ;

Kind letters, that betray the heart's  
deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a  
hand, —

One touch of fire, — and all the rest  
is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently  
among

Our household treasures take famil-  
iar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spake from the printed leaves or  
pictured faces,

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward  
form and semblance ;

Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live forever young in my re-  
membrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass  
away !

Your gentle voices will flow on for-  
ever,

When life grows bare and tarnished  
with decay,

As through a leafless landscape  
flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made  
us friends,

Being oftentimes of different  
tongues and nations,

But the endeavor for the selfsame  
ends,

With the same hopes, and fears,  
and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside  
walk,

Saddened, and mostly silent, with  
emotion ;

Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of  
ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome  
guest,

At your warm fireside, when the  
lamps are lighted,

To have my place reserved among the  
rest,

Nor stand as one unsought and un-  
invited !

## BY THE SEASIDE.

### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Mas-  
ter !

Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle !"

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;  
For his heart was in his work, and the  
heart

Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride.

And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, "Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and  
staunch,

As ever weathered a wintry sea !"

And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labor might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of  
yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of  
all,  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and  
tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the  
wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those  
that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, "Our ship,  
I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of  
the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,

And scattered here and there, with  
these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees,  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roa-  
noke!

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in  
motion!

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single  
day.

That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest  
meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth!  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house, and his daugh-  
ter's hand,  
When he had built and launched  
from land  
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this  
ship!  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.

Choose the timbers with greatest  
care ;

Of all that is unsound beware ;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee ! ”

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard ;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of  
pride,  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised  
bride.

The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and  
fair,  
With the breath of morn and the soft  
sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach ;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy  
sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far exceedeth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's  
bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,

Scarfed and bolted, straight and  
strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still.  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September  
gales,

Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back  
again,

The chance and change of a sailor's  
life,

Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing  
can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign  
lands,

With shadows of palms, and shining  
sands,

Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy  
Lascar,

As he lies alone and asleep on the  
turf.

And the trembling maiden held her  
breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind !  
And whenever the old man paused, a  
gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would  
awhile illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,



That the head of the maiden lay at  
rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and  
true,

Stemson and keelson and sternson-  
knee,

Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view !  
And around the bows and along the  
side

The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !

And around it columns of smoke,  
upwreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling,  
seething

Caldron, that glowed,

And overflowed

With the black tar, heated for the  
sheathing.

And amid the clamors

Of clattering hammers,

He who listened heard now and then

The song of the Master and his  
men : —

“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle ! ”

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have  
control

Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant  
hand

Would reach down and grapple with  
the land,

And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the bel-  
lowing blast !

And at the bows an image stood,

By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daugh-  
ter !

On many a dreary and misty night,  
’T will be seen by the rays of the sig-  
nal light,

Speeding along through the rain and  
the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !

Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place ;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,

In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain

Lay the snow,

They fell, — those lordly pines !

Those grand, majestic pines !

’Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers,

Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding  
road

Those captive kings so straight and  
tall,

To be shorn of their streaming hair,

And, naked and bare,

To feel the stress and the strain

Of the wind and the reeling main,

Whose roar

Would remind them forevermore

Of their native forests they should not  
see again.

And everywhere

The slender, graceful spars

Poise aloft in the air,

And at the masthead,

White, blue, and red,

A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.

Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friend-  
less,  
In foreign harbors shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'T will be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet  
and endless.

All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the  
sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering,  
blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read,

The joyous bridegroom bows his  
head,  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to  
run.

The worthy pastor —  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock —  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its  
course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said  
he : —

"Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's  
bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the  
skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer  
brink.

Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true

To the toil and the task we have  
 to do,  
 We shall sail securely, and safely  
 reach  
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shin-  
 ing beach  
 The sights we see, and the sounds we  
 hear,  
 Will be those of joy and not of  
 fear!"

Then the Master,  
 With a gesture of command,  
 Waved his hand;  
 And at the word,  
 Loud and sudden there was heard,  
 All around them and below,  
 The sound of hammers, blow on  
 blow,  
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
 And see! she stirs!  
 She starts,— she moves,— she seems  
 to feel  
 The thrill of life along her keel,  
 And spurning with her foot the  
 ground,  
 With one exulting, joyous bound,  
 She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
 There rose a shout, prolonged and  
 loud,  
 That to the ocean seemed to say,—  
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and  
 gray,  
 Take her to thy protecting arms,  
 With all her youth and all her  
 charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair  
 She lies within those arms, that press  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care!  
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
 Through wind and wave, right on-  
 ward steer!  
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
 And safe from all adversity  
 Upon the bosom of that sea  
 Thy comings and thy goings be!  
 For gentleness and love and trust  
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
 Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
 We know what Master laid thy keel,  
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of  
 steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and  
 rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers  
 beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy  
 hope!  
 Fear not each sudden sound and  
 shock,  
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale!  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with  
 thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,  
 our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee,— are all with thee!

### THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,  
 As the day grows fainter and  
 dimmer,  
 Lonely and lovely, a single star  
 Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,  
Showed thus glorious and thus  
emulous,  
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,  
Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falchion  
brightly.  
Is it a God, or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

### THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ан ! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea !  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ; —

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land ; —

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird, slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried, with impulse strong, —  
“ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous  
song ! ”

“ Wouldst thou, ” — so the helmsman  
answered,

“ Learn the secret of the sea ?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward-blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

### TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the win-  
dow,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
 As they beat at the heart of the  
 mother,  
 Drive the color from her cheek ?

---

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
 Sailed the corsair Death ;  
 Wild and fast blew the blast,  
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
 Glistened in the sun ;  
 On each side, like pennons wide,  
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
 Dripped with silver rain ;  
 But where he passed there were cast  
 Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
 Three days or more seaward he bore,  
 Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
 And ice-cold grew the night ;  
 And never more, on sea or shore,  
 Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
 The Book was in his hand ;  
 "Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"  
 He said, "by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,  
 Without a signal's sound,  
 Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
 The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
 Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
 Every mast, as it passed,  
 Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
 At midnight black and cold !  
 As of a rock was the shock ;  
 Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
 They drift in close embrace,  
 With mist and rain, to the Spanish  
 Main,  
 Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,  
 They drift through dark and day ;  
 And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
 Sinking, vanish all away.

---

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the  
 sea,  
 And on its outer point, some miles  
 away,  
 The Lighthouse lifts its massive  
 masonry,  
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud  
 by day.

Even at this distance I can see the  
 tides,  
 Upheaving, break unheard along  
 its base,  
 A speechless wrath, that rises and  
 subsides  
 In the white lip and tremor of the  
 face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how  
 bright,  
 Through the deep purple of the  
 twilight air,  
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of  
 its light  
 With strange, unearthly splendor  
 in its glare.

Not one alone ; from each projecting  
 cape,

And perilous reef along the ocean's  
verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless  
surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it  
stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous  
wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and  
sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to  
save.

And the great ships sail outward and  
return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the bil-  
lowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes  
and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness,  
and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the  
blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while  
they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade  
and sink;  
And when, returning from adventures  
wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's  
brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent  
night,  
Burns on forevermore that quenchless  
flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable  
light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the  
kiss of peace;

It sees the wild winds lift it in their  
grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like a  
fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the  
storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of  
the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the  
hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with  
the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary  
cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light  
within,  
Dashes himself against the glare,  
and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the  
rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire  
of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the  
shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of  
love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye  
stately ships!  
And with your floating bridge the  
ocean span;  
Be mine to guard this light from all  
eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto  
man!"

---

#### THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the  
bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and  
cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port, —  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent  
town, —

The light-house, the dismantled fort, —  
The wooden houses, quaint and  
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room ;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and  
said,  
Of what had been, and might have  
been,  
And who was changed, and who was  
dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret  
pain,  
Their lives henceforth have separate  
ends,  
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to ex-  
press,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but  
mark ;

The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then ex-  
pire.

And, as their splendor flashed and  
failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the  
main, —  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their  
frames, —  
The ocean, roaring up the beach, —  
The gusty blast, — the bickering  
flames, —  
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the  
brain, —  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that  
yearned !  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that  
burned,  
The thoughts that burned and  
glowed within.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

### RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched  
and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-  
fended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children  
crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe  
afflictions

Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists  
and vapors ;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad, funereal  
tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so  
is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our  
affection, —  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor  
protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and  
seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's  
pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is  
doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pur-  
suing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep  
unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance,  
though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold  
her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's man-  
sion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's ex-  
pansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with  
emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning  
like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the  
feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

---

### THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time ;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;



Make the house, where Gods may  
dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

---

### SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot  
clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of  
Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
About those deserts blown !  
How many strange vicissitudes has  
seen,  
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt from the patriarch's  
sight  
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and  
bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread ;  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the  
air  
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,

Whose pilgrimage of hope and love  
and faith  
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's  
palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian  
psalms  
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's  
gate  
With westward steps depart ;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of  
Fate,  
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may  
have passed !  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at  
last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls ex-  
pand ; —  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting  
sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining  
blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting  
sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow  
run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls  
again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;  
The half-hour's sand is run !

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky;

And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light  
Of the star-lit night,  
Swift birds of passage wing their flight  
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and sleet  
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe .  
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and  
wrongs,  
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light

It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of  
rhyme.

## THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

## KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
Ere yet his last he breathed,  
To the merry monks of Croyland  
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,  
And drank from the golden bowl,  
They might remember the donor,  
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
And bade the goblet pass ;  
In their beards the red wine glistened  
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
They drank to Christ the Lord,  
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
Of the dismal days of yore,  
And as soon as the horn was empty  
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,  
Like the murmur of many bees,  
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,  
And the Abbot bowed his head,  
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,  
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
He clutched the golden bowl,  
In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore,  
For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !  
We must drink to one Saint more ! "

---

#### GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
But alas ! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been  
brought ;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, " Rise, O master !  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within  
thee ! "

And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quenched the glowing  
wood ;  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
Take this lesson to thy heart :  
That is best which lieth nearest ;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

---

#### PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and  
sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;

'T was the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the school-boys he was found;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaiming  
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors cold and dim;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden  
bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,  
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward,  
Where his struggling hoofs had  
trod,  
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unailing  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
While it soothes them with its sound.

### TEGNER'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And through the misty air  
Passed like the mournful cry  
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
Of the dead sun  
Borne through the Northern sky.  
Blasts from Niffelheim  
Lifted the sheeted mists  
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And died away  
Through the dreary night,  
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
God of the summer sun,  
Fairest of all the Gods!  
Light from his forehead beamed,  
Runes were upon his tongue,  
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
Bound were by magic spell  
Never to do him harm;  
Even the plants and stones;  
All save the mistletoe,  
The sacred mistletoe!

Hæder, the blind old God,  
Whose feet are shod with silence,  
Pierced through that gentle breast  
With his sharp spear, by fraud  
Made of the mistletoe,  
The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,  
With horse and harness,  
As on a funeral pyre.  
Odin placed  
A ring upon his finger,  
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !  
It floated far away  
Over the misty sea,  
Till like the sun it seemed,  
Sinking beneath the waves.  
Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song,  
Fairer than the old.  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
O ye bards,  
Fairer than before !  
Ye fathers of the new race,  
Feed upon morning dew,  
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !  
The law of love prevails !  
Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
O ye bards of the North,  
Of Vikings and of Jarls !  
Of the days of Eld  
Preserve the freedom only,  
Not the deeds of blood.

## SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM  
SHAKSPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too swiftly  
sped !  
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the great-  
est sages,  
And giving tongues unto the silent  
dead !  
How our hearts glowed and trembled  
as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the wondrous  
pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns the  
ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be said !  
O happy Reader ! having for thy text  
The magic book, whose Sibylline  
leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human  
thought !  
O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !  
How must thy listening spirit now  
rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a voice !

## THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of  
men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;  
Through groves he wandered, and by  
streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and  
loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers  
three

Disputed which the best might be;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind, but in degree;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to  
teach.

"These are the three great chords of  
might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

---

### SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away  
Whatever thou canst call thine own!  
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust,

That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

---

### HYMN.

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet  
one thing more:

If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the  
poor,  
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, un-  
seen,

Those sacred words hath said,  
And his invisible hands to-day have  
been

Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon his arm and  
say,

"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast  
shall be,

To make the scene more fair;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
Like the beloved John  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's  
breast,  
And thus to journey on!

## THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
 Rehearse this little tragedy aright:  
 Let me attempt it with an English quill;  
 And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

## I.

AT the foot of the mountain  
 height  
 Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,  
 When the apple, the plum, and the  
 almond tree  
 In the plain below were growing  
 white,  
 This is the song one might per-  
 ceive  
 On a Wednesday morn of Saint Jo-  
 seph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads  
 should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!  
 Should blossom and bloom with gar-  
 lands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attend-  
 ing,  
 Seemed from the clouds descend-  
 ing;  
 When lo! a merry company  
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,  
 Each one with her attendant  
 swain,  
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same  
 strain;  
 Resembling there, so near unto the  
 sky,  
 Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven  
 has sent

For their delight and our encourage-  
 ment.

Together blending,  
 And soon descending  
 The narrow sweep  
 Of the hill-side steep,  
 They wind aslant  
 Towards Saint Amant,  
 Through leafy alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys  
 With merry sallies,  
 Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads  
 should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!  
 Should blossom and bloom with gar-  
 lands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,  
 With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud  
 of gloom,  
 The sun of March was shining  
 brightly,  
 And to the air the freshening wind  
 gave lightly  
 Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges  
 blossom,  
 A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!  
 To sounds of joyous melodies,

That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,

A band of maidens

Gayly frolicking,

A band of youngsters

Wildly rollicking !

Kissing,

Caressing,

With fingers pressing,

Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,

They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest ;

While the bride, with roguish eyes,

Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :

“Those who catch me

Married verily

This year shall be !”

And all pursue with eager haste,

And all attain what they pursue,

And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,

And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among

These youthful maidens fresh and fair,

So joyous, with such laughing air,

Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue ?

And yet the bride is fair and young !

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all, That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall ?

O, no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,

Never bore so lofty a brow !

What lovers ! they give not a single caress !

To see them so careless and cold to-day,

These are grand people, one would say.

What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth him oppress ?

It is, that, halfway up the hill,  
In yon cottage, by whose walls  
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,

Dwelleth the blind orphan still,

Daughter of a veteran old ;

And you must know, one year ago,  
That Margaret, the young and tender,

Was the village pride and splendor,

And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;

For them the altar was prepared ;

But alas ! the summer's blight,

The dread disease that none can stay,

The pestilence that walks by night,

Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed ;

Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled ;

Returned but three short days ago,

The golden chain they round him throw,

He is enticed, and onward led

To marry Angela, and yet

Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,

“Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !

Here comes the cripple Jane !” And by a fountain's side

A woman, bent and gray with years,

Under the mulberry trees appears,

And all towards her run, as fleet

As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,

Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.

She telleth fortunes, and none complain.



She promises one a village swain,  
Another a happy wedding-day,  
And the bride a lovely boy  
straightway.

All comes to pass as she avers ;  
She never deceives, she never  
errs.

But for this once the village seer  
Wears a countenance severe,  
And from beneath her eyebrows thin  
and white

Her two eyes flash like cannons  
bright

Aimed at the bridegroom in waist-  
coat blue,

Who, like a statue, stands in view ;  
Changing color, as well he might,  
When the beldame wrinkled and  
gray

Takes the young bride by the  
hand,

• And, with the tip of her reedy  
wand

Making the sign of the cross, doth  
say : —

“Thoughtless Angela, beware !  
Lest when thou weddest this false  
bridegroom,

Thou diggest for thyself a tomb !”  
And she was silent ; and the maidens  
fair

Saw from each eye escape a swollen  
tear ;

But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
What are two drops of turbid  
rain ?

Saddened a moment, the bridal  
train

Resumed the dance and song  
again ;

The bridegroom only was pale with  
fear ; —

And down green alleys  
Of verdurous valleys,  
With merry sallies,  
They sang the refrain : —

“The roads should blossom, the roads  
should bloom,

So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with gar-  
lands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

## II.

And by suffering worn and weary,  
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
Thus lamented Margaret,  
In her cottage lone and dreary : —

“He has arrived ! arrived at last !  
Yet Jane has named him not these  
three days past ;

Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !  
And knows that of my night he is the  
star !

Knows that long months I wait alone,  
benighted,

And count the moments since he went  
away !

Come ! keep the promise of that hap-  
pier day,

That I may keep the faith to thee I  
plighted !

What joy have I without thee ? what  
delight ?

Grief wastes my life, and makes it  
misery ;

Day for the others ever, but for me  
Forever night ! forever night !

When he is gone 't is dark ! my soul  
is sad !

I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me  
glad.

When he is near, no thoughts of day  
intrude ;

Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste  
has blue eyes !

Within them shines for me a heaven  
of love,

A heaven all happiness, like that  
above,

No more of grief ! no more of  
lassitude !

Earth I forget, — and heaven, and all  
distresses,

When seated by my side my hand he  
presses ;

But when alone, remember all!  
Where is Baptiste? he hears not  
when I call!

A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,  
I need some bough to twine  
around!

In pity come! be to my suffering  
kind!

True love, they say, in grief doth  
more abound!

What then — when one is blind?

“Who knows? perhaps I am for-  
saken!

Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my  
grave!

O God! what thoughts within  
me waken!

Away! he will return! I do but rave!  
He will return! I need not fear!

He swore it by our Saviour dear;  
He could not come at his own  
will;

Is weary, or perhaps is ill!

Perhaps his heart, in this dis-  
guise,

Prepares for me some sweet sur-  
prise!

But some one comes! Though blind,  
my heart can see!

And that deceives me not! 't is he!  
't is he!”

And the door ajar is set,

And poor, confiding Margaret

Rises, with outstretched arms, but  
sightless eyes;

'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus  
cries: —

“Angela the bride has passed!

I saw the wedding guests go by;

Tell me, my sister, why were we not  
asked?

For all are there but you and I!”

“Angela married! and not send  
To tell her secret unto me!

O, speak! who may the bride-  
groom be?”

“My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy  
friend!”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing  
said;

A milky whiteness spreads upon her  
cheeks;

An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
Descending, as her brother speaks,  
Upon her heart, that has ceased  
to beat,

Suspends awhile its life and heat.

She stands beside the boy, now sore  
distrressed,

A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again  
Brings her back to her sorrow  
and pain.

“Hark! the joyous airs are ring-  
ing!

Sister, dost thou hear them sing-  
ing?

How merrily they laugh and  
jest!

Would we were bidden with the  
rest!

I would don my hose of home-  
spun gray,

And my doublet of linen striped  
and gay;

Perhaps they will come; for they  
do not wed

Till to-morrow at seven o'clock,  
it is said!”

“I know it!” answered Margaret;

Whom the vision, with aspect black  
as jet,

Mastered again; and its hand of  
ice

Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!  
“Paul, be not sad! 'T is a

holiday;  
To-morrow put on thy doublet

gay!  
But leave me now for a while  
alone.”

Away, with a hop and a jump,  
went Paul,

And, as he whistled along the  
hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful  
heat!

I am faint, and weary, and out of  
breath!

But thou art cold, — art chill as  
death;

My little friend! what ails thee,  
sweet?"

"Nothing! I heard them singing  
home the bride;

And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come  
ere long,

Thou knowest it is at Whitsun-  
tide.

Thy cards forsooth can never lie.  
To me such joy they prophesy,  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far  
and wide

When they behold him at my  
side.

And poor Baptiste, what sayest  
thou?

It must seem long to him; — methinks  
I see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth  
press:

"Thy love I cannot all approve;  
We must not trust too much to happi-  
ness; —

Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love  
him less!"

"The more I pray, the more I  
love!

It is no sin, for God is on my side!"  
It was enough; and Jane no more  
replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred  
and cold;

But to deceive the beldame old  
She takes a sweet, contented  
air;

Speak of foul weather or of fair,  
At every word the maiden smiles!  
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;

So that, departing at the evening's  
close,

She says, "She may be saved!  
she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!

Now that thou wouldst, thou art no  
prophetess!

This morning, in the fulness of thy  
heart,

Thou wast so, far beyond thine  
art!

### III.

Now rings the bell, nine times rever-  
berating,

And the white daybreak, stealing up  
the sky,

Sees in two cottages two maidens  
waiting,

How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
The one puts on her cross and  
crown,

Decks with a huge bouquet her  
breast,

And flaunting, fluttering up and  
down,

Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little  
room,

Has neither crown nor flower's  
perfume;

But in their stead for something  
grotes apart,

That in a drawer's recess doth  
lie,

And, 'neath her bodice of bright  
scarlet dye,

Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,

'Mid kisses ringing,

And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning  
prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
 Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,  
 And whispers, as her brother opes the door,  
 "O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,  
 Conducted by her brother's hand,  
 Towards the church, through paths unscanned,  
 With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
 Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
 Round her at times exhale,  
 And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
 But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,  
 Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,  
 Marvels of nature and of art,  
 And proud of its name of high degree,  
 A little chapel, almost bare  
 At the base of the rock, is builded there;  
 All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
 Above each jealous cottage roof,  
 Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
 And its blackened steeple high in air,  
 Round which the osprey screams and sails.  
 "Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"  
 Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"  
 "Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?"  
 Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?

The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!  
 Dost thou remember when our father said,

The night we watched beside his bed,  
 'O daughter, I am weak and low;  
 Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!'  
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?  
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;  
 And here they brought our father in his shroud.  
 There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;  
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?  
 Come in! The bride will be here soon:  
 Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"  
 She could no more, — the blind girl, weak and weary!  
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,  
 "What wouldst thou do, my daughter?" — and she started;  
 And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;  
 But Paul, impatient, urges ever more  
 Her steps towards the open door;  
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid  
 Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,  
 And with her head, as Paul talks on again,  
 Touches the crown of filigrane  
 Suspended from the low-arched portal,  
 No more restrained, no more afraid,  
 She walks, as for a feast arrayed,  
 And in the ancient chapel's sombre night  
 They both, are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
 With booming sound,  
 Sends forth, resounding round,

Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down  
the dell.

It is broad day, with sunshine  
and with rain;

And yet the guests delay not  
long,

For soon arrives the bridal  
train,

And with it brings the village  
throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal  
gay,

For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant  
day,

Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morn-  
ing,

Thinks only of the beldame's words  
of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I  
wis;

To be a bride is all! The pretty  
lisper

Feels her heart swell to hear all round  
her whisper,

"How beautiful! how beautiful she  
is!"

But she must calm that giddy  
head,

For already the Mass is said;

At the holy table stands the  
priest;

The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste  
receives it;

Ere on the finger of the bride he  
leaves it,

He must pronounce one word at  
least!

'T is spoken; and sudden at the  
groomsman's side

"'T is he!" a well-known voice has  
cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold  
their breath,

Opes the confessional, and the blind  
girl, see!

"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast  
wished my death,

As holy water be my blood for  
thee!"

And calmly in the air a knife sus-  
pended!

Doubtless her guardian angel near  
attended,

For anguish did its work so well,  
That, ere the fatal stroke de-  
scended,

Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
The De Profundis filled the air;  
Decked with flowers a simple  
hearse

To the churchyard forth they  
bear;

Village girls in robes of snow

Follow, weeping as they go;

Nowhere was a smile that day,

No, ah no! for each one seemed to  
say:—

"The roads should mourn and be  
veiled in gloom,

So fair a corpse shall leave its  
home!

Should mourn and should weep, ah,  
well-away!

So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON DE  
GUI BARÔZAL.

I HEAR along our street

Pass the minstrel throngs;

Hark! they play so sweet,

On their hautboys, Christmas songs!

Let us by the fire

Ever higher

Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring

Every day the chimes;

Loud the gleemen sing

In the streets their merry rhymes.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang  
Songs devout and sweet ;  
While the rafters rang,  
There they stood with freezing feet.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells  
At this holy tide,

For want of something else,  
Christmas songs at times have tried.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,  
To the sound they beat,  
Sing by rivers cold,  
With uncovered heads and feet.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
Stamps his feet and sings ;  
But he who blows his hands  
Not so gay a carol brings.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE, 1858.

... come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.

— DANTE.

### PROMETHEUS,

#### OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus' shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly  
portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals !

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,

Then the vulture, — the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearning,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture ?  
Through the cloud-rack, dark and  
trailing,

Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren crags the vulture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened ;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplendent  
With such gleams of inward lustre !

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness  
chanted ;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs that  
haunted !

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervor of invention,  
With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling !  
In such hours of exultation  
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,  
Might behold the vulture sailing  
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian !

Though to all there is not given  
Strength for such sublime endeavor,  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven  
All the hearts of men forever ;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted  
Honor and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
Gleaming through the realms be-  
nighted,  
As they onward bear the message !

## THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou  
said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of  
shame !

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may as-  
cend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less ;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth ;  
The hardening of the heart, that  
brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of  
ill ;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will ; —

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert  
airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear  
 Their solid bastions to the skies,  
 Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and  
 kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
 But they, while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
 With shoulders bent and downcast  
 eyes,

We may discern — unseen before —  
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
 To something nobler we attain.

### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
 Of the old colonial time,  
 May be found in prose the legend  
 That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
 And the keen and frosty airs,  
 That filled her sails at parting,  
 Were heavy with good men's  
 prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure" —  
 Thus prayed the old divine —  
 "To bury our friends in the ocean,  
 Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
 And under his breath said he,  
 "This ship is so crank and walty  
 I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from Eng-  
 land,  
 When the winter months were gone,

Brought no tidings of this vessel  
 Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
 That the Lord would let them  
 hear

What in his greater wisdom  
 He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were  
 answered: —

It was in the month of June,  
 An hour before the sunset  
 Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
 A ship was seen below,  
 And they knew it was Lamberton,  
 Master,  
 Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
 Right against the wind that blew,  
 Until the eye could distinguish  
 The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
 Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
 And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
 And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
 Fell slowly, one by one,  
 And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
 As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel  
 Each said unto his friend,  
 That this was the mould of their ves-  
 sel,  
 And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
 Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
 That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
 He had sent this Ship of Air.



### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British  
Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on  
floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rip-  
pling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships ;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the  
black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,  
Hithe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers  
speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant  
lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched,  
in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat  
from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning  
salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up  
the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the  
Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields  
of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,

No morning gun from the black fort's  
embrasure,  
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye im-  
partial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field  
Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single  
warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the  
Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the  
sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and  
deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dis-  
semble,  
But smote the Warden hoar ;  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all  
England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon  
waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead :  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.

---

### HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived  
and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the  
open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their  
errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon  
the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on  
the stair,  
Along the passages they come and  
go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to  
and fro.

There are more guests at table, than  
the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive  
ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the  
wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot  
see  
The forms I see, nor hear the  
sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto  
me  
All that has been is visible and  
clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or  
lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier  
dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their  
dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their  
old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of  
sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and  
everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists  
and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that en-  
joys,  
And the more noble instinct that  
aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual  
jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations  
high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen  
star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark  
gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating  
bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our  
fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and  
night,—

So from the world of spirits there  
descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with  
this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways  
and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the  
dark abyss.

---

#### IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels,  
nor stirs;  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of  
ours?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all  
dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks:  
No color shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,

At the rude question we have asked ;  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her  
side.

Hereafter ? — And do you think to  
look

On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and  
errors ?

Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own short-comings and de-  
spairs,

In your own secret sins and terrors !

### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S- NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
With his swarthy, grave com-  
manders,

I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish leather,  
Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the  
weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedge-rows east and west,  
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
"Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho !"

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice,  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her !"  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
"Golondrina is my guest,  
'T is the wife of some deserter !"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread the  
rumor,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curtly, "Leave it standing !"

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon-shot had shat-  
tered.

### THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of  
Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morn-  
ing broke ;  
The dawn was on their faces, and  
beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with  
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes  
of white ;

But one was crowned with amaranth,  
as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes  
of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial  
way ;  
Then said I, with deep fear and  
doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou  
betray  
The place where thy beloved are at  
rest !"

And he who wore the crown of as-  
phodels,  
Descending, at my door began to  
knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in  
wells  
The waters sink before an earth-  
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the  
pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted  
me,  
And now returned with threefold  
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly  
guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard  
God's voice ;  
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was  
best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to  
rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the  
house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life,"  
he said ;

And ere I answered, passing out of  
sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend ! and not  
at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine  
wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice  
divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound  
like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden  
gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and  
thin ;  
And softly, from that hushed and  
darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one  
went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his  
hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls  
thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and  
land,  
Lo ! he looks back from the depart-  
ing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are  
his ;  
Without his leave they pass no  
threshold o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, be-  
lieving this,  
Against his messengers to shut the  
door ?

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## DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

IN broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;

And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

### THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews  
In their graves,  
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,  
Silent beside the never-silent waves,  
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that  
O'er their sleep  
Wave their broad curtains in the  
South-wind's breath,  
While underneath such leafy tents  
They keep  
The long, mysterious Exodus of  
Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old  
and brown,  
That pave with level flags their  
burial-place,  
Seem like the tablets of the Law,  
thrown down  
And broken by Moses at the  
mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are  
strange,

Of foreign accent, and of different  
climes;  
Alvares and Rivera interchange  
With Abraham and Jacob of old  
times.

"Blessed be God! for he created  
Death!"  
The mourners said, "and Death is  
rest and peace";  
Then added, in the certainty of faith,  
"And giveth Life that never more  
shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,  
No Psalms of David now the silence  
break,  
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue  
In the grand dialect the Prophets  
spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead  
remain,  
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,  
Scattering its bounty, like a summer  
rain,  
Still keeps their graves and their  
remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst  
of Christian hate,  
What persecution, merciless and  
blind,  
Drove o'er the sea — that desert desolate —  
These Ishmaels and Hagars of  
mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and  
lanes obscure,  
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk  
and mire;  
Taught in the school of patience to  
endure  
The life of anguish and the death  
of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread  
 And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,  
 The wasting famine of the heart they fed,  
 And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry  
 That rang from town to town, from street to street ;  
 At every gate the accursed Mordecai  
 Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand  
 Walked with them through the world where'er they went ;  
 Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,  
 And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast  
 Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,  
 And all the great traditions of the Past  
 They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look  
 The mystic volume of the world they read.  
 Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,  
 Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah ! what once has been shall be no more !  
 The groaning earth in travail and in pain  
 Brings forth its races, but does not restore,  
 And the dead nations never rise again.

### OLIVER BASSELIN.

IN the Valley of the Vire  
 Still is seen an ancient mill,  
 With its gables quaint and queer,  
 And beneath the window-sill,  
 On the stone,  
 These words alone :  
 " Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,  
 Ruined stands the old Château ;  
 Nothing but the donjon-keep  
 Left for shelter or for show.  
 Its vacant eyes  
 Stare at the skies,  
 Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,  
 Looked, but ah ! it looks no more  
 From the neighboring hillside down  
 On the rushing and the roar  
 Of the stream  
 Whose sunny gleam  
 Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,  
 To the water's dash and din,  
 Careless, humble, and unknown,  
 Sang the poet Basselin  
 Songs that fill  
 That ancient mill  
 With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest  
 Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed ;  
 Only made to be his nest,  
 All the lovely valley seemed.  
 No desire  
 Of soaring higher  
 Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;  
 Were not songs of that high art,  
 Which, as winds do in the pine,  
 Find an answer in each heart ;  
 But the mirth  
 Of this green earth  
 Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,  
 Opening on the narrow street,  
 Came the loud, convivial din,  
 Singing and applause of feet,  
     The laughing lays  
     That in those days  
 Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
 Knights, who fought at Agincourt,  
 Watched and waited, spur on heel;  
 But the poet sang for sport  
     Songs that rang  
     Another clang,  
 Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,  
 Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
 Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
 And the poet heard their bells;  
     But his rhymes  
     Found other chimes,  
 Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
 Gone are all the knights and squires,  
 Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
 And the brotherhood of friars;  
     Not a name  
     Remains to fame,  
 From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here  
 Of the landscape makes a part;  
 Like the river, swift and clear,  
 Flows his song through many a  
     heart;  
     Haunting still  
     That ancient mill,  
 In the Valley of the Vire.

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### VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey,  
 At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 In the mist of the morning damp and  
     gray,

These were the words they seemed  
 to say:  
 "Come forth to thy death,  
 Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread,  
 Firm was his step, erect his head;  
     Victor Galbraith,  
 He who so well the bugle played,  
 Could not mistake the words it said:  
 "Come forth to thy death,  
 Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at  
 the sky,  
 He looked at the files of musketry,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 And he said, with a steady voice and  
 eye,  
 "Take good aim; I am ready to die!"  
     Thus challenges death  
     Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight  
 and red,  
 Six leaden balls on their errand sped;  
     Victor Galbraith  
 Falls to the ground, but he is not  
 dead;  
 His name was not stamped on those  
 balls of lead,  
     And they only scath  
     Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
 But he rises out of the dust again,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 The water he drinks has a bloody  
 stain;  
 "O kill me, and put me out of my  
 pain!"  
     In his agony prayeth  
     Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues  
 of flame,  
 And the bugler has died a death of  
 shame,  
     Victor Galbraith!

His soul has gone back to whence it  
came,  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the Sergeant saith,  
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
Through the mist of the valley damp  
and gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith !"

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### MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old  
town,

And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its  
trees,

And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and  
the slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded  
lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the  
ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward  
song

Is singing and saying still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill ;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tran-  
quil bay,

Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful  
song

Goes through me with a thrill :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;  
And the friendships old and the early  
loves

Come back with a sabbath sound, as  
of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old  
song,

It flutters and murmurs still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms  
that dart

Across the schoolboy's brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,



That in part are prophecies, and in  
part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful  
song

Sings on, and is never still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not  
speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ;

There are thoughts that make the  
strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal  
song

Come over me like a chill :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I  
meet

When I visit the dear old town ;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

And the trees that o'ershadow each  
well-known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and  
fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days  
that were

I find my lost youth again,

And the strange and beautiful  
song,

The groves are repeating it still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

## THE ROPEWALK.

IN that building, long and low,

With its windows all a-row,

Like the port-holes of a hulk,

Human spiders spin and spin,

Backward down their threads so thin

Dropping each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;

Squares of sunshine on the floor

Light the long and dusky lane ;

And the whirring of a wheel,

Dull and drowsy, makes me feel

All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end

Downward go and reascend,

Gleam the long threads in the sun ;

While within this brain of mine

Cobwebs brighter and more fine

By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,

Like white doves upon the wing,

First before my vision pass ;

Laughing, as their gentle hands

Closely clasp the twisted strands,

At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,

With its smell of tan and planks,

And a girl poised high in air

On a cord, in spangled dress,

With a faded loveliness,

And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,

And a woman with bare arms

Drawing water from a well ;

As the bucket mounts apace,

With it mounts her own fair face,

As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,

Ringing loud the noontide hour,

While the rope coils round and  
round

Like a serpent at his feet,

And again, in swift retreat,  
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth;  
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a schoolboy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field;  
Fowlers with their snares concealed;  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless  
sand;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low;  
While the wheel goes round and round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

### THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees; their purple  
branches  
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs  
of coral,  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the Winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the  
village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,  
Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering  
fire-light;

Here and there the lamps of evening  
glimmer,  
Social watch-fires  
Answering one another through the  
darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are  
glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree  
For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned  
in them.

By the fireside there are old men  
seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore  
them.

By the fireside there are youthful  
dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately stair-  
ways,  
Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give  
them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,  
In whose scenes appear two actors  
only,  
Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole spec-  
tator.

By the fireside there are peace and  
comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair, thought-  
ful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the pas-  
sage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden  
Mile-stone;  
Is the central point, from which he  
measures

Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world  
around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he  
sees it;  
Hears the talking flame, the answer-  
ing night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but  
are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor  
fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral home-  
stead.

We may build more splendid habita-  
tions,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with  
sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations!

### CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Muscadel  
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River;  
Whose sweet perfume

Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
Forever going and coming;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and  
humming.

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use,  
When shipped o'er the reeling At-  
lantic,  
To rack our brains  
With the fever pains,  
That have driven the Old World  
frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer;  
For a poison malign  
Is such Borgia wine,  
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it, one needs but name  
it;  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
 This greeting of mine,  
 The winds and the birds shall deliver  
 To the Queen of the West,  
 In her garlands dressed,  
 On the banks of the Beautiful River.

### SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
 Of the great army of the dead,  
 The trenches cold and damp,  
 The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
 In dreary hospitals of pain,  
 The cheerless corridors,  
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery  
 A lady with a lamp I see  
 Pass through the glimmering  
 gloom,  
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
 Her shadow, as it falls  
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
 Opened and than closed suddenly,  
 The vision came and went,  
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the  
 long  
 Hereafter of her speech and song,  
 That light its rays shall cast  
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
 In the great history of the land,  
 A noble type of good,  
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
 The symbols that of yore  
 Saint Filomena bore.

### THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S  
 OROSIUS.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,  
 Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
 To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
 Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
 Which he held in his brown right  
 hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
 Like a boy's his eye appeared ;  
 His hair was yellow as hay,  
 But threads of a silvery gray  
 Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
 His cheek had the color of oak ;  
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
 Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
 As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
 Had a book upon his knees,  
 And wrote down the wondrous tale  
 Of him who was first to sail  
 Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,  
 No man lives north of me ;

To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains ;  
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside ;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas ; —

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep ; —  
I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the  
desert,  
How far I fain would know ;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And southward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape

Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night :  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while ;  
And raised his eyes from his book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,  
"Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale, and the seal ;  
Ha ! 't was a noble game !  
And like the lightning's flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,  
Norsemen of Helgoland ;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
And dragged them to the strand !"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
 Stared at him wild and weird,  
 Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
 Gleamed white from underneath  
 His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
 In witness of the truth,  
 Raising his noble head,  
 He stretched his brown hand, and said,  
 "Behold this walrus-tooth!"

### DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
 And said, "O mists, make room for  
 me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail  
 on,  
 Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,  
 Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
 Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded  
 wing,  
 And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
 Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
 "Bow down, and hail the coming  
 morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
 "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
 And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,  
 In the pleasant month of May,  
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
 The child upon her knee,  
 Saying: "Here is a story-book  
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
 "Into regions yet untrod;  
 And read what is still unread  
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
 Who sang to him night and day  
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
 Or his heart began to fail,  
 She would sing a more wonderful  
 song,  
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
 And will not let him go,  
 Though at times his heart beats wild  
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his  
 dreams  
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
 And the rush of mountain streams  
 From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
 For his voice I listen and yearn;  
 It is growing late and dark,  
 And my boy does not return!"

## CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !  
 For I hear you at your play,  
 And the questions that perplexed me  
 Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
 That look towards the sun,  
 Where thoughts are singing swallows,  
 And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the  
 sunshine,  
 In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
 But in mine is the wind of Autumn,  
 And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us  
 If the children were no more ?  
 We should dread the desert behind us  
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
 With light and air for food,  
 Ere their sweet and tender juices  
 Have been hardened into wood, —

That to the world are children ;  
 Through them it feels the glow  
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !  
 And whisper in my ear  
 What the birds and the winds are  
 singing  
 In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
 And the wisdom of our books,  
 When compared with your caresses,  
 And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
 That ever were sung or said ;  
 For ye are living poems,  
 And all the rest are dead.

## SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,  
 In the Legends the Rabbins have told  
 Of the limitless realms of the air, —  
 Have you read it, — the marvellous  
 story  
 Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
 Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
 Of the City Celestial he waits,  
 With his feet on the ladder of light,  
 That, crowded with angels unnum-  
 bered,  
 By Jacob was seen as he slumbered  
 Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
 Chant only one hymn, and expire  
 With the song's irresistible stress ;  
 Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
 As harp-strings are broken asunder  
 By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
 Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
 With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
 Among the dead angels, the deathless  
 Sandalphon stands listening breath-  
 less  
 To sounds that ascend from be-  
 low ; —

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
 From the souls that entreat and  
 implore  
 In the fervor and passion of prayer ;  
 From the hearts that are broken with  
 losses,  
 And weary with dragging the crosses  
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he  
 stands,  
 And they change into flowers in his  
 hands,  
 Into garlands of purple and red ;

And beneath the great arch of the  
portal,  
Through the streets of the City  
Immortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know, —  
A fable, a phantom, a show,  
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;  
Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful, strange superstition,  
But haunts me and holds me the  
more.

When I look from my window at  
night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with  
stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

### EPIMETHEUS,

#### OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,  
What I saw as in a vision,  
When to marches hymeneal  
In the land of the Ideal  
Moved my thought o'er Fields  
Elysian?

What! are these the guests whose  
glances  
Seemed like sunshine gleaming  
round me?  
These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
That with dithyrambic dances  
As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!  
Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosoms!  
Spectral gleam their snow-white  
dresses,  
And from loose, dishevelled tresses  
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome meas-  
ures  
Filled my heart with secret rapture!  
Children of my golden leasures!  
Must even your delights and pleasures  
Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sono-  
rous,  
When they came to me unbidden;  
Voices single, and in chorus,  
Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!  
Must each noble aspiration  
Come at last to this conclusion,  
Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
From the sun's serene dominions,  
Not through brighter realms nor  
vaster,  
In swift ruin and disaster,  
Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!  
Why did mighty Jove create thee  
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,  
Beautiful as young Aurora,  
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling  
Of unrest and long resistance  
Is but passionate appealing,  
A prophetic whisper stealing  
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour,  
Thou, beloved, never leavest;



In life's discord, strife, and clamor,  
Still he feels thy spell of glamour;  
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
Struggling souls by thee are  
strengthened,  
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
Truth from falsehood cleansed and  
sifted,  
Lives, like days in summer, length-  
ened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
O my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
For thou makest each mystery clearer,  
And the unattained seems nearer,  
When thou fillest my heart with  
fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
Though the fields around us wither,  
There are ampler realms and spaces,  
Where no foot has left its traces;  
Let us turn and wander thither!

## EVANGELINE.

### A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

THIS is the forest primeval. The  
murmuring pines and the hem-  
locks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments  
green, indistinct in the twi-  
light,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices  
sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards  
that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-  
voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate  
answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but  
where are the hearts that be-  
neath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears  
in the woodland the voice of the  
hunter?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village,  
the home of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers  
that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but  
reflecting an image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and  
the farmers forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when  
the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and  
sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the  
beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that  
hopes, and endures, and is  
patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and  
strength of woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still  
sung by the pines of the forest;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie,  
home of the happy.

### PART THE FIRST.

#### I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of  
the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast  
meadows stretched to the east-  
ward,  
Giving the village its name, and pas-  
ture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers  
 had raised with labor incessant,  
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at  
 stated seasons the flood-gates  
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to  
 wander at will o'er the meadows.  
 West and south there were fields of  
 flax, and orchards and corn-  
 fields  
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the  
 plain; and away to the north-  
 ward  
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old,  
 and aloft on the mountains  
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists  
 from the mighty Atlantic  
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er  
 from their station descended.  
 There, in the midst of its farms, re-  
 posed the Acadian village.  
 Strongly built were the houses, with  
 frames of oak and of chestnut,  
 Such as the peasants of Normandy  
 built in the reign of the Henries.  
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-  
 windows; and gables projecting  
 Over the basement below protected  
 and shaded the door-way.  
 There in the tranquil evenings of  
 summer, when brightly the sun-  
 set  
 Lighted the village street, and gilded  
 the vanes on the chimneys,  
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-  
 white caps and in kirtles  
 Scarlet and blue and green, with dis-  
 taffs spinning the golden  
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose  
 noisy shuttles within doors  
 Mingled their sound with the whir of  
 the wheels and the songs of the  
 maidens.  
 Solemnly down the street came the  
 parish priest, and the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand  
 he extended to bless them.  
 Reverend walked he among them; and  
 up rose matrons and maidens,  
 Hailing his slow approach with words  
 of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from  
 the field, and serenely the sun  
 sank  
 Down to his rest, and twilight pre-  
 vailed. Anon from the belfry  
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over  
 the roofs of the village  
 Columns of pale-blue smoke, like  
 clouds of incense ascending,  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the  
 homes of peace and content-  
 ment.  
 Thus dwelt together in love these  
 simple Acadian farmers,—  
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man.  
 Alike were they free from  
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and  
 envy, the vice of republics.  
 Neither locks had they to their doors,  
 nor bars to their windows;  
 But their dwellings were open as day  
 and the hearts of the owners;  
 There the richest was poor, and the  
 poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village,  
 and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest  
 farmer of Grand-Pré,  
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with  
 him, directing his household,  
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and  
 the pride of the village.  
 Stalworth and stately in form was the  
 man of seventy winters;  
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that  
 is covered with snow-flakes;  
 White as the snow were his locks, and  
 his cheeks as brown as the oak-  
 leaves.  
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden  
 of seventeen summers.  
 Black were her eyes as the berry that  
 grows on the thorn by the way-  
 side,  
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed  
 beneath the brown shade of her  
 tresses!  
 Sweet was her breath as the breath  
 of kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to  
the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair  
in sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn,  
while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air,  
as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scat-  
ters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed,  
with her chaplet of beads and  
her missal.

Wearing her Norman cap, and her  
kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings  
Brought in the olden time from France,  
and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child,  
through long generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more  
ethereal beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her  
form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with  
God's benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like  
the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the  
house of the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill, command-  
ing the sea, and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a  
woodbine wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with  
seats beneath ; and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and  
disappeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives  
overhung by a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions  
remote by the road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the  
blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill,  
was the well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near  
it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on  
the north, were the barns and  
the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains  
and the antique ploughs and the  
harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ;  
and there, in his feathered se-  
raglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed  
the cock, with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled  
the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns,  
themselves a village. In each  
one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of  
thatch ; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to  
the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its  
meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above  
in the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rat-  
tled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the  
world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evange-  
line governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the  
church and opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint  
of his deepest devotion ;

Happy was he who might touch her  
hand or the hem of her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by  
the darkness befriended,

And as he knocked and waited to  
hear the sound of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his  
heart or the knocker of iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron  
Saint of the village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand  
in the dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed  
a part of the music.

But, among all who came, young Ga-  
briel only was welcome ;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil  
the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village,  
 and honored of all men ;  
 For since the birth of time, through-  
 out all ages and nations,  
 Has the craft of the smith been held  
 in repute by the people.  
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their  
 children from earliest childhood  
 Grew up together as brother and  
 sister ; and Father Felician,  
 Priest and pedagogue both in the  
 village, had taught them their  
 letters  
 Out of the selfsame book, with the  
 hymns of the church and the  
 plain-song.  
 But when the hymn was sung, and  
 the daily lesson completed,  
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge  
 of Basil the blacksmith.  
 There at the door they stood, with  
 wondering eyes to behold him  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of  
 the horse as a plaything,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place ; while  
 near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round  
 in a circle of cinders.  
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without  
 in the gathering darkness  
 Bursting with light seemed the  
 smithy, through every cranny  
 and crevice,  
 Warm by the forge within they watched  
 the laboring bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased, and the  
 sparks expired in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were  
 nuns going into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as  
 the swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hill-side bounding, they  
 glided away o'er the meadow.  
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the  
 populous nests on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that won-  
 drous stone, which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to  
 restore the sight of its fledg-  
 lings ;

Lucky was he who found that stone  
 in the nest of the swallow !  
 Thus passed a few swift years, and  
 they no longer were children.  
 He was a valiant youth, and his face,  
 like the face of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light,  
 and ripened thought into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart  
 and hopes of a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she  
 called ; for that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would  
 load their orchards with apples ;  
 She, too, would bring to her husband's  
 house delight and abundance,  
 Filling it full of love, and the ruddy  
 faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when  
 the nights grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the  
 Scorpion enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the  
 leaden air from the ice-bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores  
 of tropical islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in ; and wild  
 with the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as  
 Jacob of old with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long  
 and inclement.  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want,  
 had hoarded their honey  
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the  
 Indian hunters asserted  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick  
 was the fur of the foxes.  
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then  
 followed that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Arcadian peasants  
 the Summer of All-Saints !  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and  
 magical light ; and the land-  
 scape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the fresh-  
 ness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and  
 the restless heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All  
 sounds were in harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing  
 of cocks in the farm-yards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and  
 the cooing of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the mur-  
 murs of love, and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through  
 the golden vapors around him;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet  
 and scarlet and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each  
 glittering tree of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian  
 adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest  
 and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had de-  
 parted, and twilight descending  
 Brought back the evening star to the  
 sky, and the herds to the home-  
 stead.

Pawing the ground they came, and  
 resting their necks on each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended in-  
 haling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evange-  
 line's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and  
 the ribbon that waved from her  
 collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious  
 of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his  
 bleating flocks from the seaside,  
 Where was their favorite pasture.  
 Behind them followed the watch-  
 dog, \*

Patient, full of importance, and grand  
 in the pride of his instinct,  
 Walking from side to side with a  
 lordly air, and superbly  
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging for-  
 ward the stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the  
 shepherd slept; their protector,

When from the forest at night,  
 through the starry silence, the  
 wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned  
 the wains from the marshes,  
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the  
 air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew  
 on their manes and their fet-  
 locks,

While aloft on their shoulders the  
 wooden and ponderous saddles,  
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and  
 adorned with tassels of crimson,  
 Nodded in bright array, like, holly-  
 hocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile,  
 and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud  
 and in regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming  
 streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter  
 were heard in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they  
 sank into stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound,  
 the valves of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a  
 season was silent.

In doors, warm by the wide-mouthed  
 fireplace, idly the farmer  
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched  
 how the flames and the smoke-  
 wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burn-  
 ing city. Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall,  
 with gestures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and  
 vanished away into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the  
 back of his arm-chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and  
 the pewter plates on the dresser  
 Caught and reflected the flame, as  
 shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang,  
 and carols of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time,  
 his fathers before him  
 Sang in their Norman orchards and  
 bright Burgundian vineyards.  
 Close at her father's side was the  
 gentle Evangeline seated,  
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood  
 in the corner behind her.  
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest  
 was its diligent shuttle,  
 While the monotonous drone of the  
 wheel, like the drone of a bag-  
 pipe,  
 Followed the old man's song, and  
 united the fragments together.  
 As in a church, when the chant of the  
 choir at intervals ceases,  
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or  
 words of the priest at the altar,  
 So, in each pause of the song,  
 with measured motion the clock  
 clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were foot-  
 steps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the  
 door swung back on its hinges.  
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes  
 it was Basil the blacksmith,  
 And by her beating heart Evangeline  
 knew who was with him.  
 "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed,  
 as their footsteps paused on the  
 threshold,  
 "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come,  
 take thy place on the settle  
 Close by the chimney-side, which is  
 always empty without thee;  
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe  
 and the box of tobacco;  
 Never so much thyself art thou as  
 when through the curling  
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy  
 friendly and jovial face gleams  
 Round and red as the harvest moon  
 through the mist of the marshes."  
 Then, with a smile of content, thus  
 answered Basil the blacksmith,  
 Taking with easy air the accustomed  
 seat by the fireside:—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast  
 ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
 Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou,  
 when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see  
 only ruin before them.  
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou  
 hadst picked up a horseshoe."  
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe  
 that Evangeline brought him,  
 And with a coal from the embers had  
 lighted, he slowly continued:—  
 "Four days now are passed since the  
 English ships at their anchors  
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with  
 their cannon pointed against us.  
 What their design may be is un-  
 known; but all are commanded  
 On the morrow to meet in the church,  
 where his Majesty's mandate  
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land.  
 Alas! in the meantime  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts  
 of the people."  
 Then made answer the farmer—  
 "Perhaps some friendlier pur-  
 pose  
 Brings these ships to our shores.  
 Perhaps the harvests in England  
 By the untimely rains or untimelier  
 heat have been blighted,  
 And from our bursting barns they  
 would feed their cattle and chil-  
 dren."  
 "Not so thinketh the folk in the  
 village," said, warmly, the black-  
 smith,  
 Shaking his head, as in doubt; then,  
 heaving a sigh, he continued:—  
 "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor  
 Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.  
 Many already have fled to the forest,  
 and lurk on its outskirts,  
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubi-  
 ous fate of to-morrow.  
 Arms have been taken from us, and  
 warlike weapons of all kinds:  
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith's  
 sledge and the scythe of the  
 mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made  
answer the jovial farmer : —

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst  
of our flocks and our cornfields,  
Safer within these peaceful dikes,  
besieged by the ocean,  
Than were our fathers in forts, be-  
sieged by the enemy's cannon.  
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night  
may no shadow of sorrow  
Fall on this house and hearth ; for  
this is the night of the contract.  
Built are the house and the barn.  
The merry lads of the village  
Strongly have built them and well ;  
and, breaking the glebe round  
about them,  
Filled the barn with hay, and the house  
with food for a twelvemonth.  
René Leblanc will be here anon, with  
his papers and inkhorn.  
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice  
in the joy of our children ?”  
As apart by the window she stood,  
with her hand in her lover's,  
Blushing Evangeline heard the words  
that her father had spoken,  
And as they died on his lips the  
worthy notary entered.

### III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in  
the surf of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the  
form of the notary public ;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken  
floss of the maize, hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was  
high ; and glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look  
of wisdom supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and  
more than a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee,  
and heard his great watch tick.  
Four long years in the times of the  
war had he languished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort  
as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without  
all guile or suspicion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient,  
and simple, and childlike.  
He was beloved by all, and most of  
all by the children ;  
For he told them tales of the Loup-  
garou in the forest,  
And of the goblin that came in the  
night to water the horses,  
And of the white Létiche, the ghost  
of a child who unchristened  
Died, and was doomed to haunt un-  
seen the chambers of children ;  
And how on Christmas eve the oxen  
talked in the stable ;  
And how the fever was cured by a  
spider shut up in a nutshell,  
And of the marvellous powers of four-  
leaved clover and horseshoes,  
With whatsoever else was writ in the  
lore of the village.  
Then up rose from his seat by the  
fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
Knocked from his pipe the ashes,  
and slowly extending his right  
hand,  
“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed,  
“thou hast heard the talk in the  
village,  
And, perchance, canst tell us some  
news of these ships and their  
errand.”  
Then with modest demeanor made  
answer the notary public : —  
“Gossip enough have I heard, in  
sooth, yet am never the wiser ;  
And what their errand may be I  
know not better than others.  
Yet am I not of those who imagine  
some evil intention  
Brings them here, for we are at  
peace ; and why then molest  
us ?”  
“God's name !” shouted the hasty  
and somewhat irascible black-  
smith ;  
“Must we in all things look for the  
how, and the why, and the  
wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !”  
 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public : —  
 “Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice  
 Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”  
 This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.  
 “Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.  
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty  
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
 Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
 Into whose clay-built walls the neck-lace of pearls was inwoven.”  
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith  
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré ;  
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
 Three times the old man’s fee in solid pieces of silver ;  
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men



Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned,  
or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away.  
Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.

And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

#### IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré,

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up  
 from the numerous meadows,  
 Where no path could be seen but the  
 track of wheels in the greensward,  
 Group after group appeared, and  
 joined, or passed on the high-  
 way.

Long ere noon, in the village all  
 sounds of labor were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with peo-  
 ple; and noisy groups at the  
 house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced  
 and gossiped together.

Every house was an inn, where all  
 were welcomed and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived  
 like brothers together,

All things were held in common, and  
 what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality  
 seemed more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the  
 guests of her father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and  
 words of welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and  
 blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous  
 air of the orchard,

Bending with golden fruit, was spread  
 the feast of betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were  
 the priest and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy  
 Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the  
 cider-press and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with  
 the gayest of hearts and of waist-  
 coats.

Shadow and light from the leaves  
 alternately played on his snow-  
 white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and  
 the jolly face of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the  
 ashes are blown from the em-  
 bers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant  
 sound of his fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and  
*Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat  
 time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of  
 the dizzying dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the  
 path to the meadows;

Old folk and young together, and  
 children mingled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evange-  
 line, Benedict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel,  
 son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And  
 lo! with a summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and  
 over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church  
 with men. Without, in the  
 churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by  
 the graves, and hung on the head-  
 stones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and ever-  
 greens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships,  
 and marching proudly among  
 them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud  
 and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen  
 drums from ceiling and case-  
 ment,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly  
 the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd  
 awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and  
 spake from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its  
 seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said,  
 "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but  
 how you have answered his kind-  
 ness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my  
 natural make and my temper  
 Painful the task is I do, which to you  
 I know must be grievous.  
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver  
 the will of our monarch ;  
 Namely, that all your lands, and  
 dwellings, and cattle of all kinds  
 Forfeited be to the crown ; and that  
 you yourselves from this province  
 Be transported to other lands. God  
 grant you may dwell there  
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and  
 peaceable people !  
 Prisoners now I declare you ; for such  
 is his Majesty's pleasure !"  
 As, when the air is serene in the  
 sultry solstice of summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the  
 deadly sling of the hailstones  
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the  
 field and shatters his windows,  
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the  
 ground with thatch from the  
 house-roofs,  
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to  
 break their enclosures ;  
 So on the hearts of the people de-  
 scended the words of the speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speech-  
 less wonder, and then rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sor-  
 row and anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they  
 madly rushed to the door-way.  
 Vain was the hope of escape ; and  
 cries and fierce imprecations  
 Rang through the house of prayer ;  
 and high o'er the heads of the  
 others  
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the  
 figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed  
 by the billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted  
 with passion ; and wildly he  
 shouted :—  
 "Down with the tyrants of England !  
 we never have sworn them al-  
 legiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who  
 seize on our homes and our  
 harvests !"

More he fain would have said, but the  
 merciless hand of a soldier  
 Smote him upon the mouth, and  
 dragged him down to the pave-  
 ment.

In the midst of the strife and tu-  
 mult of angry contention,  
 Lo ! the door of the chancel opened,  
 and Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and as-  
 cended the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a  
 gesture he awed into silence  
 All that clamorous throng ; and thus  
 he spake to his people ;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn : in  
 accents measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum,  
 distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my chil-  
 dren ? what madness has seized  
 you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored  
 among you, and taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to  
 love one another !

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my  
 vigils and prayers and priva-  
 tions ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons  
 of love and forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of  
 Peace, and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts  
 overflowing with hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from  
 his cross is gazing upon you !

See ! in those sorrowful eyes what  
 meekness and holy compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat  
 the prayer, 'O Father, forgive  
 them !'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour  
 when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O  
 Father, forgive them !'

Few were his words of rebuke, but  
 deep in the hearts of his people  
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition  
 succeeded that passionate out-  
 break;  
 And they repeated his prayer, and  
 said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service.  
 The tapers gleamed from the  
 altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of  
 the priest, and the people re-  
 sponded,

Not with their lips alone, but their  
 hearts; and the Ave Maria  
 Sang they, and fell on their knees,  
 and their souls, with devotion  
 translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like  
 Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the vil-  
 lage the tidings of ill, and on all  
 sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to  
 house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline  
 stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays  
 of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mys-  
 terious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch,  
 and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the  
 snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and  
 the honey fragrant with wild  
 flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and  
 the cheese fresh brought from  
 the dairy;

And at the head of the board the  
 great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her  
 father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er  
 the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper  
 shadow had fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a  
 fragrance celestial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope,  
 and forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wan-  
 dered into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the  
 disconsolate hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with  
 lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and  
 the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in  
 golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the  
 Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of  
 the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the  
 church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at  
 the door and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked,  
 until, overcome by emotion

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with  
 tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead,  
 nor the gloomier grave of the  
 living.

Slowly at length she returned to the  
 tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth,  
 on the board stood the supper  
 untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and  
 haunted with phantoms of ter-  
 ror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair  
 and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard  
 the whispering rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the  
 sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the  
 voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and  
 governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she  
had heard of the justice of  
heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and  
she peacefully slumbered till  
morning.

## v.

FOUR times the sun had risen and  
set; and now on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleep-  
ing maids of the farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent  
and mournful procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets  
and farms the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their  
household goods to the sea-  
shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze  
once more on their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the  
winding road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran,  
and urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped  
some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they  
hurried and there on the sea-  
beach

Piled in confusion lay the household  
goods of the peasants.

All day long between the shore and  
the ships did the boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring  
down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun  
was near to his setting,

Echoing far o'er the fields came the  
roll of drums from the church-  
yard.

Thither the women and children  
thronged. On a sudden the  
church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard,  
and marching in gloomy proces-  
sion

Followed the long-imprisoned, but  
patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar  
from their homes and their  
country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget  
they are weary and way-worn,

So with songs on their lips the Aca-  
dian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore,  
amid their wives and their daugh-  
ters.

Foremost the young men came; and,  
raising together their voices,

Sang they with tremulous lips a chant  
of the Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O in-  
exhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength  
and submission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched,  
and the women that stood by  
the way-side

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the  
birds in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like  
voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the shore Evange-  
line waited in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong  
in the hour of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly waited, until the  
procession approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel  
pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly  
running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her  
head on his shoulder, and whis-  
pered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if  
we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, what-  
ever mischances may happen!”

Smiling she spake these words; then  
suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas!  
how changed was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek,  
and the fire from his eye, and  
his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of  
 the weary heart in his bosom.  
 But with a smile and a sigh, she  
 clasped his neck and embraced  
 him,  
 Speaking words of endearment where  
 words of comfort availed not.  
 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved  
 on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the  
 tumult and stir of embarking.\*  
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and  
 in the confusion  
 Wives were torn from their husbands,  
 and mothers, too late, saw their  
 children  
 Left on the land, extending their  
 arms, with wildest entreaties.  
 So unto separate ships were Basil and  
 Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evange-  
 line stood with her father.  
 Half the task was not done when the  
 sun went down, and the twilight  
 Deepened and darkened around; and  
 in haste the reflux ocean  
 Fled away from the shore, and left  
 the line of the sand-beach  
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with  
 kelp and the slippery sea-weed.  
 Farther back in the midst of the  
 household goods and the wagons,  
 Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer  
 after a battle,  
 All escape, cut off by the sea, and  
 the sentinels near them,  
 Lay encamped for the night the house-  
 less Acadian farmers.  
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated  
 the bellowing ocean,  
 Dragging adown the beach the rat-  
 tling pebbles, and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the  
 stranded boats of the sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the  
 herds returned from their pas-  
 tures;  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the  
 odor of milk from their udders;

Lowly they waited, and long, at the  
 well-known bars of the farm-  
 yard,—  
 Waited and looked in vain for the  
 voice and the hand of the milk-  
 maid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets; from  
 the church no Angelus sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and  
 gleamed no lights from the win-  
 dows.

But on the shores meanwhile the  
 evening fires had been kindled,  
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the  
 sands from wrecks in the tem-  
 pest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and  
 sorrowful faces were gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of  
 men, and the crying of children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from  
 hearth to hearth in his parish,  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consol-  
 ing and blessing and cheering,  
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Me-  
 lita's desolate sea-shore.  
 Thus he approached the place where  
 Evangeline sat with her father,  
 And in the flickering light beheld  
 the face of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and  
 without either thought or emo-  
 tion,  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which  
 the hands have been taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words  
 and caresses to cheer him,  
 Vainly offered him food; yet he  
 moved not, he looked not, he  
 spake not.  
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed  
 at the flickering fire-light.  
 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest,  
 in tones of compassion.  
 More he fain would have said, but  
 his heart was full, and his accents  
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as  
 the feet of a child on a thresh-  
 old,

Hushed by the scene he beholds,  
and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand  
on the head of the maiden,

Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the  
silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by  
the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and  
they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a  
light, as in autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of  
heaven, and o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands  
upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and  
piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed  
on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and  
the ships that lay in the road-  
stead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose,  
and flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and with-  
drawn, like the quivering hands  
of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds  
and the burning thatch, and, up-  
lifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air,  
at once from a hundred house-  
tops

Started the sheeted smoke with  
flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the  
crowd on the shore and on ship-  
board.

Speechless at first they stood, then  
cried aloud in their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes  
in the village of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began  
to crow in the farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and  
anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the  
barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as  
startles the sleeping encamp-  
ments

Far in the western prairies or forests  
that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted  
sweep by with the speed of the

• whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffa-  
loes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the  
night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences,  
and madly rushed o'er the mead-  
ows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet  
speechless, the priest and the  
maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that red-  
dened and widened before them;

And as they turned at length to  
speak to their silent companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and  
stretched abroad on the sea-  
shore

Motionless lay his form, from which  
the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless  
head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed  
aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay  
with her head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in  
deep, oblivious slumber;

And when she woke from the trance,  
she beheld a multitude near her,

Faces of friends she beheld, that were  
mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of  
saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village  
illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and  
gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed  
to her wavering senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it  
said to the people, —  
“Let us bury him here by the sea.  
When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from  
the unknown land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously  
laid in the church-yard.”  
Such were the words of the priest.  
And there in haste by the sea-  
side,  
Having the glare of the burning vil-  
lage for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried  
the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated  
the service of sorrow,  
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the  
voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and min-  
gled its roar with the dirges.  
'T was the returning tide, that afar  
from the waste of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came  
heaving and hurrying land-  
ward.  
Then recommenced once more the  
stir and noise of embarking ;  
And with the ebb of that tide the  
ships sailed out of the harbor,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the  
shore, and the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since  
the burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted  
vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its house-  
hold gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an  
example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the  
Acadians landed ;

Scattered were they, like flakes of  
snow, when the wind from the  
northeast  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that  
darken the Banks of Newfound-  
land.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they  
wandered from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to  
sultry Southern savannas, —  
From the bleak shores of the sea to  
the lands where the Father of  
Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags  
them down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scat-  
tered bones of the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes ; and  
many, despairing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and  
no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets  
of stone in the church-yards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden  
who waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently  
suffering all things.  
Fair was she and young ; but, alas !  
before her extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert  
of life, with its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who  
had sorrowed and suffered before  
her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes  
long dead and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the West-  
ern desert is marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones  
that bleach in the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incom-  
plete, imperfect, unfinished ;  
As if a morning of June, with all its  
music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and,  
fading, slowly descended  
Into the east again, from whence it  
late had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till,  
urged by the fever within her,



Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;  
 Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,  
 Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.  
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,  
 But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.  
 He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;  
*Coureurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers."  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.  
 He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."  
 Then would they say, — "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?  
 Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?  
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
 Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!  
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."  
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, — "I cannot!  
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.  
 For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."  
 And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
 Said, with a smile, — "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!  
 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;  
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
 Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made god-like,  
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"  
 Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.  
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"  
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.  
 Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps; —  
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;  
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:  
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear  
its continuous murmur;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot  
where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down  
the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the  
mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad  
and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was  
rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it  
were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast,  
now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common  
belief and a common misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who,  
guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin  
among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the  
prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her  
guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through  
a wilderness sombre with forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the  
turbulent river;  
Night after night, by their blazing  
fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among  
green islands, where plumelike  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy  
crests, they swept with the  
current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons,  
where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the  
wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes,  
large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along  
the shores of the river,  
Shaded by China-trees, in the midst  
of luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with  
negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region  
where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast,  
and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river  
away to the eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course;  
and, entering the Bayou of  
Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish  
and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, ex-  
tended in every direction.  
Over their heads the towering and  
tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing  
mosses in mid-air,  
Waved like banners that hang on the  
walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and  
unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-  
trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the  
moon with demoniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced  
and gleamed on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress  
and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults  
it fell as through chinks in a  
ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange  
were all things around them;  
And o'er their spirits there came a  
feeling of wonder and sadness,—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and  
that cannot be compassed.  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on  
the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves  
of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad  
forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the  
stroke of doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained  
by a vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moon-light.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom. Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her, And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen. And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle. Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang, Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music. Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight, Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.

And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus,

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the green-sward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,

Darted a light swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks over-  
shadowed his brow, and a sad-  
ness

Somewhat beyond his years on his  
face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with wait-  
ing, unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion  
of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under  
the lea of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind  
a screen of palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where  
it lay concealed in the willows,

And undisturbed by the dash of their  
oars, and unseen, were the  
sleepers;

Angel of God was there none to  
awaken the slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the  
shade of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the  
tholes had died in the dis-  
tance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers  
awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,  
—“O Father Felician!

Something says in my heart that near  
me Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and  
vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed  
the truth to my spirit?”

Then, with a blush, she added,—  
“Alas for my credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as  
these have no meaning.”

But made answer the reverend man,  
and he smiled as he answered:—

“Daughter, thy words are not idle;  
nor are they to me without  
meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the  
word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays  
where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to  
what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far  
away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the  
towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall  
be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain  
his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies  
and forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers,  
and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome  
on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it  
the Eden of Louisiana.”

And with these words of cheer they  
arose and continued their jour-  
ney.

Softly the evening came. The sun  
from the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden  
wand o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky  
and water and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and  
melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud  
with edges of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping  
oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with  
inexpressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sa-  
cred fountain of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the  
skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the  
mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that  
hung o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods  
of delirious music.

That the whole air and the woods and  
the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and  
sad; then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the  
revel of frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,  
 And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ; —  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'er-shadowed by oaks, from whose branches  
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,  
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, abroad and spacious veranda,  
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
 Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,  
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.  
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellying rushed o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud,  
 a shade in the distance.  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the  
 house, through the gate of the  
 garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the  
 maiden advancing to meet him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he  
 sprang in amazement, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and ex-  
 clamations of wonder;  
 When they beheld his face, they rec-  
 ognized Basil the blacksmith.  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his  
 guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbor of roses with end-  
 less question and answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and re-  
 newed their friendly embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or  
 sitting silent and thoughtful.  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not;  
 and now dark doubts and mis-  
 givings  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and  
 Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said, — "If you  
 came by the Atchafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered  
 my Gabriel's boat on the bay-  
 ous?"  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words  
 of Basil a shade passed.  
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said,  
 with a tremulous accent, —  
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, con-  
 cealing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way,  
 and she wept and lamented.  
 Then the good Basil said, — and his  
 voice grew blithe as he said it, —  
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is  
 only to-day he departed.  
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone  
 with my herds and my horses.  
 Moody and restless grown, and tired  
 and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of  
 this quiet existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and  
 sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee  
 and his troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious  
 to men and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I  
 bethought me, and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for  
 mules with the Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails  
 to the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on  
 rivers trapping the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will  
 follow the fugitive lover;  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates  
 and the streams are against  
 him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through  
 the red dew of the morning  
 We will follow him fast, and bring  
 him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and  
 up from the banks of the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms,  
 came Michael the fiddler.  
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived  
 like a god on Olympus,  
 Having no other care than dispensing  
 music to mortals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver  
 locks and his fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our  
 brave Acadian minstrel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal  
 procession; and straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evan-  
 geline, greeting the old man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past,  
 while Basil, enraptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old com-  
 panions and gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long, and embrac-  
 ing mothers and daughters.  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth  
 of the ci-devant blacksmith,  
 All his domains and his herds, and his  
 patriarchal demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales  
of the soil and the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless  
herds were his who would take  
them;

Each one thought in his heart, that  
he, too, would go and do like-  
wise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and,  
crossing the airy veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where  
already the supper of Basil  
Waited his late return; and they  
rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden  
darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming  
the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the  
myriad stars; but within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces  
of friends in the glimmering lamp-  
light.

Then from his station aloft, at the  
head of the table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine  
together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with  
sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who lis-  
tened, and smiled as they lis-  
tened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends,  
who so long have been friendless  
and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that  
is better perchance than the old  
one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our  
blood like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the  
wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs  
through the soil as a keel  
through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves  
are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole  
Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild  
and unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the  
asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn  
and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your  
fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall  
drive you away from your home-  
steads,

Burning your dwellings and barns,  
and stealing your farms and your  
cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a  
wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came  
thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started; and  
Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of  
snuff halfway to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his  
words were milder and gayer:—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends,  
beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Aca-  
dian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round  
one's neck in a nutshell!”

Then there were voices heard at the  
door, and footsteps approach-  
ing

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor  
of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and  
small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the  
house of Basil the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient  
comrades and neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms;  
and they who before were as  
strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway  
as friends to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a com-  
mon country together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain  
of music, proceeding

From the accordant strings of  
Michael's melodious fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away,  
like children delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave  
themselves to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept  
and swayed to the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the  
rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the  
hall, the priest and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and  
present and future;  
While Evangeline stood like one en-  
tranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the  
midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and  
an irrepressible sadness  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she  
stole forth into the garden.  
Beautiful was the night. Behind the  
black wall of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose  
the moon. On the river  
Fell here and there through the  
branches a tremulous gleam of  
the moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a  
darkened and devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the  
manifold flowers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that  
were their prayers and confes-  
sions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like  
a silent Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as  
heavy with shadows and night-  
dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The  
calm and the magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with in-  
definable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath  
the brown shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge  
of the measureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon  
it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in min-  
gled and infinite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts  
of God in the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had  
ceased to marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen  
on the walls of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written  
upon them, "Upharsin."  
And the soul of the maiden, between  
the stars and the fire-flies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O  
Gabriel! O my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I  
cannot behold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy  
voice does not reach me?  
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this  
path to the prairie!  
Ah! how often thine eyes have  
looked on the woodlands around  
me!  
Ah! how often beneath this oak,  
returning from labor,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to  
dream of me in thy slumbers.  
When shall these eyes behold, these  
arms be folded about thee?”  
Loud and sudden and near the note  
of a whippoorwill sounded  
Like a flute in the woods; and  
anon, through the neighboring  
thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated  
and dropped into silence.  
“Patience!” whispered the oaks  
from oracular caverns of dark-  
ness;  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a  
sigh responded, “To-morrow!”

Bright rose the sun next day; and  
all the flowers of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their  
tears, and anointed his tresses  
With the delicious balm that they  
bore in their vases of crystal.



"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine, And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

#### IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Windriver Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;

And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.

Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,

Like the implacable scul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side;

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,

Gabriel far had entered, with hunters  
and trappers behind him.

Day after day, with their Indian  
guides, the maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and  
thought each day to o'ertake  
him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they  
saw, the smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the  
distant plain, but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they  
found only embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at  
times and their bodies were  
weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the  
magic Fata Morgana

Showed them her lakes of light, that  
retreated and vanished before  
them.

Once, as they sat by their evening  
fire, there silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman,  
whose features

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and  
patience as great as her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning  
home to her people,

From the far-off hunting-grounds of  
the cruel Camanches,

Where her Canadian husband, a  
Coureur-des-Bois, had been mur-  
dered.

Touched were their hearts at her  
story, and warmest and friend-  
liest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and  
she sat and feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison  
cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and  
Basil and all his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and  
the chase of the deer and the  
bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground,  
and slept where the quivering fire-  
light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and  
their forms wrapped up in their  
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent  
she sat and repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the  
charm of her Indian accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleas-  
ures, and pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and  
to know that another

Hapless heart like her own had loved  
and had been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by  
pity and woman's compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who  
had suffered was near her,

She in turn related her love and all  
its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat,  
and when she had ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a  
mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake,  
and repeated the tale of the Mo-  
wis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who  
won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose  
and passed from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolv-  
ing into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though  
she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones that  
seemed like a weird incanta-  
tion,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau,  
who was wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her fa-  
ther's lodge, in the hush of the  
twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and  
whispered love to the maiden.

Till she followed his green and waving  
plume through the forest,

And never more returned, nor was  
seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange sur-  
prise, Evangeline listened

To the soft flow of her magical words,  
 till the region around her  
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and  
 herswarthy guest the enchantress.  
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark  
 Mountains the moon rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a  
 mysterious splendor  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and  
 embracing and filling the wood-  
 land.  
 With a delicious sound the brook  
 rushed by, and the branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in  
 scarcely audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was  
 Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
 Subtle sense crept in of pain and in-  
 definite terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps  
 into the nest of the swallow.  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from  
 the region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night;  
 and she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too,  
 was pursuing a phantom.  
 And with this thought she slept, and  
 the fear and the phantom had  
 vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march  
 was resumed; and the Shawnee  
 Said, as they journeyed along, — "On  
 the western slope of these moun-  
 tains  
 Dwells in his little village the Black  
 Robe chief of the Mission.  
 Much he teaches the people, and tells  
 them of Mary and Jesus;  
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and  
 weep with pain, as they hear  
 him."  
 Then, with a sudden and secret emo-  
 tion, Evangeline answered, —  
 "Let us go to the Mission, for there  
 good tidings await us!"  
 Thither they turned their steeds; and  
 behind a spur of the moun-  
 tains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard  
 a murmur of voices,  
 And in a meadow green and broad,  
 by the bank of a river,  
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the  
 tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
 Under a towering oak, that stood in  
 the midst of the village,  
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his  
 children. A crucifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and  
 overshadowed by grape-vines,  
 Looked with its agonized face on the  
 multitude kneeling beneath it.  
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft,  
 through the intricate arches  
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of  
 their vespers,  
 Mingling its notes with the soft susur-  
 rus and sighs of the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the trav-  
 ellers, nearer approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined  
 in the evening devotions.  
 But when the service was done, and  
 the benediction had fallen  
 Forth from the hands of the priest,  
 like seed from the hands of the  
 sower,  
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to  
 the strangers, and bade them  
 Welcome; and when they replied, he  
 smiled with benignant expression,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his  
 mother-tongue in the forest,  
 And with words of kindness conducted  
 them into his wigwam.  
 There upon mats and skins they re-  
 posed, and on cakes of the maize-  
 ear  
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from  
 the water-gourd of the teacher.  
 Soon was their story told; and the  
 priest with solemnity answered:—  
 "Not six suns have risen and set since  
 Gabriel, seated  
 On this mat by my side, where, now  
 the maiden reposes,  
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose  
 and continued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and  
he spake with an accent of kind-  
ness ;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his  
words as in winter the snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which  
the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," con-  
tinued the priest ; "but in au-  
tumn,

When the chase is done, will return  
again to the Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice  
was meek and submissive, —

"Let me remain with thee, for my  
soul is sad and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all ;  
and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his  
Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evan-  
geline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days suc-  
ceeded each other, —

Days and weeks and months ; and  
the fields of maize that were  
springing

Green from the ground when a  
stranger she came, now waving  
above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves  
interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and  
granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize  
was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for  
that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and  
called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline  
brought not her lover.

"Patience !" the priest would say ;  
"have faith, and thy prayer will  
be answered !

Look at this delicate plant that lifts  
its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the  
north, as true as the magnet ;

It is the compass-flower, that the  
finger of God has suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the  
traveller's journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless  
waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith.  
The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter  
and fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us  
astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us  
here, and hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that  
are wet with the dews of ne-  
penthe."

So came the autumn, and passed,  
and the winter, — yet Gabriel  
came not ;

Blossomed the opening spring, and  
the notes of the robin and blue-  
bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in  
wood, yet Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer  
winds a rumor was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or  
odor of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in  
the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks  
of the Saginaw River.

And, with returning guides, that  
sought the lakes of St. Law-  
rence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline  
went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and  
perilous marches,

She had attained at length the depths  
of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted  
and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide  
on, and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the  
wandering maiden ; —

Now in the tents of grace of the  
meek Moravian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the  
battle-fields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns  
and populous cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed  
away unremembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in  
hope began the long journey ;  
Faded was she and old, when in dis-  
appointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something  
away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper,  
the gloom and the shadow.  
Then there appeared and spread faint  
streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er  
her earthly horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint  
streaks of the morning.

## v.

In that delightful land which is washed  
by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name  
of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful  
stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the  
peach is the emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still reëcho the names  
of the trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the  
Dryads whose haunts they mo-  
lestest.  
There from the troubled sea had  
Evangeline landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn  
a home and a country.  
There old René Leblanc had died ;  
and when he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his  
hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the  
friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and  
made her no longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the  
Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old  
Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all  
were brothers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the  
disappointed endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon  
earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were  
turned her thoughts and her  
footsteps.  
As from a mountain's top the rainy  
mists of the morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the  
landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and  
cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and  
she saw the world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with  
love ; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying  
smooth and fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within  
her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and  
youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his  
deathlike silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered  
not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power ; he  
was not changed, but trans-  
figured ;  
He had become to her heart as one  
who is dead, and not absent ;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and  
devotion to others.  
This was the lesson a life of trial and  
sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to  
some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though  
filling the air with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish  
in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sa-  
cred feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister  
 of Mercy, frequenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the  
 crowded lanes of the city,  
 Where distress and want concealed  
 themselves from the sunlight,  
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets  
 languished neglected.  
 Night after night, when the world  
 was asleep, as the watchman re-  
 peated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that  
 all was well in the city,  
 High at some lonely window he saw  
 the light of her taper.  
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn,  
 as slow through the suburbs  
 Plodded the German farmer, with  
 flowers and fruits for the market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, return-  
 ing home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pesti-  
 lence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and  
 mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight,  
 with naught in their craws but  
 an acorn.  
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in  
 the month of September,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it  
 spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflow-  
 ing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver  
 stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor  
 beauty to charm, the oppressor;  
 But all perished alike beneath the  
 scourge of his anger;—  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither  
 friends nor attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse,  
 home of the homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the  
 midst of meadows and wood-  
 lands;—  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still,  
 with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its  
 humble walls seem to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord:—  
 “The poor ye always have with  
 you.”  
 Thither, by night and by day, came  
 the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought,  
 indeed, to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her  
 forehead with splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o’er the  
 brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o’er a city  
 seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps  
 of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates ere long  
 their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through  
 the streets, deserted and silent,  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered  
 the door of the almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the  
 odor of flowers in the garden;  
 And she paused on her way to gather  
 the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might re-  
 joice in their fragrance and  
 beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to  
 the corridors, cooled by the east  
 wind,  
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the  
 chimes from the belfry of Christ  
 Church,  
 While, intermingled with these, across  
 the meadows were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by  
 the Swedes in their Church at  
 Wicaco.  
 Soft as descending wings fell the  
 calm of the hour on her spirit;  
 Something within her said,—“At  
 length thy trials are ended”;  
 And, with light in her looks, she en-  
 tered the chambers of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assidu-  
 ous, careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the  
 aching brow, and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead,  
 and concealing their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like  
 drifts of snow by the road-side.  
 Many a languid head, upraised as  
 Evangeline entered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze  
 while she passed, for her pres-  
 ence  
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the  
 sun on the walls of a prison.  
 And, as she looked around, she saw  
 how Death, the consoler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart,  
 had healed it forever.  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared  
 in the night-time;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled  
 already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or  
 a feeling of wonder,  
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips  
 apart, while a shudder  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgot-  
 ten, the flowerets dropped from  
 her fingers,  
 And from her eyes and cheeks the  
 light and bloom of the morn-  
 ing.  
 Then there escaped from her lips a  
 cry of such terrible anguish,  
 That the dying heard it, and started  
 up from their pillows.  
 On the pallet before her was stretched  
 the form of an old man.  
 Long, and thin, and gray were the  
 locks that shaded his temples;  
 But, as he lay in the morning light,  
 his face for a moment  
 Seemed to assume once more the  
 forms of its earlier manhood;  
 So are wont to be changed the faces  
 of those who are dying.  
 Hot and red on his lips still burned  
 the flush of the fever,  
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood  
 had besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see  
 the sign, and pass over.  
 Motionless, senseless, dying he lay,  
 and his spirit exhausted  
 Seemed to be sinking down through  
 infinite depths in the darkness,  
 Darkness of slumber and death, for-  
 ever sinking and sinking.  
 Then through those realms of shade,  
 in multiplied reverberations,  
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through  
 the hush that succeeded  
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents  
 tender and saint-like,  
 "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died  
 away into silence.  
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once  
 more the home of his child-  
 hood;  
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan  
 rivers among them,  
 Village, and mountain, and wood-  
 lands; and, walking under their  
 shadow,  
 As in the days of her youth, Evan-  
 geline rose in his vision.  
 Tears came into his eyes; and as  
 slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
 Vanished the vision away, but Evan-  
 geline knelt by his bedside.  
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name,  
 for the accents unuttered  
 Died on his lips, and their motion  
 revealed what his tongue would  
 have spoken.  
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evan-  
 geline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his  
 head on her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but  
 it suddenly sank into darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a  
 gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and  
 the fear, and the sorrow,  
 All the aching of heart, the restless,  
 unsatisfied longing,  
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant  
 anguish of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the  
lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
"Father, I thank thee!"

STILL stands the forest primeval; but  
far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves,  
the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little  
Catholic church-yard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown  
and unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and  
flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where  
theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where  
theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where  
theirs have ceased from their  
labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs  
have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but  
under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs  
and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful  
and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose  
fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land  
to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and  
the loom are still busy;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps  
and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's  
story,  
While from its rocky caverns the  
deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate  
answers the wail of the forest.

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND, 1851.

### PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

*Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER.

HASTEN! hasten!  
O ye spirits!  
From its station drag the ponderous  
Cross of iron, that to mock us  
Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES.

O, we cannot!  
For around it  
All the Saints and Guardian Angels  
Throng in legions to protect it;  
They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum!  
Plebem voco!  
Congrego clerum!

LUCIFER.

Lower! lower!  
Hover downward!  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower!

VOICES.

All thy thunders  
Here are harmless!  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!  
They defy our utmost power.



## THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro !  
 Pestem fugo !  
 Festa decoro !

## LUCIFER.

Shake the casements !  
 Break the painted  
 Panes, that flame with gold and crim-  
 son ;  
 Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,  
 Swept away before the blast !

## VOICES.

O, we cannot !  
 The Archangel  
 Michael flames from every window,  
 With the sword of fire that drove us  
 Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

## THE BELLS.

Funera plango !  
 Fulgura frango !  
 Sabbata pango !

## LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings  
 At the oaken,  
 Massive, iron-studded portals !  
 Sack the house of God, and scatter  
 Wide the ashes of the dead !

## VOICES.

O, we cannot !  
 The Apostles  
 And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,  
 Stand as warders at the entrance,  
 Stand as sentinels o'erhead !

## THE BELLS.

Excito lentos !  
 Dissipo ventos !  
 Paco cruentos !

## LUCIFER.

Baffled ! baffled !  
 Inefficient,  
 Craven spirits ! leave this labor

Unto Time, the great Destroyer !  
 Come away, ere night is gone !

## VOICES.

Onward ! onward !  
 With the night-wind,  
 Over field and farm and forest,  
 Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,  
 Blighting all we breathe upon !

*They sweep away. Organ and Gre-  
 gorian Chant.*

## CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes  
 Vigilemus omnes !

## I.

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE  
RHINE.

*A chamber in a tower. PRINCE  
 HENRY, sitting alone, ill and rest-  
 less. Midnight.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

I CANNOT sleep ! my fevered brain  
 Calls up the vanished Past again,  
 And throws its misty splendors deep  
 Into the pallid realms of sleep !  
 A breath from that far-distant shore  
 Comes freshening ever more and more,  
 And wafts o'er intervening seas  
 Sweet odors from the Hesperides !  
 A wind, that through the corridor  
 Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
 And, touching the æolian strings,  
 Faints with the burden that it brings !  
 Come back ! ye friendships long de-  
 parted !

That like o'erflowing streamlets  
 started,

And now are dwindled, one by one,  
 To stony channels in the sun !  
 Come back ! ye friends, whose lives  
 are ended !

Come back, with all that light attended,  
 Which seemed to darken and decay  
 When ye arose and went away !

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,  
The airy crowds of long-ago,  
The dreams and fancies known of  
yore,

That have been, and shall be no more.  
They change the cloisters of the night  
Into a garden of delight;  
They make the dark and dreary hours  
Open and blossom into flowers!  
I would not sleep! I love to be  
Again in their fair company;  
But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
They pass and vanish quite away!  
Alas! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place,  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain;

The rest we cannot reinstate;  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and  
peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall  
cease

Has something in it like despair,  
A weight I am too weak to bear!  
Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
The thought of never-ending rest!  
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
Tranquillity of endless sleep!

*A flash of lightning, out of which  
LUCIFER appears in the garb of a  
travelling Physician.*

LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry!

PRINCE HENRY, *starting*.

Who is it speaks?  
Who and what are you?

LUCIFER.

One who seeks  
A moment's audience with the Prince.

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in?

LUCIFER.

A moment since.  
I found your study door unlocked,  
And thought you answered when I  
knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

You heard the thunder;  
It was loud enough to waken the dead.  
And it is not a matter of special  
wonder  
That, when God is walking overhead,  
You should not hear my feeble tread.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose be?

LUCIFER.

Nothing or everything, as it pleases  
Your Highness. You behold in me  
Only a travelling Physician;  
One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring  
The dead to life?

LUCIFER.

Yes; very nearly,  
And, what is a wiser and better  
thing,  
Can keep the living from ever needing  
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,  
By showing conclusively and clearly  
That death is a stupid blunder merely,  
And not a necessity of our lives.  
My being here is accidental;  
The storm, that against your case-  
ment drives,  
In the little village below waylaid me.

And there I heard, with a secret  
delight,  
Of your maladies physical and mental,  
Which neither astonished nor dis-  
mayed me.  
And I hastened hither, though late  
in the night,  
To proffer my aid !

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*.

For this you came !  
And how can I ever hope to requite  
This honor from one so erudite ?

LUCIFER.

The honor is mine, or will be when  
I have cured your disease.

PRINCE HENRY.

But not till then.

LUCIFER.

What is your illness ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name.  
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,  
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,  
Sending up vapors to the head ;  
My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and  
drains ;  
I am accounted as one who is dead,  
And, indeed, I think that I shall be  
soon.

LUCIFER.

And has Gordonius the Divine,  
In his famous Lily of Medicine,—  
I see the book lies open before  
you,—  
No remedy potent enough to restore  
you ?

PRINCE HENRY.

None whatever !

LUCIFER.

The dead are dead,  
And their oracles dumb, when ques-  
tioned  
Of the new diseases that human life  
Evolves in its progress, rank, and rife,  
Consult the dead upon things that  
were,  
But the living only on things that are.  
Have you done this, by the appliance  
And aid of doctors ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, whole schools  
Of doctors, with their learned rules ;  
But the case is quite beyond their  
science.  
Even the doctors of Salerno  
Send me back word they can discern  
No cure for a malady like this,  
Save one which in its nature is  
Impossible, and cannot be !

LUCIFER.

That sounds oracular !

PRINCE HENRY.

Unendurable !

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy ?

PRINCE HENRY.

You shall see ;  
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER, *reading*.

"Not to be cured, yet not incurable !  
The only remedy that remains  
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's  
veins,  
Who of her own free will shall die,  
And give her life as the price of  
yours !"  
That is the strangest of all cures,  
And one, I think, you will never try ;  
The prescription you may well put by,  
As something impossible to find

Before the world itself shall end!  
 And yet who knows? One cannot  
   say  
 That into some maiden's brain that  
   kind  
 Of madness will not find its way.  
 Meanwhile permit me to recommend,  
 As the matter admits of no delay,  
 My wonderful Catholicon,  
 Of very subtle and magical powers.

PRINCE HENRY.

Purge with your nostrums and drugs  
   infernal  
 The spouts and gargoyles of these  
   towers,  
 Not me. My faith is utterly gone  
 In every power but the Power Super-  
   nal!  
 Pray tell me, of what school are you?

LUCIFER.

Both of the Old and of the New!  
 The school of Hermes Trismegistus,  
 Who uttered his oracles sublime  
 Before the Olympiads, in the dew  
 Of the early dawn and dusk of Time,  
 The reign of dateless old Hephæstus!  
 As northward, from its Nubian springs,  
 The Nile, forever new and old,  
 Among the living and the dead,  
 Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled;  
 So, starting from its fountain-head  
 Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
 From the dead demigods of eld,  
 Through long, unbroken lines of kings  
 Its course the sacred art has held,  
 Unchecked, unchanged by man's  
   devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,  
 And in alembics, finely wrought,  
 Distilling herbs and flowers, discov-  
   ered

The secret that so long had hovered  
 Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
 The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,  
 Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech!  
 Like him, this wondrous lore I teach!

PRINCE HENRY.

What! an adept?

LUCIFER.

Nor less, nor more!

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a reader of your books,  
 A lover of that mystic lore!  
 With such a piercing glance it looks  
 Into great Nature's open eye,  
 And sees within it trembling lie  
 The portrait of the Deity!  
 And yet, alas! with all my pains,  
 The secret and the mystery  
 Have baffled and eluded me,  
 Unseen the grand result remains!

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.*

Behold it here! this little flask  
 Contains the wonderful quintessence,  
 The perfect flower and efflorescence,  
 Of all the knowledge man can ask!  
 Hold it up thus against the light!

PRINCE HENRY.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline,  
 How quick, and tremulous, and bright  
 The little wavelets dance and shine,  
 As were it the Water of Life in  
   sooth!

LUCIFER.

It is! It assuages every pain,  
 Cures all disease, and gives again  
 To age the swift delights of youth.  
 Inhale its fragrance.

PRINCE HENRY.

It is sweet.  
 A thousand different odors meet  
 And mingle in its rare perfume,  
 Such as the winds of summer waft  
 At open windows through a room!

LUCIFER.

Will you not taste it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Will one draught  
Suffice ?

LUCIFER.

If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.

Into this crystal goblet pour  
So much as safely I may drink.

LUCIFER, *pouring*.

Let not the quantity alarm you ;  
You may drink all ; it will not harm  
you.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am as one who on the brink  
Of a dark river stands and sees  
The waters flow, the landscape dim  
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,  
And, ere he plunges, stops to think  
Into what whirlpools he may sink ;  
One moment pauses, and no more,  
Then madly plunges from the shore !  
Headlong into the mysteries  
Of life and death I boldly leap,  
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,  
Nor what in ambush lurks below !  
For death is better than disease !

*An ANGEL with an æolian harp hovers in the air.*

ANGEL.

Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !  
Not only the whispered prayer  
Of love,  
But the imprecations of hate,  
Reverberate  
Forever and ever through the air  
Above !  
This fearful curse  
Shakes the great universe !

LUCIFER, *disappearing*.

Drink ! drink !  
And thy soul shall sink  
Down into the dark abyss,

Into the infinite abyss,  
From which no plummet nor rope  
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope.

PRINCE HENRY, *drinking*.

It is like a draught of fire !  
Through every vein  
I feel again  
The fever of youth, the soft desire ;  
A rapture that is almost pain  
Throbs in my heart and fills my brain.  
O joy ! O joy ! I feel  
The band of steel  
That so long and heavily has pressed  
Upon my breast  
Uplifted, and the malediction  
Of my affliction  
Is taken from me, and my weary breast  
At length finds rest.

THE ANGEL.

It is but the rest of the fire, from  
which the air has been taken !  
It is but the rest of the sand, when  
the hour-glass is not shaken !  
It is but the rest of the tide between  
the ebb and the flow !  
It is but the rest of the wind between  
the flaws that blow !  
With fiendish laughter,  
Hereafter,  
This false physician  
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

PRINCE HENRY.

Speak ! speak !  
Who says that I am ill ?  
I am not ill ! I am not weak !  
The trance, the swoon, the dream, is  
o'er !  
I feel the chill of death no more !  
At length,  
I stand renewed in all my strength !  
Beneath me I can feel  
The great earth stagger and reel,  
As if the feet of a descending God  
Upon its surface trod,  
And like a pebble it rolled beneath  
his heel !

This, O brave physician! this  
Is thy great Palingenesis!

*Drinks again.*

THE ANGEL.

Touch the goblet no more!  
It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core!  
Its perfume is the breath  
Of the Angel of Death,  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
Beware! O, beware!  
For sickness, sorrow, and care  
All are there!

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.*

O thou voice within my breast!  
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,  
When the steadfast tongues of truth  
And the flattering hopes of youth  
Have all deceived me and betrayed  
me?

Give me, give me rest, O, rest!  
Golden visions wave and hover,  
Golden vapors, waters streaming,  
Landscapes moving, changing, gleam-  
ing.

I am like a happy lover  
Who illumines life with dreaming!  
Brave physician! Rare physician!  
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission.

*His head falls on his book.*

THE ANGEL, *receding.*

Alas! alas!  
Like a vapor the golden vision  
Shall fade and pass,  
And thou wilt find in thy heart again  
Only the blight of pain,  
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT.

How sad the grand old castle looks!  
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks

Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;  
Here in the court-yard springs the  
grass,

So few are now the feet that pass;  
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of  
stone,

As if the castle were their own;  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.  
Alas! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable door;  
No eyes with youth and passion shine,  
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;  
No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin;  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
And horses stamping in their stalls!

*A horn sounds.*

What ho! that merry, sudden blast  
Reminds me of the days long past!  
And, as of old resounding, grate  
The heavy hinges of the gate,  
And, clattering loud, with iron clank,  
Down goes the sounding bridge of  
plank,

As if it were in haste to greet  
The pressure of a traveller's feet!

*Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.*

WALTER.

How now, my friend! This looks  
quite lonely!  
No banner flying from the walls,  
No pages and no seneschals,  
No warders, and one porter only!  
Is it you, Hubert?

HUBERT.

Ah! Master Walter!

WALTER.

Alas! how forms and faces alter!  
I did not know you. You look older!  
Your hair has grown much grayer  
and thinner,  
And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

HUBERT.

Alack! I am a poor old sinner,  
And, like these towers, begin to  
moulder;  
And you have been absent many a  
year!

WALTER.

How is the Prince?

HUBERT.

He is not here;  
He has been ill: and now has fled.

WALTER.

Speak it out frankly: say he's dead!  
Is it not so?

HUBERT.

No; if you please;  
A strange, mysterious disease  
Fell on him with a sudden blight.  
Whole hours together he would stand  
Upon the terrace, in a dream,  
Resting his head upon his hand,  
Best pleased when he was most alone,  
Like St. John Nepomuck in stone,  
Looking down into a stream.  
In the Round Tower, night after  
night,  
He sat, and bleared his eyes with  
books,  
Until one morning we found him  
there  
Stretched on the floor, as if in a  
swoon  
He had fallen from his chair.  
We hardly recognized his sweet looks!

WALTER.

Poor Prince!

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended;  
And he did mend; but very soon  
The Priests came flocking in, like  
rooks,  
With all their crosiers and their  
crooks,  
And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end?

HUBERT.

Why, in Saint Rochus  
They made him stand, and wait his  
doom;  
And, as if he were condemned to the  
tomb,  
Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.  
First, the Mass for the Dead they  
chaunted,  
Then three times laid upon his head  
A shovelful of church-yard clay,  
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,  
"This is a sign that thou art dead,  
So in thy heart be penitent!"  
And forth from the chapel door he  
went  
Into disgrace and banishment,  
Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,  
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,  
Whose sound should be a perpetual  
knell  
To keep all travellers away.;

WALTER.

O, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected,  
As one with pestilence infected!

HUBERT.

Then was the family tomb unsealed,  
And broken helmet, sword and shield,  
Buried together, in common wreck,  
As is the custom, when the last  
Of any princely house has passed,  
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,  
A herald shouted down the stair  
The words of warning and despair, —  
"O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

WALTER.

Still in my soul that cry goes on, —  
Forever gone! forever gone!  
Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,  
Like a black shadow, would fall across  
The hearts of all, if he should die!  
His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon a hearth;

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his  
sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard  
at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light.  
Where is he?

HUBERT.

In the Odenwald.  
Some of his tenants, unappalled  
By fear of death, or priestly word, —  
A holy family, that make  
Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —  
Have him beneath their watch and  
ward,  
For love of him, and Jesus' sake!  
Pray you come in. For why should I  
With out-door hospitality  
My prince's friend thus entertain?

WALTER.

I would a moment here remain.  
But you, good Hubert, go before,  
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,  
As aromatic as the May  
From which it steals the breath away,  
And which he loved so well of yore;  
It is of him that I would think.  
You shall attend me, when I call,  
In the ancestral banquet-hall.  
Unseen companions, guests of air,  
You cannot wait on, will be there;  
They taste not food, they drink not  
wine,  
But their soft eyes look into mine,  
And their lips speak to me, and all  
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall  
Is full of looks and words divine!

*Leaning over the parapet.*

The day is done; and slowly from the  
scene  
The stooping sun upgathers his spent  
shafts,  
And puts them back into his golden  
quiver!  
Below me in the valley, deep and  
green

As goblets are, from which in thirsty  
draughts  
We drink its wine, the swift and  
mantling river  
Flows on triumphant through these  
lovely regions,  
Etched with the shadows of its som-  
bre margent,  
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and  
argent!  
Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and  
still,  
As when the vanguard of the Roman  
legions  
First saw it from the top of yonder  
hill!  
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of  
wheat,  
Vineyard, and town, and tower with  
fluttering flag,  
The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
And the white hamlet gathered round  
its base,  
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's  
feet,  
And looking up at his beloved face!  
O friend! O best of friends! Thy  
absence more  
Than the impending night darkens  
the landscape o'er!

## II.

### A FARM IN THE ODENWALD.

*A garden. Morning.* PRINCE HENRY  
*seated, with a book.* ELSIE, *at a*  
*distance, gathering flowers.*

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.*

ONE morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,  
Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
The broad, sweet sunshine lay with-  
out,



Filling the summer air;  
 And within the woodlands as he trod,  
 The twilight was like the Truce of  
     God  
 With worldly woe and care;  
 Under him lay the golden moss;  
 And above him the boughs of hem-  
     lock-trees  
 Waved, and made the sign of the  
     cross,  
 And whispered their Benedicites;  
 And from the ground  
 Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
 Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
 Vines that wandered,  
 Seeking the sunshine, round and  
     round.

These he heeded not, but pondered  
 On the volume in his hand,  
 A volume of Saint Augustine,  
 Wherein he read of the unseen  
 Splendors of God's great town  
 In the unknown land,  
 And, with his eyes cast down  
 In humility, he said:  
 "I believe, O God,  
 What herein I have read,  
 But alas! I do not understand!"

And lo! he heard  
 The sudden singing of a bird,  
 A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
 Dropped down,  
 And among the branches brown  
 Sat singing  
 So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
 It seemed a thousand harp-strings  
     ringing.  
 And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
 And long, long,  
 With rapturous look,  
 He listened to the song,  
 And hardly breathed or stirred,  
 Until he saw, as in a vision,  
 The land Elysian,  
 And in the heavenly city heard  
 Angelic feet  
 Fall on the golden flagging of the  
     street.

And he would fain  
 Have caught the wondrous bird,  
 But strove in vain;  
 For it flew away, away,  
 Far over hill and dell,  
 And instead of its sweet singing  
 He heard the convent bell  
 Suddenly in the silence ringing  
 For the service of noonday.  
 And he retraced  
 His pathway homeward sadly and in  
     haste.

In the convent there was a change!  
 He looked for each well-known face,  
 But the faces were new and strange;  
 New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
 New voices chaunted in the choir;  
 Yet the place was the same place,  
 The same dusky walls  
 Of cold, gray stone,  
 The same cloisters and belfry and  
     spire.

A stranger and alone  
 Among that brotherhood  
 The Monk Felix stood.  
 "Forty years," said a Friar,  
 "Have I been Prior  
 Of this convent in the wood,  
 But for that space  
 Never have I beheld thy face!"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:  
 And he answered, with submissive  
     tone,  
 "This morning, after the hour of  
     Prime  
 I left my cell,  
 And wandered forth alone,  
 Listening all the time  
 To the melodious singing  
 Of a beautiful white bird,  
 Until I heard  
 The bells of the convent ringing  
 Noon from their noisy towers.  
 It was as if I dreamed;  
 For what to me had seemed  
 Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.  
 It was an aged monk who spoke,  
 From a bench of oak  
 Fastened against the wall;—  
 He was the oldest monk of all.  
 For a whole century  
 Had he been there,  
 Serving God in prayer,  
 The meekest and humblest of his  
 creatures.

He remembered well the features  
 Of Felix, and he said,  
 Speaking distinct and slow:  
 "One hundred years ago,  
 When I was a novice in this place,  
 There was here a monk, full of God's  
 grace,  
 Who bore the name  
 Of Felix, and this man must be the  
 same."

And straightway  
 They brought forth to the light of day  
 A volume old and brown,  
 A huge tome, bound  
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,  
 Wherein were written down  
 The names of all who had died  
 In the convent, since it was edified.  
 And there they found,  
 Just as the old monk said,  
 That on a certain day and date,  
 One hundred years before,  
 Had gone forth from the convent gate  
 The Monk Felix, and never more  
 Had entered that sacred door.  
 He had been counted among the dead!  
 And they knew, at last,  
 That, such had been the power  
 Of that celestial and immortal song,  
 A hundred years had passed,  
 And had not seemed so long  
 As a single hour!

*ELSIE comes in with flowers.*

ELSIE.

Here are flowers for you,  
 But they are not all for you;  
 Some of them are for the Virgin  
 And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY.

As thou standest there,  
 Thou seemest to me like the angel  
 That brought the immortal roses  
 To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE. .

But these will fade.

PRINCE HENRY.

Themselves will fade,  
 But not their memory,  
 And memory has the power  
 To re-create them from the dust.  
 They remind me, too,  
 Of martyred Dorothea,  
 Who from celestial gardens sent  
 Flowers as her witnesses  
 To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE.

Do you know the story  
 Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?  
 That is the prettiest legend of them all.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then tell it to me.  
 But first come hither,  
 Lay the flowers down beside me,  
 And put both thy hands in mine.  
 Now tell me the story.

ELSIE.

Early in the morning  
 The Sultan's daughter  
 Walked in her father's garden,  
 Gathering the bright flowers,  
 All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY.

Just as thou hast been doing  
 This morning, dearest Elsie.

ELSIE.

And as she gathered them,  
 She wondered more and more  
 Who was the Master of the Flowers,  
 And made them grow

Out of the cold, dark earth.  
 "In my heart," she said,  
 "I love him; and for him  
 Would leave my father's palace,  
 To labor in his garden."

PRINCE HENRY.

Dear, innocent child !  
 How sweetly thou recallest  
 The long-forgotten legend,  
 That in my early childhood  
 My mother told me !  
 Upon my brain  
 It reappears once more,  
 As a birthmark on the forehead  
 When a hand suddenly  
 Is laid upon it, and removed !

ELSIE.

And at midnight,  
 As she lay upon her bed,  
 She heard a voice  
 Call to her from the garden,  
 And, looking forth from her window,  
 She saw a beautiful youth  
 Standing among the flowers.  
 It was the Lord Jesus ;  
 And she went down to him,  
 And opened the door for him ;  
 And he said to her, "O maiden !  
 Thou hast thought of me with love.  
 And for thy sake  
 Out of my Father's kingdom  
 Have I come hither :  
 I am the Master of the Flowers.  
 My garden is in Paradise,  
 And if thou wilt go with me,  
 Thy bridal garland  
 Shall be of bright red flowers."  
 And then he took from his finger  
 A golden ring,  
 And asked the Sultan's daughter  
 If she would be his bride.  
 And when she answered him with  
 love,  
 His wounds began to bleed,  
 And she said to him,  
 "O Love ! how red thy heart is,  
 And thy hands are full of roses."

"For thy sake," answered he,  
 "For thy sake is my heart so red,  
 For thee I bring these roses.  
 I gathered them at the cross  
 Whereon I died for thee !  
 Come, for my Father calls.  
 Thou art my elected bride !"  
 And the Sultan's daughter  
 Followed him to his Father's garden.

PRINCE HENRY.

Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie ?

ELSIE.

Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then the Celestial Bridegroom  
 Will come for thee also.  
 Upon thy forehead he will place,  
 Not his crown of thorns,  
 But a crown of roses.  
 In thy bridal chamber,  
 Like Saint Cecilia,  
 Thou shalt hear sweet music,  
 And breathe the fragrance  
 Of flowers immortal !  
 Go now and place these flowers  
 Before her picture.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

*Twilight. URSULA spinning. GOTTLIEB asleep in his chair.*

URSULA.

DARKER and darker ! Hardly a  
 glimmer  
 Of light comes in at the window-pane ;  
 Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer ?  
 I cannot disentangle this skein,  
 Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.  
 Elsie !

GOTTLIEB, *starting.*

The stopping of thy wheel  
 Has wakened me out of a pleasant  
 dream.

I thought I was sitting beside a  
stream,  
And heard the grinding of a mill,  
When suddenly the wheels stood still,  
And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear!  
It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA.

I was calling her; I want a light.  
I cannot see to spin my flax.  
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou  
hear?

ELSIE, *within*.

In a moment!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are Bertha and Max?

URSULA.

They are sitting with Elsie at the  
door.  
She is telling them stories of the  
wood,  
And the Wolf, and Little Red Rid-  
inghood.

GOTTLIEB.

And where is the Prince?

URSULA.

In his room overhead;  
I heard him walking across the floor,  
As he always does, with a heavy  
tread.

ELSIE *comes in with a lamp*. MAX  
and BERTHA *follow her, and they*  
*all sing the Evening Song on the*  
*lighting of the lamps.*

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light  
Of the Father Immortal,  
And of the celestial  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us;

And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!  
Son, the Life-giver!  
Spirit, the Comforter!  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder!

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door*.

Amen!

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen?

ELSIE.

It was the Prince: he stood at the  
door,  
And listened a moment, as we  
chaunted  
The evening song. He is gone again.  
I have often seen him there before.

URSULA.

Poor Prince!

GOTTLIEB.

I thought the house was haunted!  
Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild  
And patient as the gentlest child!

MAX.

I love him because he is so good,  
And makes me such fine bows and  
arrows,  
To shoot at the robins and the spar-  
rows,  
And the red squirrels in the wood!

BERTHA.

I love him, too!

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, yes! we all  
Love him, from the bottom of our  
hearts;  
He gave us the farm, the house, and  
the grange,

He gave us the horses and the carts,  
And the great oxen in the stall,  
The vineyard, and the forest range !  
We have nothing to give him but our  
love !

BERTHA.

Did he give us the beautiful stork  
above  
On the chimney-top, with its large,  
round nest ?

GOTTLIEB.

No, not the stork ; by God in heaven,  
As a blessing, the dear, white stork  
was given ;  
But the Prince has given us all the  
rest.  
God bless him, and make him well  
again.

ELSIE.

Would I could do something for his  
sake,  
Something to cure his sorrow and  
pain !

GOTTLIEB.

That no one can ; neither thou nor I,  
Nor any one else.

ELSIE.

And must he die ?

URSULA.

Yes ; if the dear God does not take  
Pity upon him, in his distress,  
And work a miracle !

GOTTLIEB.

Or unless  
Some maiden, of her own accord,  
Offers her life for that of her lord,  
And is willing to die in his stead.

ELSIE.

I will.

URSULA.

Prithee, thou foolish child, be still !  
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost  
not mean !

ELSIE.

I mean it truly !

MAX.

O father ! this morning,  
Down by the mill, in the ravine,  
Hans killed a wolf, the very same  
That in the night to the sheepfold  
came,  
And ate up my lamb, that was left  
outside.

GOTTLIEB.

I am glad he is dead. It will be a  
warning  
To the wolves in the forest, far and  
wide.

MAX.

And I am going to have his hide !

BERTHA.

I wonder if this is the wolf that ate  
Little Red Ridinghood !

URSULA.

O, no !  
That wolf was killed a long while  
ago.  
Come, children, it is growing late.

MAX.

Ah, how I wish I were a man,  
As stout as Hans is, and as strong !  
I would do nothing else, the whole  
day long,  
But just kill wolves.

GOTTLIEB.

Then go to bed,  
And grow as fast as a little boy can.  
Bertha is half asleep already.  
See how she nods her heavy head,  
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady  
She will hardly be able to creep up-  
stairs.

URSULA.

Good night, my children. Here's  
the light.

And do not forget to say your prayers  
Before you sleep.

GOTTLIEB.

Good night !

MAX and BERTHA.

Good night !

*They go out with* ELSIE.

URSULA, *spinning*.

She is a strange and wayward child,  
That Elsie of ours. She looks so  
old,  
And thoughts and fancies weird and  
wild  
Seem of late to have taken hold  
Of her heart, that was once so docile  
and mild !

GOTTLIEB.

She is like all girls.

URSULA.

Ah no, forsooth !  
Unlike all I have ever seen ;  
For she has visions and strange  
dreams,  
And in all her words and ways, she  
seems  
Much older than she is in truth.  
Who would think her but fourteen ?  
And there has been of late such a  
change !  
My heart is heavy with fear and  
doubt  
That she may not live till the year is  
out.  
She is so strange, — so strange, — so  
strange !

GOTTLIEB.

I am not troubled with any such  
fear ;  
She will live and thrive for many a  
year.

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

*Night.* ELSIE *praying*.

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord,  
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning !

Interceding  
With these bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and erred  
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
And in the grave hast thou been  
buried !

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
Even as thou hast died for me,  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou leadest,  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
Die, if dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live,  
And more nearly,  
Dying thus, resemble thee !

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND  
URSULA.

*Midnight.* ELSIE *standing by their  
bedside, weeping*.

GOTTLIEB.

THE wind is roaring ; the rushing rain  
Is loud upon roof and window-pane,  
As if the wild Huntsman of Roden-  
stein,  
Boding evil to me and mine,  
Were abroad to-night with his ghostly  
train !  
In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,  
The dogs howl in the yard ; and  
hark !

Some one is sobbing in the dark,  
Here in the chamber!

ELSIE.

It is I.

URSULA.

Elsie! what ails thee, my poor child?

ELSIE.

I am disturbed and much distressed,  
In thinking our dear Prince must die;  
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

GOTTLIEB.

What wouldst thou? In the Power  
Divine  
His healing lies, not in our own;  
It is in the hand of God alone.

ELSIE.

Nay, he has put it into mine,  
And into my heart!

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild!

URSULA.

What dost thou mean? my child!  
my child!

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's sake  
I will myself the offering make,  
And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming, or awake?  
Thou speakest carelessly of death,  
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

ELSIE.

'T is the cessation of our breath;  
Silent and motionless we lie;  
And no one knoweth more than this.  
I saw our little Gertrude die;  
She left off breathing, and no more  
I smoothed the pillow beneath her  
head.

She was more beautiful than before,  
Like violets faded were her eyes;  
By this we knew that she was dead.  
Through the open window looked the  
skies

Into the chamber where she lay,  
And the wind was like the sound of  
wings,

As if angels came to bear her away.  
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,  
I found it difficult to stay;  
I longed to die, as she had died,  
And go forth with her, side by side.  
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs  
dead,

And Mary, and our Lord; and I  
Would follow in humility  
The way by them illumined!

URSULA.

My child! my child! thou must not  
die!

ELSIE.

Why should I live? Do I not know  
The life of woman is full of woe?  
Toiling on and on and on,  
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,  
And silent lips, and in the soul  
The secret longings that arise,  
Which this world never satisfies!  
Some more, some less, but of the  
whole

Not one quite happy, no, not one!

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve!

ELSIE.

In place of it, let me receive  
The benediction of Mary, then.

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!  
Most wretched am I among men!

URSULA.

Alas! that I should live to see  
Thy death, beloved, and to stand  
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the day!

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie  
Beneath the flowers of another land,  
For at Salerno, far away  
Over the mountains, over the sea,  
It is appointed me to die !  
And it will seem no more to thee  
Than if at the village on market-day  
I should a little longer stay  
Than I am used.

URSULA.

Even as thou sayest !  
And how my heart beats, when thou  
stayest.  
I cannot rest until my sight  
Is satisfied with seeing thee.  
What, then, if thou wert dead ?

GOTTLIEB.

Ah me !  
Of our old eyes thou art the light !  
The joy of our old hearts art thou !  
And wilt thou die ?

URSULA.

Not now ! not now !

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I  
Be willing for my Prince to die ?  
You both are silent ; you cannot speak.  
This said I, at our Saviour's feast,  
After confession, to the priest,  
And even he made no reply.  
Does he not warn us all to seek  
The happier, better land on high,  
Where flowers immortal never wither,  
And could he forbid me to go thither ?

GOTTLIEB.

In God's own time, my heart's delight ;  
When he shall call thee, not before !

ELSIE.

I heard him call. When Christ as-  
cended  
Triumphantly, from star to star,

He left the gates of heaven ajar.  
I had a vision in the night,  
And saw him standing at the door  
Of his Father's mansion, vast and  
splendid,  
And beckoning to me from afar.  
I cannot stay !

GOTTLIEB.

She speaks almost  
As if it were the Holy Ghost  
Spake through her lips, and in her  
stead !  
What if this were of God ?

URSULA.

Ah, then  
Gainsay it dare we not.

GOTTLIEB.

Amen !  
Elsie ! the words that thou hast said  
Are strange and new for us to hear,  
And fill our hearts with doubt and  
fear.

Whether it be a dark temptation  
Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,  
We in our blindness cannot say.  
We must think upon it, and pray ;  
For evil and good it both resembles.  
If it be of God, his will be done !  
May he guard us from the Evil One !  
How hot thy hand is ! how it trembles !  
Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA.

Kiss me. Good night ; and do not  
weep.

ELSIE goes out.

Ah, what an awful thing is this !  
I almost shuddered at her kiss,  
As if a ghost had touched my cheek,  
I am so childish and so weak !  
As soon as I see the earliest gray  
Of morning glimmer in the east,  
I will go over to the priest,  
And hear what the good man has to  
say !



## A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A woman kneeling at the confessional.*THE PARISH PRIEST, *from within.*

Go, sin no more ! Thy penance o'er,  
 A new and better life begin !  
 God maketh thee forever free  
 From the dominion of thy sin !  
 Go, sin no more ! He will restore  
 The peace that filled thy heart before,  
 And pardon thine iniquity !

*The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.*

O blessed Lord ! how much I need  
 Thy light to guide me on my way !  
 So many hands, that, without heed,  
 Still touch thy wounds, and make  
 them bleed !

So many feet, that, day by day,  
 Still wander from thy fold astray !  
 Unless thou fill me with thy light,  
 I cannot lead thy flock aright ;  
 Nor, without thy support, can bear  
 The burden of so great a care,  
 But am myself a castaway !

*A pause.*

The day is drawing to its close ;  
 And what good deeds, since first it  
 rose,

Have I presented, Lord, to thee,  
 As offerings of my ministry ?  
 What wrong repressed, what right  
 maintained,

What struggle passed, what victory  
 gained,

What good attempted and attained ?  
 Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !

I see, but cannot reach, the height  
 That lies forever in the light,  
 And yet forever and forever,  
 When seeming just within my grasp,  
 I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
 And sink discouraged into night !  
 For thine own purpose, thou hast  
 sent

The strife and the discouragement !

*A pause.*

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hohe-  
 neck ?

Why keep me pacing to and fro  
 Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,  
 Counting my footsteps as I go,  
 And marking with each step a tomb ?  
 Why should the world for thee make  
 room,

And wait thy leisure and thy beck ?  
 Thou comest in the hope to hear  
 Some word of comfort and of cheer.  
 What can I say ? I cannot give  
 The counsel to do this and live ;  
 But rather, firmly to deny  
 The tempter, though his power is  
 strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong,  
 Still like a martyr live and die !

*A pause.*

The evening air grows dusk and  
 brown ;

I must go forth into the town,  
 To visit beds of pain and death,  
 Of restless limbs, and quivering  
 breath,

And sorrowing hearts, and patient  
 eyes

That see, through tears, the sun go  
 down,

But never more shall see it rise.  
 The poor in body and estate,  
 The sick and the disconsolate,  
 Must not on man's convenience wait.

*Goes out.**Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.**LUCIFER, with a genuflexion, mocking.*

This is the Black Pater-noster.  
 God was my foster,  
 He fostered me  
 Under the book of the Palm-tree.  
 Saint Michael was my dame,  
 He was born at Bethlehem.  
 He was made of flesh and blood.  
 God send me my right food,  
 My right food, and shelter too,  
 That I may to yon kirk go,  
 To read upon yon sweet book

Which the mighty God of heaven  
shook.

Open, open, hell's gates!

Shut, shut, heaven's gates!

All the devils in the air

The stronger be, that hear the Black  
Prayer.

*Looking round the church.*

What a darksome and dismal place!  
I wonder that any man has the face  
To call such a hole the House of the  
Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven, — yet such  
is the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,  
Covered with cobwebs, blackened  
with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,  
Dust on the benches, and stalls, and  
chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponderous  
sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of  
the Germans,

With about as much real edification  
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,  
Had fallen, and struck them on the  
head;

And I ought to remember that sensation!

Here stands the holy-water stoup!

Holy-water it may be to many,  
But to me, the veriest Liquor Ge-  
hennæ!

It smells like a filthy fast-day soup!

Near it stands the box for the poor;

With its iron padlock, safe and sure.

I and the priest of the parish know

Whither all these charities go;

Therefore, to keep up the institution,  
I will add my little contribution!

*He puts in money.*

Underneath this mouldering tomb,  
With statue of stone, and scutcheon  
of brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the village.

All his life was riot and pillage,

But at length, to escape the threat-  
ened doom

Of the everlasting, penal fire,  
He died in the dress of a mendicant  
friar,

And bartered his wealth for a daily  
mass.

But all that afterwards came to pass,  
And whether he finds it dull or pleas-  
ant,

Is kept a secret for the present,  
At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,  
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,  
With its awful portal open wide,  
And its latticed windows on either  
side,

And its step well worn by the bended  
knees

Of one or two pious centuries,  
Stands the village confessional!  
Within it, as an honored guest,  
I will sit me down awhile and rest!

*Sits himself in the confessional.*

Here sits the priest; and faint and low,  
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,  
Comes through these painted lattices  
The ceaseless sound of human woe;  
Here, while her bosom aches and  
throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,  
That half are passion, half contrition,  
The luckless daughter of perdition  
Slowly confesses her secret shame!  
The time, the place, the lover's name!  
Here the grim murderer, with a groan,  
From his bruised conscience rolls the  
stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone  
For ravages of sword and flame!  
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,  
How a priest can sit here so sedately,  
Reading, the whole year out and in,  
Naught but the catalogue of sin,  
And still keep any faith whatever  
In human virtue! Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth part  
Of the horrors and crimes and sins  
and woes

That arise, when with palpitating throes  
 The grave-yard in the human heart  
 Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,  
 As if he were an archangel, at least.  
 It makes a peculiar atmosphere,  
 This odor of earthly passions and crimes,  
 Such as I like to breathe, at times,  
 And such as often brings me here  
 In the hottest and most pestilential season.  
 To-day, I come for another reason ;  
 To foster and ripen an evil thought  
 In a heart that is almost to madness wrought.  
 And to make a murderer out of a prince,  
 A sleight of hand I learned long since !  
 He comes. In the twilight he will not see  
 The difference between his priest and me !  
 In the same net was the mother caught !

PRINCE HENRY, *entering and kneeling at the confessional.*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,  
 I come to crave, O Father holy,  
 Thy benediction on my head.

LUCIFER.

The benediction shall be said  
 After confession, not before !  
 'T is a God-speed to the parting guest,  
 Who stands already at the door,  
 Sandalled with holiness, and dressed  
 In garments pure from earthly stain.  
 Meanwhile, hast thou searched well  
 thy breast ?  
 Does the same madness fill thy brain ?  
 Or have thy passion and unrest  
 Vanished forever from thy mind ?

PRINCE HENRY.

By the same madness still made blind,  
 By the same passion still possessed,  
 I come again to the house of prayer,

A man afflicted and distressed !  
 As in a cloudy atmosphere,  
 Through unseen sluices of the air,  
 A sudden and impetuous wind  
 Strikes the great forest white with fear,  
 And every branch, and bough, and spray  
 Points all its quivering leaves one way,  
 And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,  
 And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,  
 And smoke from chimneys of the town,  
 Yield themselves to it, and bow down,  
 So does this dreadful purpose press  
 Onward, with irresistible stress,  
 And all my thoughts and faculties,  
 Struck level by the strength of this,  
 From their true inclination turn,  
 And all stream forward to Salern !

LUCIFER.

Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,  
 Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
 Along the highway of the world  
 A moment only, then to fall  
 Back to a common level all,  
 At the subsiding of the gust !

PRINCE HENRY.

O holy Father ! pardon in me  
 The oscillation of a mind  
 Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
 Its centre of rest and harmony !  
 For evermore before mine eyes  
 This ghastly phantom flits and flies,  
 And as a madman through a crowd,  
 With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
 It hurries onward, and aloud  
 Repeats its awful prophecies !  
 Weakness is wretchedness ! To be  
 strong  
 Is to be happy ! I am weak,  
 And cannot find the good I seek,  
 Because I feel and fear the wrong !

LUCIFER.

Be not alarmed ! The Church is kind,  
 And in her mercy and her meekness

She meets halfway her children's  
weakness,  
Writes their transgressions in the  
dust !

Though in the Decalogue we find  
The mandate written, "Thou shalt not  
kill !"

Yet there are cases when we must.  
In war, for instance, or from scathe  
To guard and keep the one true Faith !  
We must look at the Decalogue in the  
light

Of an ancient statute, that was meant  
For a mild and general application,  
To be understood with the reservation,  
That, in certain instances, the Right  
Must yield to the Expedient !

Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst  
die,

What hearts and hopes would prostrate  
lie !

What noble deeds, what fair renown,  
Into the grave with thee go down !

What acts of valor and courtesy  
Remain undone, and die with thee !  
Thou art the last of all thy race !

With thee a noble name expires,  
And vanishes from the earth's face  
The glorious memory of thy sires !  
She is a peasant. In her veins

Flows common and plebeian blood ;  
It is such as daily and hourly stains  
The dust and the turf of battle plains,  
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,  
Without reserve, and without reward,  
At the slightest summons of their  
lord !

But thine is precious ; the fore-ap-  
pointed

Blood of kings, of God's anointed !  
Moreover, what has the world in store  
For one like her, but tears and toil ?  
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,  
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,  
And her soul within her sick and sore  
With the roughness and barrenness  
of life !

I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
From a fate like this in one so tender,  
Nor at its eagerness to surrender

All the wretchedness, want, and woe  
That await it in this world below,  
For the unutterable splendor  
Of the world of rest beyond the skies.  
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :  
Therefore inhale this healing balm,  
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;  
Accept the comfort and the calm  
She offers, as a gift divine ;  
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet  
With the ointment costly and most  
sweet

Of her young blood, and thou shalt  
live.

PRINCE HENRY.

And will the righteous Heaven for-  
give ?

No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves some-  
where

A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater  
strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at  
length

The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made mani-  
fest.

LUCIFER.

In ancient records it is stated  
That, whenever an evil deed is done,  
Another devil is created

To scourge and torment the offending  
one !

But evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted,  
Thrust from his Father's house with  
a curse

Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY.

If justice rules the universe,  
From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten,  
And thus the balance restored again.

LUCIFER.

Yes; if the world were not so rotten,  
And so given over to the Devil!

PRINCE HENRY.

But this deed, is it good or evil?  
Have I thine absolution free  
To do it, and without restriction?

LUCIFER.

Ay; and from whatsoever sin  
Lieth around it and within,  
From all crimes in which it may  
involve thee,  
I now release thee and absolve thee!

PRINCE HENRY.

Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his hand  
and muttering.*

Maledictione perpetua  
Maledicat vos  
Pater eternus!

THE ANGEL, *with the æolian harp.*

Take heed! take heed!  
Noble art thou in thy birth,  
By the good and the great of earth  
Hast thou been taught!  
Be noble in every thought  
And in every deed!  
Let not the illusion of thy senses  
Betray thee to deadly offences.  
Be strong! be good! be pure!  
The right only shall endure,  
All things else are but false pretences.  
I entreat thee, I implore,  
Listen no more  
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,  
That even now is there,  
Making the foul seem fair,  
And selfishness itself a virtue and a  
merit.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

GOTTLIEB.

It is decided! For many days,  
And nights as many, we have had

A nameless terror in our breast,  
Making us timid, and afraid  
Of God, and his mysterious ways!  
We have been sorrowful and sad;  
Much have we suffered, much have  
prayed  
That he would lead us as is best,  
And show us what his will required.  
It is decided; and we give  
Our child, O Prince, that you may  
live!

URSULA.

It is of God. He has inspired  
This purpose in her; and through  
pain,  
Out of a world of sin and woe,  
He takes her to himself again.  
The mother's heart resists no longer;  
With the Angel of the Lord in vain  
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

GOTTLIEB.

As Abraham offered long ago  
His son unto the Lord, and even  
The Everlasting Father in heaven  
Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,  
So do I offer up my daughter!

URSULA *hides her face.*

ELSIE.

My life is little,  
Only a cup of water,  
But pure and limpid.  
Take it, O my Prince!  
Let it refresh you,  
Let it restore you.  
It is given willingly,  
It is given freely;  
May God bless the gift!

PRINCE HENRY.

And the giver!

GOTTLIEB.

Amen!

PRINCE HENRY.

I accept it!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are the children ?

URSULA.

They are already asleep.

GOTTLIEB.

What if they were dead ?

IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE.

I HAVE one thing to ask of you.

PRINCE HENRY.

What is it ?

It is already granted.

ELSIE.

Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on  
our way

Are journeying to Salerno, you will  
not,

By word or deed, endeavor to dis-  
suade me

And turn me from my purpose ; but  
remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City  
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts  
of pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I ap-  
proach

The gates of Heaven, in this great  
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from  
me

All thoughts of earth, as shoes from  
off my feet.

Promise me this.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thy words fall from thy lips  
Like roses from the lips of Angelo :  
and angels

Might stoop to pick them up !

ELSIE.

Will you not promise ?

PRINCE HENRY.

If ever we depart upon this journey,  
So long to one or both of us, I  
promise.

ELSIE.

Shall we not go, then ? Have you  
lifted me

Into the air, only to hurl me back  
Wounded upon the ground ? and  
offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid  
me

Drink the polluted puddles of this  
world ?

PRINCE HENRY.

O Elsie ! what a lesson thou dost teach  
me !

The life which is, and that which is to  
come,

Suspended hang in such nice equi-  
poise

A breath disturbs the balance ; and  
that scale

In which we throw our hearts pre-  
ponderates,

And the other, like an empty one, flies  
up,

And is accounted vanity and air !  
To me the thought of death is ter-  
rible,

Having such hold on life. To thee  
it is not

So much even as the lifting of a  
latch ;

Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous

With light that shines through its  
transparent walls.

O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust  
shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be  
written

"Ave Maria" in characters of gold !

## III.

## A STREET IN STRASBURG.

*Night. PRINCE HENRY wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

PRINCE HENRY.

STILL is the night. The sound of feet

Has died away from the empty street,  
And like an artisan, bending down  
His head on his anvil, the dark town  
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.  
Sleepless and restless, I alone,  
In the dusk and damp of these walls  
of stone,

Wander and weep in my remorse !

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *ringing a bell.*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark ! with what accents loud and hoarse

This warder on the walls of death  
Sends forth the challenge of his breath !

I see the dead that sleep in the grave !  
They rise up and their garments wave,  
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,  
With the light of another world in their eyes !

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Why for the dead, who are at rest ?  
Pray for the living, in whose breast  
The struggle between right and wrong  
Is raging terrible and strong,  
As when good angels war with devils !

This is the Master of the Revels,  
Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes  
The health of absent friends, and pledges,  
Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,  
And tinkling as we touch their edges,  
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,  
That mocks and mimics their funeral knell !

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Wake not, beloved ! be thy sleep  
Silent as night is, and as deep !  
There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,  
And the heavings of whose bosom  
number  
The respirations of thy slumber,  
As if some strange, mysterious fate  
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine  
Went madly wheeling about thine,  
Only with wider and wilder sweep !

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo ! with what depth of blackness  
thrown  
Against the clouds, far up the skies  
The walls of the cathedral rise,  
Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
With fitful lights and shadows blending,  
As from behind, the moon, ascending,  
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown !  
The wind is rising ; but the boughs  
Rise not and fall not with the wind

That through their foliage sobs and  
 soughs ;  
 Only the cloudy rack behind,  
 Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
 Gives to each spire and buttress  
 jagged  
 A seeming motion undefined. •  
 Below on the square, an armed  
 knight,  
 Still as a statue and as white,  
 Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams  
 quiver  
 Upon the points of his armor bright  
 As on the ripples of a river.  
 He lifts the visor from his cheek,  
 And beckons, and makes as he would  
 speak.

WALTER *the Minnesinger*.

Friend! can you tell me where alight  
 Thuringia's horsemen for the night?  
 For I have lingered in the rear,  
 And wander vainly up and down.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a stranger in the town,  
 As thou art; but the voice I hear  
 Is not a stranger to mine ear.  
 Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

WALTER.

Thou hast guessed rightly; and thy  
 name  
 Is Henry of Hoheneck!

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him*.

Come closer, closer to my side!  
 What brings thee hither? What  
 potent charm  
 Has drawn thee from thy German  
 farm  
 Into the old Alsatian city?

PRINCE HENRY.

A tale of wonder and of pity!  
 A wretched man, almost by stealth

Dragging my body to Salern,  
 In the vain hope and search for  
 health,  
 And destined never to return.  
 Already thou hast heard the rest.  
 But what brings thee, thus armed and  
 dight  
 In the equipments of a knight?

WALTER.

Dost thou not see upon my breast  
 The cross of the Crusaders shine?  
 My pathway leads to Palestine.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that way were also mine!  
 O noble poet! thou whose heart  
 Is like a nest of singing-birds  
 Rocked on the topmost bough of  
 life,  
 Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,  
 And in the clangor of the strife  
 Mingle the music of thy words?

WALTER.

My hopes are high, my heart is  
 proud,  
 And like a trumpet long and loud,  
 Thither my thoughts all clang and  
 ring!  
 My life is in my hand, and lo!  
 I grasp and bend it as a bow,  
 And shoot forth from its trembling  
 string  
 An arrow, that shall be, perchance,  
 Like the arrow of the Israelite king  
 Shot from the window toward the  
 east,  
 That of the Lord's deliverance!

PRINCE HENRY.

My life, alas! is what thou seest!  
 O enviable fate! to be  
 Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee  
 With lyre and sword, with song and  
 steel;  
 A hand to smite, a heart to feel!  
 Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy  
 sword,



Thou givest all unto thy Lord ;  
While I, so mean and abject grown,  
Am thinking of myself alone.

WALTER.

Be patient. Time will reinstate  
Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY.

'T is too late !

I cannot strive against my fate !

WALTER.

Come with me ; for my steed is  
weary ;  
Our journey has been long and dreary,  
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints  
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*.

I am ashamed, in my disgrace,  
To look into that noble face !  
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

WALTER.

To-morrow, at the dawn of day,  
I shall again be on my way.  
Come with me to the hostelry,  
For I have many things to say.  
Our journey into Italy  
Perchance together we may make ;  
Wilt thou not do it for my sake ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A sick man's pace would but impede  
Thine eager and impatient speed.  
Besides, my pathway leads me round  
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,  
Where I assemble man and steed,  
And all things for my journey's need.

*They go out.*

LUCIFER, *flying over the city*.

Sleep, sleep, O city ! till the light  
Wakes you to sin and crime again,  
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal  
rain,  
I scatter downward through the night

My maledictions dark and deep.  
I have more martyrs in your walls  
Than God has ; and they cannot  
sleep ;  
They are my bondsmen and my  
thralls ;  
Their wretched lives are full of pain,  
Wild agonies of nerve and brain ;  
And every heart-beat, every breath,  
Is a convulsion worse than death !  
Sleep, sleep, O city ! though within  
The circuit of your walls there lies  
No habitation free from sin,  
And all its nameless miseries ;  
The aching heart, the aching head,  
Grief for the living and the dead,  
And foul corruption of the time,  
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,  
And crimes, and passions that may  
grow  
Until they ripen into crime !

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHE-  
DRAL.

*Easter Sunday.* FRIAR CUTHBERT  
*preaching to the crowd from a  
pulpit in the open air.* PRINCE  
HENRY and ELSIE *crossing the  
square.*

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the day, when from the dead  
Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,  
Out of their darkness and despair,  
Triumphant over fears and foes,  
The hearts of his disciples rose ;  
When to the women, standing near,  
The Angel in shining vesture said,  
"The Lord is risen ; he is not here !"   
And, mindful that the day is come,  
On all the hearths in Christendom  
The fires are quenched, to be again  
Rekindled from the sun, that high  
Is dancing in the cloudless sky.  
The churches are all decked with  
flowers,  
The salutations among men  
Are but the Angel's words divine,

"Christ is arisen!" and the bells  
 Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,  
 And chaunt together in their towers.  
 All hearts are glad; and free from  
     care  
 The faces of the people shine.  
 See what a crowd is in the square,  
 Gayly and gallantly arrayed!

ELSIE.

Let us go back; I am afraid!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, let us mount the church-steps  
     here,  
 Under the doorway's sacred shadow;  
 We can see all things, and be freer  
 From the crowd that madly heaves  
     and presses!

ELSIE.

What a gay pageant! what bright  
     dresses!  
 It looks like a flower-besprinkled  
     meadow.  
 What is that yonder on the square?

PRINCE HENRY.

A pulpit in the open air,  
 And a Friar, who is preaching to the  
     crowd  
 In a voice so deep and clear and loud,  
 That, if we listen, and give heed,  
 His lowest words will reach the ear.

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating and  
     cracking a postilion's whip.*

What ho! good people! do you not  
     hear?  
 Dashing along at the top of his speed,  
 Booted and spurred, on his jaded  
     steed,  
 A courier comes with words of cheer.  
 Courier! what is the news, I pray?  
 "Christ is arisen!" Whence come  
     you? "From court."  
 Then I do not believe it; you say it  
     in sport.

*Cracks his whip again.*

Ah, here comes another, riding this  
     way;

We soon shall know what he has to  
     say.

Courier! what are the tidings to-day?  
 "Christ is arisen!" Whence come  
     you? "From town."

Then I do not believe it; away with  
     you, clown.

*Cracks his whip more violently.*

And here comes a third, who is spur-  
     ring amain.

What news do you bring, with your  
     loose-hanging rein,  
 Your spurs wet with blood, and your  
     bridle with foam?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come  
     you? "From Rome."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, in-  
     deed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of  
     your speed!

*Great applause among the crowd.*

To come back to my text! When  
     the news was first spread  
 That Christ was arisen indeed from  
     the dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels  
     in heaven;

And as great the dispute as to who  
     should carry

The tidings thereof to the Virgin  
     Mary,

Pierced to the heart with sorrows  
     seven.

Old Father Adam was first to pro-  
     pose,

As being the author of all our woes;  
 But he was refused, for fear, said they,  
 He would stop to eat apples on the  
     way!

Abel came next, but petitioned in  
     vain,

Because he might meet with his  
     brother Cain!

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weak-  
     ness for wine

Should delay him at every tavern-  
     sign;

And John the Baptist could not get a  
vote,  
On account of his old-fashioned,  
camel's-hair coat ;  
And the Penitent Thief, who died on  
the cross,  
Was reminded that all his bones were  
broken !  
Till at last, when each in turn had  
spoken,  
The company being still at a loss,  
The Angel, who rolled away the stone,  
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone,  
And filled with glory that gloomy  
prison,  
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord is  
arisen !"

*The Cathedral bells ring.*

But hark ! the bells are beginning to  
chime ;  
And I feel that I am growing hoarse.  
I will put an end to my discourse,  
And leave the rest for some other  
time.  
For the bells themselves are the best  
of preachers,  
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone, in the  
upper air,  
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,  
Now a sermon and now a prayer.  
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,  
This way, that way, beaten and swung,  
That from mouth of brass, as from  
Mouth of Gold,  
May be taught the Testaments, New  
and Old.  
And above it the great cross-beam of  
wood  
Representeth the Holy Rood,  
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes  
are hung.  
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed  
and rung  
Is the mind of man, that round and  
round  
Sways, and maketh the tongue to  
sound !

And the rope, with its twisted cordage  
three,  
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;  
And the upward and downward mo-  
tions show  
That we touch upon matters high and  
low ;  
And the constant change and trans-  
mutation  
Of action and of contemplation,  
Downward, the Scripture brought  
from on high,  
Upward, exalted again to the sky ;  
Downward, the literal interpretation,  
Upward, the Vision and Mystery !

And now, my hearers, to make an  
end,  
I have only one word more to say ;  
In the church, in honor of Easter day,  
Will be represented a Miracle Play ;  
And I hope you will all have the grace  
to attend ;  
Christ bring us at last to his felicity !  
Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAUNT.

KYRIE Eleison !  
Christe Eleison !

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my Father's  
house !  
These paintings of the Saints upon  
the walls  
Have all familiar and benignant faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of God !  
Thine own hereafter shall be placed  
among them.

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonderful !  
Never have I beheld a church so  
splendid !

Such columns, and such arches, and  
 such windows,  
 So many tombs and statues in the  
 chapels,  
 And under them so many confes-  
 sionals.  
 They must be for the rich. I should  
 not like  
 To tell my sins in such a church as  
 this.  
 Who built it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,  
 Erwin von Steinback ; but not he  
 alone,  
 For many generations labored with  
 him.  
 Children that came to see these  
 Saints in stone,  
 As day by day out of the blocks they  
 rose,  
 Grew old and died, and still the work  
 went on,  
 And on, and on, and is not yet com-  
 pleted.  
 The generation that succeeds our  
 own  
 Perhaps may finish it. The archi-  
 tect  
 Built his great heart into these sculp-  
 tured stones,  
 And with him toiled his children, and  
 their lives  
 Were builded, with his own, into the  
 walls,  
 As offerings unto God. You see that  
 statue  
 Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled  
 eyes  
 Upon the Pillar of the Angels yon-  
 der.  
 That is the image of the Master,  
 carved  
 By the fair hand of his own child,  
 Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that he  
 looks at !

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the  
 base of it  
 Stand the Evangelists ; above their  
 heads  
 Four Angels blowing upon marble  
 trumpets,  
 And over them the blessed Christ,  
 surrounded  
 By his attendant ministers, upholding  
 The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord !  
 Would I could leave behind me upon  
 earth  
 Some monument to thy glory, such  
 as this !

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this thou  
 leavest  
 In thine own life, all purity and love !  
 See, too, the Rose, above the western  
 portal  
 Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous  
 colors,  
 The perfect flower of Gothic loveli-  
 ness !

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line of  
 statues,  
 Christ with his twelve Apostles  
 watching us.

*A BISHOP in armor, booted and  
 spurred, passes with his train.*

PRINCE HENRY.

But come away ; we have not time to  
 look.  
 The crowd already fills the church,  
 and yonder,  
 Upon a stage, a herald with a trum-  
 pet,  
 Clad like the Angel Gabriel, pro-  
 claims  
 The Mystery that will now be repre-  
 sented.

## THE NATIVITY.

## A MIRACLE-PLAY.

## INTROITUS.

## PRÆCO.

COME, good people, all and each,  
Come and listen to our speech!  
In your presence here I stand,  
With a trumpet in my hand,  
To announce the Easter Play,  
Which we represent to-day!  
First of all we shall rehearse,  
In our action and our verse,  
The Nativity of our Lord,  
As written in the old record  
Of the Protevangelion,  
So that he who reads may run!

*Blows his trumpet.*

## I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.*

Have pity, Lord! be not afraid  
To save mankind, whom thou hast  
made,  
Nor let the souls that were betrayed  
Perish eternally!

## JUSTICE.

It cannot be, it must not be!  
When in the garden placed by thee,  
The fruit of the forbidden tree  
He ate, and he must die!

## MERCY.

Have pity, Lord! let penitence  
Atone for disobedience,  
Nor let the fruit of man's offence  
Be endless misery!

## JUSTICE.

What penitence proportionate  
Can e'er be felt for sin so great?  
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,  
And damned must he be!

## GOD.

He shall be saved, if that within  
The bounds of earth one free from sin  
Be found, who for his kith and kin  
Will suffer martyrdom.

## THE FOUR VIRTUES.

Lord! we have searched the world  
around,  
From centre to the utmost bound,  
But no such mortal can be found;  
Despairing, back we come.

## WISDOM.

No mortal, but a God made man,  
Can ever carry out this plan,  
Achieving what none other can,  
Salvation unto all!

## GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son!  
It can by thee alone be done;  
By thee the victory shall be won  
O'er Satan and the Fall!

*Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave  
Paradise and fly towards the earth;  
the jaws of Hell open below, and  
the Devils walk about, making a  
great noise.*

## II. MARY AT THE WELL.

## MARY.

Along the garden walk, and thence  
Through the wicket in the garden  
fence,  
I steal with quiet pace,  
My picher at the well to fill,  
That lies so deep and cool and still,  
In this sequestered place.  
These sycamores keep guard around,  
I see no face, I hear no sound,  
Save bubblings of the spring,  
And my companions, who within  
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,  
And at their labor sing.

## THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace !

*Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith :*

MARY.

Who is it speaketh in this place,  
With such a gentle voice ?

GABRIEL.

The Lord of heaven is with thee now !  
Blessed among all women thou,  
Who art his holy choice !

MARY, *setting down the pitcher.*

What can this mean ? No one is  
near,  
And yet such sacred words I hear,  
I almost fear to stay.

*Here the ANGEL, appearing to her,  
shall say :*

GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary ! but believe !  
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive  
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary ! from the sky  
The majesty of the Most High  
Shall overshadow thee !

MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord !  
According to thy holy word,  
So be it unto me !

*Here the Devils shall again make a  
great noise, under the stage.*

### III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS,

*bearing the Star of Bethlehem.*

THE ANGELS.

The Angels of the Planets Seven,  
Across the shining fields of heaven  
The natal star we bring !

Dropping our sevenfold virtues down,  
As priceless jewels in the crown  
Of Christ, our new-born King.

RAPHAEL.

I am the Angel of the Sun,  
Whose flaming wheels began to run  
When God's almighty breath  
Said to the darkness and the Night,  
Let there be light ! and there was  
light !

I bring the gift of Faith.

GABRIEL.

I am the Angel of the Moon,  
Darkened, to be rekindled soon  
Beneath the azure cope !  
Nearest to earth, it is my ray  
That best illumines the midnight way.  
I bring the gift of Hope !

ANAEL.

The Angel of the Star of Love,  
The Evening Star, that shines above  
The place where lovers be,  
Above all happy hearths and homes,  
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,  
I give him Charity !

ZOBIACHEL.

The Planet Jupiter is mine !  
The mightiest star of all that shine,  
Except the sun alone !  
He is the High Priest of the Dove,  
And sends, from his great throne above,  
Justice, that shall atone !

MICHAEL.

The Planet Mercury, whose place  
Is nearest to the sun in space,  
Is my allotted sphere !  
And with celestial ardor swift  
I bear upon my hands the gift  
Of heavenly Prudence here !

URIEL.

I am the Minister of Mars,  
The strongest star among the stars !  
My songs of power prelude  
The march and battle of man's life,

And for the suffering and the strife,  
I give him Fortitude !

ORIFEL.

The Angel of the uttermost  
Of all the shining, heavenly host,  
From the far-off expanse  
Of the Saturnian, endless space  
I bring the last, the crowning grace,  
The gift of Temperance !

*A sudden light shines from the win-  
dows of the stable in the village  
below.*

#### IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN  
and CHILD. Three Gipsy Kings,  
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BEL-  
SHAZZAR, shall come in.*

GASPAR.

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !  
Though in a manger thou drawest thy  
breath,  
Thou art greater than Life and Death,  
Greater than Joy or Woe !  
This cross upon the line of life  
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,  
And through a region with dangers  
rife  
In darkness shalt thou go !

MELCHIOR.

Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem !  
Though humbly born in Bethlehem,  
A sceptre and a diadem  
Await thy brow and hand !  
The sceptre is a simple reed,  
The crown will make thy temples  
bleed,  
And in thy hour of greatest need,  
Abashed thy subjects stand !

BELSHAZZAR.

Hail to thee, Christ of Christendom !  
O'er all the earth thy kingdom come !  
From distant Trebizond to Rome  
Thy name shall men adore !

Peace and good-will among all men,  
The Virgin has returned again,  
Returned the old Saturnian reign  
And Golden Age once more.

THE CHILD CHRIST.

Jesus, the Son of God, am I,  
Born here to suffer and to die  
According to the prophecy,  
That other men may live !

THE VIRGIN.

And now these clothes, that wrapped  
him, take  
And keep them precious, for his sake ;  
Our benediction thus we make,  
Naught else have we to give.  
*She gives them swaddling-clothes, and  
they depart.*

#### V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*Here shall JOSEPH come in, leading  
an ass, on which are seated MARY  
and the CHILD.*

MARY.

Here will we rest us, under these  
O'erhanging branches of the trees,  
Where robins chant their Litanies,  
And canticles of Joy.

JOSEPH.

My saddle-girths have given way  
With trudging through the heat to-  
day ;  
To you I think it is but play  
To ride and hold the boy.

MARY.

Hark ! how the robins shout and  
sing,  
As if to hail their infant King !  
I will alight at yonder spring  
To wash his little coat.

JOSEPH.

And I will hobble well the ass,  
Lest, being loose upon the grass,

He should escape; for, by the mass,  
He is nimble as a goat.

*Here MARY shall alight and go to the  
spring.*

MARY.

O Joseph! I am much afraid,  
For men are sleeping in the shade;  
I fear that we shall be waylaid,  
And robbed and beaten sore!

*Here a band of robbers shall be seen  
sleeping, two of whom shall rise and  
come forward.*

DUMACHUS.

Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

JOSEPH.

I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold!  
You see that I am weak and old,  
Of wealth I have no store.

DUMACHUS.

Give up your money!

TITUS.

Prithee cease,  
Let these good people go in peace.

DUMACHUS.

First let them pay for their release,  
And then go on their way.

TITUS.

These forty groats I give in fee,  
If thou wilt only silent be.

MARY.

May God be merciful to thee  
Upon the Judgment Day!

JESUS.

When thirty years shall have gone  
by,

I at Jerusalem shall die,  
By Jewish hands exalted high  
On the accursed tree.

Then on my right and my left side,

These thieves shall both be crucified,  
And Titus thenceforth shall abide  
In Paradise with me.

*Here a great rumor of trumpets and  
horses, like the noise of a king with  
his army, and the robbers shall take  
flight.*

## VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE IN- NOCENTS.

KING HEROD.

Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!  
Filled am I with great wonderment  
At this unwelcome news!  
Am I not Herod? Who shall dare  
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,  
As king among the Jews?

*Here he shall stride up and down  
and flourish his sword.*

What ho! I fain would drink a  
can

Of the strong wine of Canaan!  
The wine of Helbon bring,  
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
And fit for any king!

*He quaffs great goblets of wine.*

Now at the window will I stand,  
While in the street the armed band  
The little children slay:

The babe just born in Bethlehem  
Will surely slaughtered be with them,  
Nor live another day!

*Here a voice of lamentation shall be  
heard in the street.*

RACHEL.

O wicked king! O cruel speed!  
To do this most unrighteous deed!  
My children all are slain!

HEROD.

Ho, seneschal! another cup!  
With wine of Sorek fill it up!  
I would a bumper drain!



RAHAB.

May maledictions fall and blast  
Thyself and lineage, to the last  
Of all thy kith and kin!

HEROD.

Another goblet! quick! and stir  
Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh  
And calamus therein!

SOLDIERS, *in the street.*

Give up thy child into our hands!  
It is King Herod who commands  
That he should thus be slain!

THE NURSE MEDUSA.

O monstrous men! What have ye  
done!  
It is King Herod's only son  
That ye have cleft in twain!

HEROD.

Ah, luckless day! What words of  
fear  
Are these that smite upon my ear  
With such a doleful sound!  
What torments rack my heart and  
head!  
Would I were dead! would I were  
dead,  
And buried in the ground!  
*He falls down and writhes as though  
eaten by worms. Hell opens, and  
SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth,  
and drag him down.*

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS  
SCHOOLMATES.

JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play,  
And make some sparrows out of clay,  
Down by the river's side.

JUDAS.

See, how the stream has overflowed

Its banks, and o'er the meadow road  
Is spreading far and wide!

*They draw water out of the river by  
channels, and form little pools.  
JESUS makes twelve sparrows of  
clay, and the other boys do the  
same.*

JESUS.

Look! look! how prettily I make  
These little sparrows by the lake  
Bend down their necks and drink!  
Now will I make them sing and soar  
So far, they shall return no more  
Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS.

That canst thou not! They are but  
clay,  
They cannot sing, nor fly away  
Above the meadow lands!

JESUS.

Fly! fly! ye sparrows! you are free,  
And while you live, remember me,  
Who made you with my hands.  
*Here JESUS shall clap his hands,  
and the sparrows shall fly away,  
chirruping.*

JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer, I know;  
Oft has my mother told me so,  
I will not play with thee!  
*He strikes JESUS on the right side.*

JESUS.

Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my side,  
And when I shall be crucified,  
There shall I pierced be!  
*Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say:*

JOSEPH.

Ye wicked boys! why do ye play,  
And break the holy Sabbath day?  
What, think ye, will your mothers say  
To see you in such plight!

In such a sweat and such a heat,  
With all that mud upon your feet !  
There 's not a beggar in the street  
Makes such a sorry sight !

### VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.*

RABBI.

I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,  
Throughout this village known full well,  
And, as my scholars all will tell,  
Learned in things divine ;  
The Kabala and Talmud hoar  
Than all the prophets prize I more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,  
And always, at the Purim feast,  
I am as drunk as any beast  
That wallows in his sty ;  
The wine it so elateth me,  
That I no difference can see  
Between " Accursed Haman be !"  
And " Blessed be Mordecai !"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot.  
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got  
From the Rabbinical Book or not.  
Why howl the dogs at night ?

JUDAS.

In the Rabbinical Book, it saith  
The dogs howl, when with icy breath  
Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,  
Takes through the town his flight !

RABBI.

Well, boy ! now say, if thou art wise,  
When the Angel of Death, who is full  
of eyes,  
Comes where a sick man dying lies,  
What doth he to the wight ?

JUDAS.

He stands beside him, dark and tall,  
Holding a sword, from which doth fall  
Into his mouth a drop of gall,  
And so he turneth white.

RABBI.

And now, my Judas, say to me  
What the great Voices Four may be,  
That quite across the world do flee,  
And are not heard by men ?

JUDAS.

The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,  
The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,  
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,  
And the Angel of the Rain !

RABBI.

Well have ye answered every one !  
Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,  
Let us see how thy task is done.  
Canst thou thy letters say ?

JESUS.

Aleph.

RABBI.

What next ? Do not stop yet,  
Go on with all the alphabet.  
Come, Aleph, Beth ; dost thou forget !  
Cock's soul ! thou 'dst rather play !

JESUS.

What Aleph means I fain would know  
Before I any farther go !

RABBI.

O, by Saint Peter ! wouldst thou so ?  
Come hither, boy, to me.  
As surely as the letter Jod  
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,  
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,  
And punished shalt thou be !

*Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to strike JESUS, and his right arm shall be paralyzed.*

## IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

JESUS *sitting among his playmates,  
crowned with flowers as their King.*

BOYS.

We spread our garments on the ground !

With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned,

While like a guard we stand around,  
And hail thee as our King !

Thou art the new King of the Jews !  
Nor let the passers-by refuse

To bring that homage which men use

To majesty to bring.

*Here a traveller shall go by, and the  
boys shall lay hold of his garments  
and say :*

BOYS.

Come hither ! and all reverence pay  
Unto our monarch, crowned to-day !

Then go rejoicing on your way,  
In all prosperity !

TRAVELLER.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,  
Who weareth in his diadem

The yellow crocus for the gem  
Of his authority !

*He passes by ; and others come in,  
bearing on a litter a sick child.*

BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near !

The King of Bethlehem is here !

What ails the child, who seems to  
fear

That we shall do him harm ?

THE BEARERS.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,  
And out there darted, from his rest,

A serpent with a crimson crest,  
And stung him in the arm.

JESUS.

Bring him to me, and let me feel  
The wounded place ; my touch can  
heal

The sting of serpents, and can steal  
The poison from the bite !

*He touches the wound, and the boy  
begins to cry.*

Cease to lament ! I can foresee  
That thou hereafter known shalt be,  
Among the men who follow me,  
As Simon the Canaanite !

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day  
Will be represented another play,  
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,  
Beginning directly after Nones !  
At the close of which we shall accord,  
By way of benison and reward,  
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

## IV.

## THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU.

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with  
their attendants, on horseback.*

ELSIE.

ONWARD and onward the highway  
runs to the distant city, impa-  
tiently bearing

Tidings of human joy and disaster,  
of love and of hate, of doing and  
daring !

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp  
of many a joyous strain,

But under them all there runs a loud  
perpetual wail, as of souls in  
pain.

ELSIE.

Faith alone can interpret life, and  
the heart that aches and bleeds  
with the stigma

Of pain, alone bears the likeness of  
Christ, and can comprehend its  
dark enigma.

PRINCE HENRY.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure  
with little care of what may be-  
tide;

Else why am I travelling here beside  
thee, a demon that rides by an  
angel's side?

ELSIE.

All the hedges are white with dust,  
and the great dog under the  
creaking wain

Hangs his head in the lazy heat,  
while onward the horses toil and  
strain.

PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the way-side inn,  
and the wagoner laughs with the  
landlord's daughter,

While out of the dripping trough the  
horses distend their leathern  
sides with water.

ELSIE.

All through life there are way-side  
inns, where man may refresh his  
soul with love;

Even the lowest may quench his  
thirst at rivulets fed by springs  
from above.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yonder, where rises the cross of  
stone, our journey along the  
highway ends,

And over the fields, by a bridle path,  
down into the broad green valley  
descends.

ELSIE.

I am not sorry to leave behind the  
beaten road with its dust and  
heat;

The air will be sweeter far, and the  
turf will be softer under horses'  
feet.

*They turn down a green lane.*

ELSIE.

Sweet is the air with the budding  
haws, and the valley stretching  
for miles below

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees,  
as if just covered with lightest  
snow.

PRINCE HENRY.

Over our heads a white cascade is  
gleaming against the distant hill;  
We cannot hear it, nor see it move,  
but it hangs like a banner when  
winds are still.

ELSIE.

Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and  
cool the sound of the brook by  
our side!

What is this castle that rises above us,  
and lords it over a land so wide?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the home of the Counts of Calva;  
well have I known these scenes  
of old,

Well I remember each tower and tur-  
ret, remember the brooklet, the  
wood, and the wold.

ELSIE.

Hark! from the little village below us  
the bells of the church are ringing  
for rain!

Priests and peasants in long proces-  
sion come forth and kneel on the  
arid plain.

PRINCE HENRY.

They have not long to wait, for I see  
in the south uprising a little cloud,  
That before the sun shall be set will  
cover the sky above us as with a  
shroud.

*They pass on.*

# THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST.

*The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.*

FRIAR CLAUS.

I ALWAYS enter this sacred place  
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,  
Pausing long enough on each stair  
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,  
And a benediction on the vines  
That produce these various sorts of wines!

For my part, I am well content  
That we have got through with the tedious Lent.

Fasting is all very well for those  
Who have to contend with invisible foes;

But I am quite sure it does not agree  
With a quiet, peaceable man like me,  
Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind

That are always distressed in body and mind!

And at times it really does me good  
To come down among this brotherhood,

Dwelling forever underground,  
Silent, contemplative, round, and sound;

Each one old, and brown with mould,  
But filled to the lips with the ardor of youth,

With the latent power and love of truth,

And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,  
When buds are swelling on every side,  
And the sap begins to move in the vine,

Then in all the cellars, far and wide,  
The oldest, as well as the newest, wine  
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,  
With a kind of revolt and discontent  
At being so long in darkness pent,

And fain would burst from its sombre tun

To bask on the hill-side in the sun;  
As in the bosom of us poor friars,  
The tumult of half-subdued desires  
For the world that we have left behind  
Disturbs at times all peace of mind!  
And now that we have lived through Lent,

My duty it is, as often before,  
To open awhile the prison-door,  
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,  
And has stood a hundred years or more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,  
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,  
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,  
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,  
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone.

It is of the quick and not of the dead!  
In its veins the blood is hot and red,  
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak

That time may have tamed, but has not broke.

It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,  
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,  
And costs some hundred florins the ohm;

But that I do not consider dear,  
When I remember that every year  
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,  
The old rhyme keeps running in my brain:

At Bacharach on the Rhine,  
At Hochheim on the Main,  
And at Würzburg on the Stein,  
Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better far  
Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.

In particular, Würzburg well may boast  
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,  
Which of all wines I like the most.

This I shall draw for the Abbot's  
drinking,  
Who seems to be much of my way of  
thinking.

*Fills a flagon.*

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and  
sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs  
From the deep flagon, while it fills,  
As of hyacinths and daffodils!

Between this cask and the Abbot's lips  
Many have been the sips and slips;  
Many have been the draughts of wine,  
On their way to his, that have stopped  
at mine;

And many a time my soul has hankered  
For a deep draught out of his silver  
tankard,

When it should have been busy with  
other affairs,

Less with its longings and more with  
its prayers.

But now there is no such awkward  
condition,

No danger of death and eternal per-  
dition;

So here 's to the Abbot and Brothers  
all,

Who dwell in this convent of Peter  
and Paul!

*He drinks.*

O cordial delicious! O soother of  
pain!

It flashes like sunshine into my brain!  
A benison rest on the Bishop who  
sends

Such a fudder of wine as this to his  
friends!

And now a flagon for such as may ask  
A draught from the noble Bacharach  
cask,

And I will be gone, though I know  
full well

The cellar's a cheerfuller place than  
the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound and  
good,

Brown and old in his oaken hood;

Silent he seems externally  
As any Carthusian monk may be;  
But within, what a spirit of deep un-  
rest!

What a seething and simmering in his  
breast!

As if the heaving of his great heart  
Would burst his belt of oak apart!  
Let me unloose this button of wood,  
And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

*Sets it running.*

See! how its currents gleam and shine,  
As if they had caught the purple  
hues

Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,  
Descending and mingling with the  
dews;

Or as if the grapes were stained with  
the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some years  
back,

Was taken and crucified by the Jews,  
In that ancient town of Bacharach;  
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,

In that ancient town of Bacharach!  
The beautiful town, that gives us  
wine

With the fragrant odor of Muscadine!  
I should deem it wrong to let this  
pass

Without first touching my lips to the  
glass,

For here in the midst of the current  
I stand,

Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of  
the river,

Taking toll upon either hand,  
And much more grateful to the giver.

*He drinks.*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
Such as in any town you may find,  
Such as one might imagine would  
suit

The rascal who drank wine out of a  
boot.

And, after all, it was not a crime,  
For he won thereby Dorf Hüffels-  
heim.

A jolly old toper! who at a pull

Could drink a postilion's jack-boot  
 full,  
 And ask with a laugh, when that was  
 done,  
 If the fellow had left the other one !  
 This wine is as good as we can afford  
 To the friars, who sit at the lower  
 board,  
 And cannot distinguish bad from  
 good,  
 And are far better off than if they  
 could,  
 Being rather the rude disciples of  
 beer  
 Than of anything more refined and  
 dear !

*Fills the other flagon and departs.*

#### THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and  
 illuminating.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS.

It is growing dark ! Yet one line  
 more,  
 And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
 I come again to the name of the  
 Lord !  
 Ere I that awful name record,  
 That is spoken so lightly among men,  
 Let me pause awhile, and wash my  
 pen ;  
 Pure from blemish and blot must it  
 be  
 When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I labored on and on,  
 Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
 Can it be that from the lips  
 Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
 That Christ himself perhaps has  
 kissed,  
 Came the dread Apocalypse !  
 It has a very awful look,  
 As it stands there at the end of the  
 book,  
 Like the sun in an eclipse.  
 Ah me ! when I think of that vision  
 divine,

Think of writing it, line by line,  
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
 Like the trump of doom, in the clos-  
 ing verse.

God forgive me ! if ever I  
 Take aught from the book of that  
 Prophecy,  
 Lest my part too should be taken  
 away  
 From the Book of Life on the Judg-  
 ment Day.

This is well written, though I say it !  
 I should not be afraid to display it,  
 In open day, on the selfsame shelf  
 With the writings of St. Thecla her-  
 self,

Or of Theodosius, who of old  
 Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !  
 That goodly folio standing yonder,  
 Without a single blot or blunder,  
 Would not bear away the palm from  
 mine,

If we should compare them line for  
 line.

There, now, is an initial letter !  
 Saint Ulric himself never made a  
 better !

Finished down to the leaf and the  
 snail,

Down to the eyes on the peacock's  
 tail !

And now, as I turn the volume over,  
 And see what lies between cover and  
 cover,

What treasures of art these pages  
 hold,

All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
 God forgive me ! I seem to feel  
 A certain satisfaction steal  
 Into my heart, and into my brain,  
 As if my talent had not lain  
 Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.  
 Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
 Here is a copy of thy Word,  
 Written out with much toil and pain ;  
 Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
 As something I have done for thee !

*He looks from the window.*

How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !

I wish I had as lovely a green  
To paint my landscapes and my leaves !

How the swallows twitter under the eaves !

There, now, there is one in her nest ;  
I can just catch a glimpse of her head  
and breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her quiet  
nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

*He makes a sketch.*

I can see no more. Through the  
valley yonder

A shower is passing ; I hear the  
thunder

Mutter its curses in the air,  
The Devil's own and only prayer !

The dusty road is brown with rain,  
And, speeding on with might and  
main,

Hitherward rides a gallant train.

They do not parley, they cannot wait,  
But hurry in at the convent gate.

What a fair lady ! and beside her  
What a handsome, graceful, noble  
rider !

Now she gives him her hand to  
alight ;

They will beg a shelter for the night.  
I will go down to the corridor,

And try to see that face once more ;  
It will do for the face of some beau-  
tiful Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.

*Goes out.*

#### THE CLOISTERS.

*The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and  
fro.*

ABBOT.

SLOWLY, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;  
Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.  
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,

All the sky is grand with clouds,  
And athwart the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red ;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead.  
Darker, darker, and more wan,  
In my breast the shadows fall ;  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall.  
From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire ;  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Christ is risen !

ABBOT.

Amen ! he is arisen !  
His peace be with you !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here it reigns forever.  
The peace of God, that passeth under-  
standing,

Reigns in these cloisters and these  
corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the con-  
vent ?

ABBOT.

I am.

PRINCE HENRY.

And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
Who crave your hospitality to-night.

ABBOT.

You are thrice welcome to our humble  
walls.

You do us honor ; and we shall re-  
quite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining you  
With Paschal eggs, and our poor con-  
vent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holidays.



PRINCE HENRY.

How fares it with the holy monks of  
Hirschau ?  
Are all things well with them ?

ABBOT.

All things are well.

PRINCE HENRY.

A noble convent ! I have known it  
long  
By the report of travellers. I now  
see  
Their commendations lag behind the  
truth.  
You lie here in the valley of the  
Nagold  
As in a nest : and the still river,  
gliding  
Along its bed, is like an admonition  
How all things pass. Your lands are  
rich and ample,  
And your revenues large. God's  
benediction  
Rests on your convent.

ABBOT.

By our charities  
We strive to merit it. Our Lord and  
Master,  
When he departed, left us in his will,  
As our best legacy on earth, the  
poor !  
These we have always with us ; had  
we not,  
Our hearts would grow as hard as are  
these stones.

PRINCE HENRY.

If I remember right, the Counts of  
Calva  
Founded your convent.

ABBOT.

Even as you say.

PRINCE HENRY.

And, if I err not, it is very old.

ABBOT.

Within these cloisters lie already  
buried  
Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath  
the flags  
On which we stand, the Abbot William  
lies,  
Of blessed memory.

PRINCE HENRY.

And whose tomb is that,  
Which bears the brass escutcheon ?

ABBOT.

A benefactor's.  
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who  
stood  
Godfather to our bells.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your monks are learned  
And holy men, I trust.

ABBOT.

There are among them  
Learned and holy men. Yet in this  
age  
We need another Hildebrand, to shake  
And purify us like a mighty wind.  
The world is wicked, and sometimes  
I wonder  
God does not lose his patience with  
it wholly,  
And shatter it like glass ! Even here,  
at times,  
Within these walls, where all should  
be at peace,  
I have my trials. Time has laid his  
hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibra-  
tions.  
Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heavi-  
ness  
And weariness of life, that makes me  
ready  
To say to the dead Abbots under us,

"Make room for me!" Only I see  
the dusk  
Of evening twilight coming, and have  
not  
Completed half my task; and so at  
times  
The thought of my short-comings in  
this life  
Falls like a shadow on the life to  
come.

PRINCE HENRY.

We must all die, and not the old  
alone;  
The young have no exemption from  
that doom.

ABBOT.

Ah, yes! the young may die, but the  
old must!  
That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have heard much laud  
Of your transcribers. Your Scripto-  
rium  
Is famous among all, your manuscripts  
Praised for their beauty and their  
excellence.

ABBOT.

That is indeed our boast. If you  
desire it,  
You shall behold these treasures.  
And meanwhile  
Shall the Refectorarius bestow  
Your horses and attendants for the  
night.  
*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*

THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers; after which the monks retire,  
a chorister leading an old monk who  
is blind.*

PRINCE HENRY.

THEY are all gone, save one who  
lingers,  
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.

As if his heart could find no rest,  
At times he beats his heaving breast  
With clenched and convulsive fingers,  
Then lifts them trembling in the air.  
A chorister, with golden hair,  
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.  
Can it be so? Or does my sight  
Deceive me in the uncertain light?  
Ah no! I recognize that face,  
Though Time has touched it in his  
flight,  
And changed the auburn hair to white.  
It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,  
The deadliest foe of all our race,  
And hateful unto me and mine!

THE BLIND MONK.

Who is it that doth stand so near  
His whispered words I almost hear?

PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!  
I know you, and I see the scar,  
The brand upon your forehead, shine  
And redden like a baleful star!

THE BLIND MONK.

Count Hugo once, but now the wreck  
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!  
The passionate will, the pride, the  
wrath  
That bore me headlong on my path,  
Stumbled and staggered into fear,  
And failed me in my mad career,  
As a tired steed some evil-doer,  
Alone upon a desolate moor,  
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,  
And hearing loud and close behind  
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.  
Then suddenly from the dark there  
came  
A voice that called me by my name,  
And said to me, "Kneel down and  
pray!"  
And so my terror passed away,  
Passed utterly away forever.  
Contrition, penitence, remorse,  
Came on me, with o'erwhelming  
force;

A hope, a longing, an endeavor,  
By days of penance and nights of  
prayer,

To frustrate and defeat despair!  
Calm, deep, and still is now my  
heart,

With tranquil waters overflowed;  
A lake whose unseen fountains start,  
Where once the hot volcano glowed.  
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!  
Have known me in that earlier time,  
A man of violence and crime,  
Whose passions brooked no curb nor  
check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,  
One of this holy brotherhood.  
Give me your hand; here let me  
kneel;

Make your reproaches sharp as  
steel;  
Spurn me, and smite me on each  
cheek;

No violence can harm the meek,  
There is no wound Christ cannot  
heal!

Yes; lift your princely hand, and  
take

Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek;  
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

PRINCE HENRY.

Arise, Count Hugo! let there be  
No farther strife nor enmity  
Between us twain; we both have  
erred!

Too rash in act, too wroth in word,  
From the beginning have we stood  
In fierce, defiant attitude,  
Each thoughtless of the other's  
right,

And each reliant on his might.  
But now our souls are more sub-  
dued;

The hand of God, and not in vain,  
Has touched us with the fire of pain.  
Let us kneel down, and side by side  
Pray, till our souls are purified,  
And pardon will not be denied!

*They kneel.*

# THE REFECTORY.

*Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight.*  
LUCIFER disguised as a Friar.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

AVE! color vini clari,  
Dulcis potus, non amari,  
Tua nos inebriari  
Digneris potentia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Not so much noise, my worthy frères,  
You'll disturb the Abbot at his  
prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

O! quam placens in colore!  
O! quam fragrans in odore!  
O! quam sapidum in ore!  
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I should think your tongue had  
broken its chain!

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Felix venter quem intrabis!  
Felix guttur quod rigabis!  
Felix os quod tu lavabis!  
Et beata labia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Peace, I say, peace!  
Will you never cease!  
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you  
again.

FRIAR JOHN.

No danger! to-night he will let us  
alone,  
As I happen to know he has guests of  
his own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Who are they?

FRIAR JOHN.

A German Prince and his train,  
Who arrived here just before the rain.

There is with him a damsel fair to see,  
As slender and graceful as a reed !  
When she alighted from her steed,  
It seemed like a blossom blown from  
a tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

None of your pale-faced girls for me !  
None of your damsels of high degree !

FRIAR JOHN.

Come, old fellow, drink down to your  
peg !  
But do not drink any farther, I beg !

FRIAR PAUL *sings*.

In the days of gold,  
The days of old,  
Crosier of wood  
And bishop of gold !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

What an infernal racket and riot !  
Can you not drink your wine in quiet ?  
Why fill the convent with such scan-  
dals,  
As if we were so many drunken Van-  
dals ?

FRIAR PAUL *continues*.

Now we have changed  
That law so good,  
To crosier of gold  
And bishop of wood !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Well, then, since you are in the mood  
To give your noisy humors vent,  
Sing and howl to your heart's content !

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Funde vinum, funde !  
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,  
Nec quæras unde,  
Sed fundas semper abunde !

FRIAR JOHN.

What is the name of yonder friar,

With an eye that glows like a coal of  
fire,  
And such a black mass of tangled hair ?

FRIAR PAUL.

He who is sitting there,  
With a rollicking,  
Devil may care,  
Free and easy look and air,  
As if he were used to such feasting  
and frolicking ?

FRIAR JOHN.

The same.

FRIAR PAUL.

He's a stranger. You had better ask  
his name,  
And where he is going, and whence  
he came.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar !

FRIAR PAUL.

You must raise your voice a little  
higher,  
He does not seem to hear what you say.  
Now, try again ! He is looking this  
way.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar,  
We wish to inquire  
Whence you came, and where you are  
going,  
And anything else that is worth the  
knowing.  
So be so good as to open your head.

LUCIFER.

I am a Frenchman born and bred,  
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
My home  
Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy's,  
Of which, very like, you never have  
heard.

MONKS.

Never a word!

LUCIFER.

You must know, then, it is in the diocese

Called the Diocese of Vannes,  
In the province of Brittany.  
From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
It overlooks the angry sea;  
The very sea-shore where,  
In his great despair,  
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
Filling the night with woe,  
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas

The name of his sweet Heloise!  
Whilst overhead  
The convent windows gleamed as red  
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,  
Who with jovial din  
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!  
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!

Over the doors  
None of your death-heads carved in wood,  
None of your Saints looking pious and good,  
None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!

But the heads and tusks of boars,  
And the cells  
Hung all round with the fells  
Of the fallow-deer.  
And then what cheer!  
What jolly, fat friars,  
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,  
Roaring louder than they,  
With their strong wines,  
And their concubines,  
And never a bell,  
With its swagger and swell,  
Calling you up with a start of affright  
In the dead of night,  
To send you grumbling down dark stairs,

To mumble your prayers.  
But the cheery crow

Of cocks in the yard below,  
After daybreak, an hour or so,  
And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,

These are the sounds  
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.  
And then all day  
Up and away  
Through the forest, hunting the deer!  
Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here  
You are a little too pious, a little too tame,  
And the more is the shame.  
'T is the greatest folly  
Not to be jolly;  
That's what I think!  
Come, drink, drink,  
Drink, and die game!

MONKS.

And your Abbot What's-his-name?

LUCIFER.

Abelard!

MONKS.

Did he drink hard?

LUCIFER.

O, no! Not he!  
He was a dry old fellow,  
Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.  
There he stood,  
Lowering at us in sullen mood,  
As if he had come into Brittany  
Just to reform our brotherhood!

*A roar of laughter.*

But you see  
It never would do!  
For some of us knew a thing or two,  
In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhys!  
For instance, the great ado  
With old Fulbert's niece,  
The young and lovely Heloise!

FRIAR JOHN.

Stop there, if you please,

Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

*ALL, drinking and shouting.*

Heloise! Heloise!

*The Chapel-bell tolls.*

*LUCIFER, starting.*

What is that bell for? Are you such asses

As to keep up the fashion of mid-night masses?

*FRIAR CUTHBERT.*

It is only a poor, unfortunate brother,  
Who is gifted with most miraculous powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours,  
And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,

Of creeping silently out of his cell  
To take a pull at that hideous bell;  
So that all the monks who are lying awake

May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,

And adapted to his peculiar weakness!

*FRIAR JOHN.*

From frailty and fall —

*ALL.*

Good Lord, deliver us all!

*FRIAR CUTHBERT.*

And before the bell for matins sounds,  
He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,  
Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you please,

With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys.

*LUCIFER.*

Well, it finally came to pass  
That, half in fun and half in malice,  
One Sunday at Mass  
We put some poison into the chalice.

But, either by accident or design,  
Peter Abelard kept away  
From the chapel that day,  
And a poor young friar, who in his stead

Drank the sacramental wine,  
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead!  
But look! do you see at the window there

That face, with a look of grief and despair,

That ghastly face, as of one in pain?

*MONKS.*

Who? where?

*LUCIFER.*

As I spoke, it vanished away again.

*FRIAR CUTHBERT.*

It is that nefarious  
Siebald the Refectorarius.  
That fellow is always playing the scout,

Creeping and peeping and prowling about;

And then he regales  
The Abbot with slanderous tales.

*LUCIFER.*

A spy in the convent? One of the brothers

Telling scandalous tales of the others?  
Out upon him, the lazy loon!

I would put a stop to that pretty soon,  
In a way he should rue it.

*MONKS.*

How shall we do it?

*LUCIFER.*

Do you, brother Paul,  
Creep under the window, close to the wall,

And open it suddenly when I call.  
Then seize the villain by the hair,  
And hold him there,  
And punish him soundly, once for all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

As St. Dunstan of old,  
We are told,  
Once caught the Devil by the nose !

LUCIFER.

Ha ! ha ! that story is very clever,  
But has no foundation whatsoever.  
Quick ! for I see his face again  
Glaring in at the window-pane ;  
Now ! now ! and do not spare your  
blows.

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD. They beat him.*

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Help ! help ! are you going to slay  
me ?

FRIAR PAUL.

That will teach you again to betray  
me !

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Mercy ! mercy !

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beating.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum,  
Vim confer amorum  
Morum verorum rorum  
Tu plena polorum !

LUCIFER.

Who stands in the doorway yonder,  
Stretching out his trembling hand,  
Just as Abelard used to stand,  
The flash of his keen, black eyes  
Forerunning the thunder ?

THE MONKS, *in confusion.*

The Abbot ! the Abbot !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And what is the wonder !  
He seems to have taken you by sur-  
prise.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

Hide the great flagon  
From the eyes of the dragon !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Pull the brown hood over your face !  
This will bring us into disgrace !

ABBOT.

What means this revel and carouse ?  
Is this a tavern and drinking house ?  
Are you Christian monks, or heathen  
devils,  
To pollute this convent with your  
revels ?

Were Peter Damian still upon earth,  
To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,  
He would write your names, with pen  
of gall,  
In his Book of Gomorrah, one and  
all !

Away, you drunkards ! to your cells,  
And pray till you hear the matin-  
bells ;

You, Brother Francis, and you,  
Brother Paul !

And as a penance mark each prayer  
With the scourge upon your shoulders  
bare ;

Nothing atones for such a sin  
But the blood that follows the disci-  
pline.

And you, Brother Cuthbert, come  
with me

Alone into the sacristy ;  
You, who should be a guide to your  
brothers,  
And are ten times worse than all the  
others,

For you I've a draught that has long  
been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the  
doing !

Away to your prayers, then, one and  
all !

I wonder the very convent wall  
Does not crumble and crush you in  
its fall !

## THE NEIGHBORING NUNNERY.

*The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with  
ELSIE in the moonlight.*

## IRMINGARD.

THE night is silent, the wind is still,  
The moon is looking from yonder hill  
Down upon convent, and grove, and  
garden;  
The clouds have passed away from  
her face,  
Leaving behind them no sorrowful  
trace,  
Only the tender and quiet grace  
Of one, whose heart has been healed  
with pardon.

And such am I. My soul within  
Was dark with passion and soiled  
with sin.  
But now its wounds are healed again;  
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and  
pain;  
For across that desolate land of woe,  
O'er whose burning sands I was forced  
to go,  
A wind from heaven began to blow;  
And all my being trembled and  
shook,  
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass  
of the field,  
And I was healed, as the sick are  
healed,  
When fanned by the leaves of the  
Holy Book!

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,  
And the only darkness that which  
lies  
In the haunted chambers of thine  
eyes,  
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more and  
more,  
As to one I have known and loved  
before;  
For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mystery!

I am the Lady Irmingard,  
Born of a noble race and name!  
Many a wondering Suabian bard,  
Whose life was dreary, and bleak and  
hard,  
Has found through me the way to  
fame.  
Brief and bright were those days, and  
the night  
Which followed was full of a lurid  
light.  
Love, that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole and not a part,  
That is to her, in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man,  
Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death,  
Found me a maiden soft and young  
Just from the convent's cloistered  
school,  
And seated on my lowly stool,  
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all,  
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;  
And, whatsoever may betide,  
Still I think of him with pride!  
His song was of the summer-time,  
The very birds sang in his rhyme;  
The sunshine, the delicious air,  
The fragrance of the flowers, were  
there;  
And I grew restless as I heard,  
Restless and buoyant as a bird,  
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,  
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in  
bloom,  
And through the momentary gloom  
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,  
Yielding and borne I knew not where,  
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice  
Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and day.  
One night,—it was a night in May,—  
Within the garden, unawares,



Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
 I heard it utter my own name  
 With protestations and wild prayers;  
 And it rang through me, and became  
 Like the archangel's trump of doom,  
 Which the soul hears, and must obey;  
 And mine arose as from a tomb.  
 My former life now seemed to me  
 Such as hereafter death may be,  
 When in the great Eternity  
 We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay;  
 A dream, that in a single night  
 Faded and vanished out of sight.  
 My father's anger followed fast  
 This passion, as a freshening blast  
 Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage  
 It may increase, but not assuage.  
 And he exclaimed: "No wandering  
     bard  
 Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard!  
 For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck  
 By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied:  
 "Henry of Hoheneck I discard!  
 Never the hand of Irmingard  
 Shall lie in his as the hand of a  
     bride!"  
 This said I, Walter, for thy sake;  
 This said I, for I could not choose.  
 After a pause, my father spake  
 In that cold and deliberate tone  
 Which turns the hearer into stone,  
 And seems itself the act to be  
 That follows with such dread cer-  
     tainty:  
 "This, or the cloister and the veil!"  
 No other words than these he said,  
 But they were like a funeral wail;  
 My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went  
     down,  
 With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,  
 Two shadows, mounted on shadowy  
     steeds,  
 Taking the narrow path that leads  
 Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,  
 One could not distinguish form nor  
     face,  
 Only a bulk without a shape,  
 A darker shadow in the shade;  
 One scarce could say it moved or  
     stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape!  
 A foaming brook, with many a bound,  
 Followed us like a playful hound;  
 Then leaped before us, and in the  
     hollow  
 Paused, and waited for us to follow,  
 And seemed impatient, and afraid  
 That our tardy flight should be be-  
     trayed  
 By the sound our horses' hoof-beats  
     made.

And when we reached the plain below,  
 We paused a moment and drew rein  
 To look back at the castle again;  
 And we saw the windows all aglow  
 With lights, that were passing to and  
     fro;  
 Our hearts with terror ceased to beat;  
 The brook crept silent to our feet;  
 We knew what most we feared to  
     know.

Then suddenly horns began to blow;  
 And we heard a shout, and a heavy  
     tramp,  
 And our horses snorted in the damp  
 Night-air of the meadows green and  
     wide,  
 And in a moment, side by side,  
 So close, they must have seemed but  
     one,  
 The shadows across the moonlight  
     run,  
 And another came, and swept behind,  
 Like the shadow of clouds before the  
     wind!

How I remember that breathless flight  
 Across the moors, in the summer  
     night!  
 How under our feet the long, white  
     road  
 Backward like a river flowed,

Sweeping with it fences and hedges,  
 Whilst farther away, and overhead,  
 Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
 The moon fled with us, as we fled  
 Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;  
 But of what afterwards befell  
 I nothing farther can recall  
 Than a blind, desperate, headlong  
 fall ;

The rest is a blank and darkness all.  
 When I awoke out of this swoon,  
 The sun was shining, not the moon,  
 Making a cross upon the wall  
 With the bars of my windows narrow  
 and tall ;

And I prayed to it, as I had been wont  
 to pray,

From early childhood, day by day,  
 Each morning, as in bed I lay !

I was lying again in my own room !  
 And I thanked God, in my fever and  
 pain,

That those shadows on the midnight  
 plain

Were gone, and could not come again !  
 I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago.  
 I left my father's home to come  
 Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
 For blindly I esteemed it so.

And when I heard the convent door  
 Behind me close, to ope no more,  
 I felt it smite me like a blow.

Through all my limbs a shudder ran,  
 And on my bruised spirit fell  
 The dampness of my narrow cell  
 As night-air on a wounded man,  
 Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.  
 I felt the agony decrease  
 By slow degrees, then wholly cease,  
 Ending in perfect rest and peace !  
 It was not apathy, nor dulness,  
 That weighed and pressed upon my  
 brain,

But the same passion I had given

To earth before, now turned to heaven  
 With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !  
 The path that runs through the fairest  
 meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley,  
 leads

Into a region bleak and sterile !  
 Alike in the high-born and the lowly,  
 The will is feeble, and passion strong.  
 We cannot sever right from wrong ;  
 Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;  
 Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
 Should waver and comprehend but  
 slowly

The things that are holy and unholy !  
 But in this sacred and calm retreat,  
 We are all well and safely shielded  
 From winds that blow, and waves  
 that beat,

From the cold, and rain, and blight-  
 ing heat,

To which the strongest hearts have  
 yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,  
 For our celestial bridegroom yearn-  
 ing ;

Our hearts are lamps forever burning,  
 With a steady and unwavering flame,  
 Pointing upward, forever the same,  
 Steadily upward toward the Heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;  
 A sudden darkness fills the room,  
 And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,  
 Shine like jewels in a shroud.

On the leaves is a sound of falling  
 rain ;

A bird, awakened in its nest,  
 Gives a faint twitter of unrest,  
 Then smooths its plumes and sleeps  
 again.

No other sounds than these I hear ;  
 The hour of midnight must be near.  
 Thou art o'erspent with the day's  
 fatigue

Of riding many a dusty league ;  
 Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;  
 Me so many cares encumber,

So many ghosts, and forms of fright,  
Have started from their graves to-  
night,  
They have driven sleep from mine  
eyes away:  
I will go down to the chapel and  
pray.

## V.

## A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

PRINCE HENRY.

GOD'S blessing on the architects who  
build  
The bridges o'er swift rivers and  
abysses  
Before impassable to human feet,  
No less than on the builders of cathe-  
drals,  
Whose massive walls are bridges  
thrown across  
The dark and terrible abyss of Death.  
Well has the name of Pontifex been  
given  
Unto the Church's head, as the chief  
builder  
And architect of the invisible bridge  
That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows !  
What are these paintings on the walls  
around us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber !

ELSIE.

What ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death !  
All that go to and fro must look  
upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be, while  
beneath,  
Among the wooden piles, the turbu-  
lent river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,  
With dimpling eddies, ever green and  
bright,  
Save where the shadow of this bridge  
falls on it.

ELSIE.

O, yes ! I see it now !

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician  
Leads' all men through the mazes of  
that dance,  
To different sounds in different meas-  
ures moving ;  
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes  
a drum,  
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,  
Who kneels at her devotions, but in  
kneeling  
Turns round to look at him ; and  
Death, meanwhile,  
Is putting out the candles on the  
altar !

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should  
listen  
Unto such songs, when in her orisons  
She might have heard in heaven the  
angels singing !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and  
bells,  
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest !

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded  
wife,

Coming from church with her beloved  
lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 't is  
best  
That she should die, with all the sun-  
shine on her,  
And all the benedictions of the morn-  
ing,  
Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded  
gray,  
Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,  
"Nothing but death shall separate  
thee and me!"

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close  
upon it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Be-  
hind him,  
A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to wish  
her feet  
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Under-  
neath,  
The inscription reads, "Better is  
Death than Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes!  
to thousands  
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and  
sings  
That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it, and they cannot choose  
but follow  
Whither he leads. And not the old  
alone,  
But the young also hear it, and are  
still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is  
the sound  
Of their own hearts they hear, half  
full of tears,  
Which are like crystal cups, half filled  
with water,  
Responding to the pressure of a finger  
With music sweet and low and melan-  
choly.  
Let us go forward, and no longer  
stay  
In this great picture-gallery of Death!  
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of life,  
is lovely,  
And death, and all that speaks of death,  
is hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a  
brief darkness.

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the  
bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how  
pleasant  
To come once more into the light of  
day,  
Out of that shadow of death! To  
hear again  
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm  
ground,  
And not upon those hollow planks,  
resounding  
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods  
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder  
lies  
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns,  
apparelled  
In light, and lingering, like a village  
maiden,

Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,  
 Then pouring all her life into another's,  
 Changing her name and being! Over-  
 head,  
 Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,  
 Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

*They pass on.*

#### THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *crossing,*  
*with attendants.*

GUIDE.

THIS bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,  
 It leaps across the terrible chasm  
 Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
 As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
 The summits of the hills had cracked,  
 And made a road for the cataract,  
 That raves and rages down the steep.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

Never any bridge but this  
 Could stand across the wild abyss;  
 All the rest, of wood or stone,  
 By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
 He toppled crags from the precipice,  
 And whatsoe'er was built by day  
 In the night was swept away;  
 None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

I showed you in the valley a boulder  
 Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;  
 As he was bearing it up this way,  
 A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jé!"  
 And the Devil dropped it in his fright,  
 And vanished suddenly out of sight!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,  
 For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
 Built this at last, with a single arch,  
 Under which, on its endless march,  
 Runs the river, white with foam,  
 Like a thread through the eye of a needle.

And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
 Under compact and condition  
 That the first living thing which  
 crossed  
 Should be surrendered into his hand,  
 And be beyond redemption lost.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! perdition!

GUIDE.

At length, the bridge being all completed,  
 The Abbot, standing at its head,  
 Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
 Which a hungry dog sprang after,  
 And the rocks reëchoed with peals of laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated!

*They pass on.*

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! defeated!  
 For journeys and for crimes like this  
 I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss!

#### THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the highest point. Two ways  
 the rivers  
 Leap down to different seas, and as  
 they roll  
 Grow deep and still, and their majestic  
 presence  
 Becomes a benefaction to the towns  
 They visit, wandering silently among  
 them,

Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses  
Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten;  
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft  
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away  
Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me  
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels  
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,  
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone.

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave,  
as she was,  
Upon angelic shoulders! Even now  
I seem uplifted by them, light as air!  
What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY.

These are  
The voices of the mountains! Thus  
they ope

Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,  
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads itself  
beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy! Italy!

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna!  
How beautiful it is! It seems a garden  
Of Paradise!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, of Gethsemane  
To thee and me, of passion and of prayer!  
Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago  
I wandered as a youth among its bowers,  
And never from my heart has faded quite  
Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,  
Encircles with a ring of purple light  
All the horizon of my youth.

GUIDE.

O friends!  
The days are short, the way before us long;  
We must not linger, if we think to reach  
The inn at Belinzona before vespers!  
*They pass on.*

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

*A halt under the trees at noon.*

PRINCE HENRY.

HERE let us pause a moment in the  
trembling

Shadow and sunshine of the road-side  
trees,  
And, our tired horses in a group  
assembling,  
Inhale long draughts of this delicious  
breeze.  
Our fleet steeds have distanced our  
attendants,  
They lag behind us with a slower  
pace;  
We will await them under the green  
pendants  
Of the great willows in this shady  
place.  
Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled  
haunches  
Sweat with this canter over hill and  
glade!  
Stand still, and let these overhanging  
branches  
Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee  
with shade!

ELSIE.

What a delightful landscape spreads  
before us,  
Marked with a whitewashed cottage  
here and there!  
And, in luxuriant garlands drooping  
o'er us,  
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the  
sunny air.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! what sweet sounds are those,  
whose accents holy  
Fill the warm noon with music sad  
and sweet!

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving  
slowly  
On their long journey, with uncovered  
feet.

PILGRIMS, *chaunting the Hymn of  
St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,

Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,  
Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
Cujus cives semper læti,  
Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,  
In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite  
dressed!

The soles of my feet are as hard and  
tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hilde-  
brand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives  
Of the bishops lead such shameful  
lives.

All day long I beat my breast,  
And chaunt with a most particular  
zest

The Latin hymns, which I understand  
Quite as well, I think, as the rest.

And at night such lodging in barns  
and sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
Such a clatter of tongues in empty  
heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers and  
sins!

Of all the contrivances of the time  
For sowing broadcast the seeds of  
crime,

There is none so pleasing to me and  
mine

As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine!

PRINCE HENRY.

If from the outward man we judge the  
inner

And cleanliness is godliness, I fear  
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened  
sinner,

Must be that Carmelite now passing  
near.

LUCIFER.

There is my German Prince again,  
Thus far on his journey to Salerno,

And the lovesick girl, whose heated  
brain

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;  
But it's a long road that has no turn!  
Let them quietly hold their way,  
I have also a part in the play.

But first I must act to my heart's content

This mummery and this merriment,  
And drive this motley flock of sheep  
Into the fold, where drink and sleep  
The jolly old friars of Benevent.

Of a truth, it often provokes me to  
laugh

To see these beggars hobble along,  
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon  
chaff,

Chaunting their wonderful piff and paff,  
And, to make up for not understand-  
ing the song,

Singing it fiercely, and wild, and  
strong!

Were it not for my magic garters and  
staff,

And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,  
And the mischief I make in the idle  
throng,

I should not continue the business  
long.

PILGRIMS, *chaunting*.

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,  
Ver æternum, pax perennis;  
In hâc odor implens cælos,  
In hâc semper festum melos!

PRINCE HENRY.

Do you observe that monk among  
the train,

Who pours from his great throat the  
roaring bass,

As a cathedral spout pours out the  
rain,

And this way turns his rubicund,  
round face?

ELSIE.

It is the same who, on the Strasburg  
square,

Preached to the people in the open  
air.

PRINCE HENRY.

And he has crossed o'er mountain,  
field, and fell,

On that good steed, that seems to  
bear him well,

The hackney of the Friars of Orders  
Gray,

His own stout legs! He, too, was in  
the play,

Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.  
Good morrow, Friar!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Good morrow, noble Sir!

PRINCE HENRY.

I speak in German, for, unless I err,  
You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I cannot gainsay you.  
But by what instinct, or what secret  
sign,

Meeting me here, do you straightway  
divine

That northward of the Alps my  
country lies?

PRINCE HENRY.

Your accent, like St. Peter's, would  
betray you,

Did not your yellow beard and your  
blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face  
before,

And heard you preach at the Cathedral  
door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg  
square.

We were among the crowd that  
gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with  
great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many years  
To walk with little children, your own  
will



Had caught a childish attitude from  
theirs,  
A kind of stooping in its form and  
gait,  
And could no longer stand erect and  
straight.

Whence come you now ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

From the old monastery  
Of Hirschau, in the forest; being  
sent  
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,  
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,  
That moves its holy eyes, and some-  
times speaks,  
And lets the piteous tears run down  
its cheeks,  
To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY.

O, had I faith, as in the days gone  
by,  
That knew no doubt, and feared no  
mystery !

LUCIFER, *at a distance.*

Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Farewell, Prince !  
I cannot stay to argue and convince.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's  
land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Re-  
deemer !

All hearts are touched and softened  
at her name ;  
Alike the bandit, with the bloody  
hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar,  
and the peasant,  
The man of deeds, the visionary  
dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever pres-  
ent !

And even as children, who have much  
offended

A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
Penitent, and yet not daring unat-  
tended

To go into his presence, at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and confiding  
wait

Till she goes in before and inter-  
cedes ;

So men, repenting of their evil deeds,  
And yet not venturing rashly to draw  
near

With their requests an angry father's  
ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their  
confession,

And she for them in heaven makes  
intercession.

And if our Faith had given us noth-  
ing more

Than this example of all womanhood,  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so  
good,

So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving,  
pure,

This were enough to prove it higher  
and truer

Than all the creeds the world had  
known before.

PILGRIMS, *chaunting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,  
Supra petram collocata,  
Urbs in portu satis tuto  
De longinquo te saluto,  
Te saluto, te suspiro,  
Te affecto, te requiro !

THE INN AT GENOA.

*A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,  
In all its vague immensity,  
Fading and darkening in the dis-  
tance !

Silent, majestic, and slow,  
The white ships haunt it to and fro,

With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
 As phantoms from another world  
 Haunt the dim confines of existence !  
 But ah ! how few can comprehend  
 Their signals, or to what good end  
 From land to land they come and go !  
 Upon a sea more vast and dark  
 The spirits of the dead embark,  
 All voyaging to unknown coasts.  
 We wave our farewells from the shore,  
 And they depart, and come no more,  
 Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death  
 Looms the great life that is to be,  
 A land of cloud and mystery,  
 A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
 Long dead, and passed beyond our  
 ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our  
 breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
 Leaving us in perplexity,  
 And doubtful whether it has been  
 A vision of the world unseen,  
 Or a bright image of our own  
 Against the sky in vapors thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.*

Thou didst not make it, thou canst  
 not mend it,  
 But thou hast the power to end it !  
 The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,  
 Deep it lies at thy very feet ;  
 There is no confessor like unto Death !  
 Thou canst not see him, but he is  
 near ;

Thou needest not whisper above thy  
 breath,

And he will hear ;  
 He will answer the questions,  
 The vague surmises and suggestions,  
 That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !

PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman, who lies afloat,  
 With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,  
 Is singing softly to the Night !  
 But do I comprehend aright

The meaning of the words he sung  
 So sweetly in his native tongue ?  
 Ah, yes ! the sea is still and deep.  
 All things within its bosom sleep !  
 A single step, and all is o'er :  
 A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;  
 And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free  
 From martyrdom and agony.

ELSIE, *coming from her chamber upon  
 the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless,  
 And still as still can be,  
 And the stars come forth to listen  
 To the music of the sea.  
 They gather, and gather, and gather,  
 Until they crowd the sky,  
 And listen, in breathless silence,  
 To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,  
 As a voice that chaunts alone  
 To the pedals of the organ  
 In monotonous undertone ;  
 And anon from shelving beaches,  
 And shallow sands beyond,  
 In snow-white robes uprising  
 The ghostly choirs respond.  
 And sadly and unceasing  
 The mournful voice sings on,  
 And the snow-white choirs still an-  
 swer  
 Christe eleison !

PRINCE HENRY.

Angel of God ! thy finer sense per-  
 ceives  
 Celestial and perpetual harmonies !  
 Thy purer soul, that trembles and  
 believes,  
 Hears the archangel's trumpet in the  
 breeze,  
 And where the forest rolls, or ocean  
 heaves,  
 Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,  
 And tongues of prophets speaking in  
 the leaves.  
 But I hear discord only and despair,  
 And whispers as of demons in the  
 air !

## AT SEA.

## IL PADRONE.

THE wind upon our quarter lies,  
 And on before the freshening gale,  
 That fills the snow-white lateen sail,  
 Swiftly our light felucca flies.  
 Around, the billows burst and foam ;  
 They lift her o'er the sunken rock,  
 They beat her sides with many a  
     shock,  
 And then upon their flowing dome  
 They poise her, like a weathercock !  
 Between us and the western skies  
 The hills of Corsica arise ;  
 Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,  
 The summits of the Apennine,  
 And southward, and still far away,  
 Salerno, on its sunny bay.  
 You cannot see it, where it lies.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that never more mine eyes  
 Might see its towers by night or day !

## ELSIE.

Behind us, dark and awfully,  
 There comes a cloud out of the sea,  
 That bears the form of a hunted deer,  
 With hide of brown, and hoofs of  
     black,  
 And antlers laid upon its back,  
 And fleeing fast and wild with fear,  
 As if the hounds were on its track !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Lo ! while we gaze, it breaks and  
     falls  
 In shapeless masses like the walls  
 Of a burnt city. Broad and red  
 The fires of the descending sun  
 Glare through the windows, and o'er-  
     head,  
 Athwart the vapors, dense and dun,  
 Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
 Like rafters that support the skies !

## ELSIE.

See ! from its summit the lurid levin  
 Flashes downward without warning,

As Lucifer, son of the morning,  
 Fell from the battlements of heaven !

## IL PADRONE.

I must entreat you, friends, below !  
 The angry storm begins to blow,  
 For the weather changes with the  
     moon.  
 All this morning, until noon,  
 We had baffling winds, and sudden  
     flaws  
 Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.  
 Only a little hour ago  
 I was whistling to Saint Antonio  
 For a capful of wind to fill our sail,  
 And instead of a breeze he has sent  
     a gale.  
 Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,  
 With their glimmering lanterns, all  
     at play  
 On the tops of the masts and the tips  
     of the spars,  
 And I knew we should have foul  
     weather to-day.  
 Cheerly, my hearties ! yo heave ho !  
 Brail up the mainsail, and let her go  
 As the winds will and Saint Antonio !

Do you see that Livornese felucca,  
 That vessel to the windward yonder,  
 Running with her gunwale under ?  
 I was looking when the wind o'er-  
     took her.  
 She had all sail set, and the only  
     wonder  
 Is, that at once the strength of the  
     blast  
 Did not carry away her mast.  
 She is a galley of the Gran Duca,  
 That, through the fear of the Alge-  
     rines,  
 Convoys those lazy brigantines,  
 Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.  
 Now all is ready, high and low ;  
 Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !  
 Ha ! that is the first dash of the  
     rain,  
 With a sprinkle of spray above the  
     rails,

Just enough to moisten our sails,  
 And make them ready for the strain.  
 See how she leaps, as the blasts o'er-  
   take her,  
 And speeds away with a bone in her  
   mouth!  
 Now keep her head toward the south,  
 And there is no danger of bank or  
   breaker.  
 With the breeze behind us, on we go;  
 Not too much, good Saint Antonio!

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## VI.

### THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

*A travelling Scholastic affixing his  
 Thesis to the gate of the College.*

#### SCHOLASTIC.

THERE, that is my gauntlet, my  
   banner, my shield,  
 Hung up as a challenge to all the  
   field!  
 One hundred and twenty-five propo-  
   sitions,  
 Which I will maintain with the sword  
   of the tongue  
 Against all disputants, old and young.  
 Let us see if doctors or dialecticians  
 Will dare to dispute my definitions,  
 Or attack any one of my learned  
   theses.  
 Here stand I; the end shall be as  
   God pleases.  
 I think I have proved, by profound  
   researches,  
 The error of all those doctrines so  
   vicious  
 Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,  
 That are making such terrible work  
   in the churches.  
 By Michael the Stammerer sent from  
   the East,  
 And done into Latin by that Scottish  
   beast,  
 Erigena Johannes, who dares to  
   maintain,

In the face of the truth, the error  
   infernally,  
 That the universe is and must be  
   eternal;  
 At first laying down, as a fact funda-  
   mental,  
 That nothing with God can be acci-  
   dental;  
 Then asserting that God before the  
   creation  
 Could not have existed, because it is  
   plain  
 That, had he existed, he would have  
   created;  
 Which is begging the question that  
   should be debated,  
 And moveth me less to anger than  
   laughter.  
 All nature, he holds, is a respiration  
 Of the Spirit of God, who, in breath-  
   ing, hereafter  
 Will inhale it into his bosom again,  
 So that nothing but God alone will  
   remain.  
 And therein he contradicteth himself;  
 For he opens the whole discussion by  
   stating,  
 That God can only exist in creating.  
 That question I think I have laid on  
   the shelf!  
*He goes out. Two Doctors come in  
 disputing, and followed by pupils.*

#### DOCTOR SERAFINO.

I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,  
 That a word which is only conceived  
   in the brain  
 Is a type of eternal Generation;  
 The spoken word is the Incarnation.

#### DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor Se-  
   raphic,  
 With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

#### DOCTOR SERAFINO.

You make but a paltry show of resist-  
   ance;  
 Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty  
chatter;  
Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your  
position,  
You wretched, wrangling culler of  
herbs!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May he send your soul to eternal per-  
dition,  
For your Treatise on the Irregular  
Verbs!

*They rush out fighting. Two Schol-  
ars come in.*

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Monte Cassino, then, is your College.  
What think you of ours here at  
Salern?

SECOND SCHOLAR.

To tell the truth, I arrived so lately,  
I hardly yet have had time to discern.  
So much, at least, I am bound to  
acknowledge:  
The air seems healthy, the buildings  
stately,  
And on the whole I like it greatly.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, the air is sweet; the Calabrian  
hills  
Send us down puffs of mountain air;  
And in summer-time the sea-breeze  
fills  
With its coolness cloister, and court,  
and square.  
Then at every season of the year  
There are crowds of guests and trav-  
ellers here;  
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and  
traders  
From the Levant, with figs and wine,

And bands of wounded and sick Cru-  
saders,  
Coming back from Palestine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

And what are the studies you pursue?  
What is the course you here go  
through?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

The first three years of the college  
course  
Are given to Logic alone, as the source  
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

That seems rather strange, I must  
confess,  
In a Medical School; yet, neverthe-  
less,  
You doubtless have reasons for that.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

O, yes!  
For none but a clever dialectician  
Can hope to become a great phy-  
sician;  
That has been settled long ago.  
Logic makes an important part  
Of the mystery of the healing art;  
For without it how could you hope to  
show  
That nobody knows so much as you  
know?  
After this there are five years more  
Devoted wholly to medicine,  
With lectures on chirurgical lore,  
And dissections of the bodies of swine,  
As likeliest the human form divine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

What are the books now most in  
vogue?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue;  
Mostly, however, books of our own;  
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,

And the writings of Matthew Placarius;  
 And a volume universally known  
 As the Regimen of the School of Salern,  
 For Robert of Normandy written in terse  
 And very elegant Latin verse.  
 Each of these writings has its turn.  
 And when at length we have finished these,

Then comes the struggle for degrees,  
 With all the oldest and ablest critics;  
 The public thesis and disputation,  
 Question, and answer, and explanation  
 Of a passage out of Hippocrates,  
 Or Aristotle's Analytics.

There the triumphant Magister stands!  
 A book is solemnly placed in his hands,  
 On which he swears to follow the rule  
 And ancient forms of the good old School;

To report if any confectionarius  
 Mingles his drugs with matters various,  
 And to visit his patients twice a day,  
 And once in the night, if they live in town,

And if they are poor, to take no pay.  
 Having faithfully promised these,  
 His head is crowned with a laurel crown;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,

The Magister Artium et Physices  
 Goes forth from the school like a lord  
 Of the land.

And now, as we have the whole morn-  
 ing before us,

Let us go in, if you make no objection,  
 And listen awhile to a learned prelec-  
 tion

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.*

LUCIFER.

This is the great School of Salern!  
 A land of wrangling and of quarrels,  
 Of brains that seethe and hearts that  
 burn,

Where every emulous scholar hears,  
 In every breath that comes to his ears,

The rustling of another's laurels!  
 The air of the place is called salu-  
 brious;

The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends  
 it

An odor volcanic, that rather mends  
 it,

And the buildings have an aspect  
 lugubrious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and  
 terror

Into the heart of the beholder,  
 And befits such an ancient homestead  
 of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder  
 and smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands  
 Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,  
 And sown like tares in the field of  
 truth,

To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the  
 gate?

The challenge of some scholastic  
 fight,

Who wishes to hold a public debate  
 On sundry questions wrong or right!  
 Ah, now this is my great delight!

For I have often observed of late  
 That such discussions end in a fight.  
 Let us see what the learned wag main-  
 tains

With such a prodigal waste of brains.

*Reads.*

"Whether angels in moving from  
 place to place

Pass through the intermediate space.  
 Whether God himself is the author of  
 evil,

Or whether that is the work of the  
 Devil.

When, where, and wherefore Lucifer  
 fell,

And whether he now is chained in  
 hell."

I think I can answer that question well!

So long as the boastful human mind Consents in such mills as this to grind,

I sit very firmly upon my throne!  
Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,  
To see men leaving the golden grain  
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
That old Peter Lombard thrashed

with his brain,  
To have it caught up and tossed again  
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is in the air

A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful Garden

Of Paradise, in the days that were!  
An odor of innocence, and of prayer,  
And of love, and faith that never fails,

Such as the fresh young heart exhales  
Before it begins to wither and harden!  
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere!  
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,  
That, after all my trouble and pain,  
After all my restless endeavor,  
The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,  
The most ethereal, most divine,  
Will escape from my hands forever

and ever,  
But the other is already mine!  
Let him live to corrupt his race,  
Breathing among them, with every breath,

Weakness, selfishness, and the base  
And pusillanimous fear of death.  
I know his nature, and I know  
That of all who in my ministry  
Wander the great earth to and fro,  
And on my errands come and go,  
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with attendants.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then you know our purpose.  
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this  
The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

LUCIFER.

It is a very grave and solemn business!

We must not be precipitate. Does she

Without compulsion, of her own free will,

Consent to this?

PRINCE HENRY.

Against all opposition,  
Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations,  
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER.

That is strange!  
Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

I come not here  
To argue, but to die. Your business is not

To question, but to kill me. I am ready.

I am impatient to be gone from here  
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again

The spirit of tranquillity within me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here! Would I were dead,

And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,

And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?

Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be;  
 Not if these cold, flat stones on which  
 we tread  
 Were coulters heated white, and yon-  
 der gateway  
 Flamed like a furnace with a seven-  
 fold heat.  
 I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it!  
 Not one step farther. For I only  
 meant  
 To put thus far thy courage to the  
 proof.  
 It is enough. I, too, have courage to  
 die,  
 For thou hast taught me!

ELSIE.

O my Prince! remember  
 Your promises. Let me fulfil my  
 errand.  
 You do not look on life and death as  
 I do.  
 There are two angels, that attend  
 unseen  
 Each one of us, and in great books  
 record  
 Our good and evil deeds. He who  
 writes down  
 The good ones, after every action  
 closes  
 His volume, and ascends with it to  
 God.  
 The other keeps his dreadful day-  
 book open  
 Till sunset, that we may repent; which  
 doing,  
 The record of the action fades away,  
 And leaves a line of white across the  
 page.  
 Now if my act be good, as I believe,  
 It cannot be recalled. It is already  
 Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed  
 accomplished.  
 The rest is yours. Why wait you?  
 I am ready.

*To her attendants.*

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice  
 with me.  
 I shall not feel the pain, but shall be  
 gone,  
 And you will have another friend in  
 heaven.  
 Then start not at the creaking of the  
 door  
 Through which I pass. I see what  
 lies beyond it.

*To PRINCE HENRY.*

And you, O Prince! bear back my  
 benison  
 Unto my father's house, and all within  
 it.  
 This morning in the church I prayed  
 for them,  
 After confession, after absolution,  
 When my whole soul was white, I  
 prayed for them.  
 God will take care of them, they need  
 me not.  
 And in your life let my remembrance  
 linger,  
 As something not to trouble and dis-  
 turb it,  
 But to complete it, adding life to life.  
 And if at times beside the evening  
 fire  
 You see my face among the other  
 faces,  
 Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
 That haunts your house, but as a  
 guest that loves you.  
 Nay, even as one of your own family,  
 Without whose presence there were  
 something wanting.  
 I have no more to say. Let us go in.

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo! I charge you on your  
 life,  
 Believe not what she says, for she is  
 mad,  
 And comes here not to die, but to be  
 healed.



ELSIE.

Alas ! Prince Henry !

LUCIFER.

Come with me ; this way.

ELSIE *goes in with* LUCIFER, *who thrusts* PRINCE HENRY *back and closes the door.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Gone ! and the light of all my life  
gone with her !

A sudden darkness falls upon the  
world !

O, what a vile and abject thing am I,  
That purchase length of days at such  
a cost !

Not by her death alone, but by the  
death

Of all that's good and true and noble  
in me !

All manhood, excellence, and self-  
respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and  
heart are dead !

All my divine nobility of nature

By this one act is forfeited forever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in name !

*To the attendants.*

Why did you let this horrible deed  
be done ?

Why did you not lay hold on her,  
and keep her

From self-destruction ? Angelo !  
murderer !

*Struggles at the door, but cannot open  
it.*

ELSIE *within*.

Farewell, dear Prince ! farewell !

PRINCE HENRY.

Unbar the door !

LUCIFER.

It is too late !

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall not be too late !

*They burst the door open and rush  
in.*

THE COTTAGE IN THE ODENWALD.

URSULA, *spinning. Summer after-  
noon. A table spread.*

URSULA.

I HAVE marked it well, — it must be  
true, —

Death never takes one alone, but  
two !

Whenever he enters in at a door,  
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,  
He always leaves it upon the latch,  
And comes again ere the year is o'er.  
Never one of a household only !

Perhaps it is a mercy of God,  
Lest the dead there under the sod,  
In the land of strangers, should be  
lonely !

Ah me ! I think I am lonelier here !  
It is hard to go, — but harder to stay !  
Were it not for the children, I should  
pray

That Death would take me within the  
year !

And Gottlieb ! — he is at work all  
day,

In the sunny field, or the forest murk,  
But I know that his thoughts are far  
away,

I know that his heart is not in his  
work !

And when he comes home to me at  
night

He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,  
And I see the great tears in his eyes,

And try to be cheerful for his sake.

Only the children's hearts are light.

Mine is weary, and ready to break.

God help us ! I hope we have done  
right ;

We thought we were acting for the  
best !

*Looking through the open door.*

Who is it coming under the trees ?  
 A man, in the Prince's livery dressed !  
 He looks about him with doubtful  
     face,  
 As if uncertain of the place.  
 He stops at the beehives ; — now he  
     sees  
 The garden gate ; — he is going past !  
 Can he be afraid of the bees ?  
 No ; he is coming in at last !  
 He fills my heart with strange alarm !

*Enter a Forester.*

FORESTER.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm ?

URSULA.

This is his farm, and I his wife.  
 Pray sit. What may your business  
     be ?

FORESTER.

News from the Prince !

URSULA.

Of death or life ?

FORESTER.

You put your questions eagerly !

URSULA.

Answer me, then ! How is the  
     Prince ?

FORESTER.

I left him only two hours since  
 Homeward returning down the river,  
 As strong and well as if God, the  
     Giver,  
 Had given him back his youth again.

URSULA, *despairing*.

Then, Elsie, my poor child, is dead !

FORESTER.

That, my good woman, I have not  
     said.

Don't cross the bridge till you come  
     to it,  
 Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

URSULA.

Keep me no longer in this pain !

FORESTER.

It is true your daughter is no more ; —  
 That is, the peasant she was before.

URSULA.

Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred,  
 I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.  
 And it is not well that you of the  
     court  
 Should mock me thus, and make a  
     sport  
 Of a joyless mother whose child is  
     dead,  
 For you, too, were of mother born !

FORESTER.

Your daughter lives, and the Prince  
     is well !  
 You will learn ere long how it all be-  
     fell.  
 Her heart for a moment never failed ;  
 But when they reached Salerno's  
     gate,  
 The Prince's nobler self prevailed,  
 And saved her for a nobler fate.  
 And he was healed, in his despair,  
 By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred  
     bones ;  
 Though I think the long ride in the  
     open air,  
 That pilgrimage over stocks and  
     stones,  
 In the miracle must come in for a  
     share !

URSULA.

Virgin ! who lovest the poor and  
     lowly,  
 If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
 Can ever ascend to where thou art,  
 Into thy blessed hands and holy  
 Receive my prayer of praise and  
     thanksgiving.

Let the hands that bore our Saviour  
bear it  
Into the awful presence of God;  
For thy feet with holiness are shod,  
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.  
Our child who was dead again is living!

FORESTER.

I did not tell you she was dead;  
If you thought so 't was no fault of mine;  
At this very moment, while I speak,  
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,  
In a splendid barge, with golden prow,  
And decked with banners white and red  
As the colors on your daughter's cheek.  
They call her the Lady Alicia now;  
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow  
That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA.

Jesu Maria! what a change!  
All seems to me so weird and strange!

FORESTER.

I saw her standing on the deck,  
Beneath an awning cool and shady;  
Her cap of velvet could not hold  
The tresses of her hair of gold,  
That flowed and floated like the stream,  
And fell in masses down her neck.  
As fair and lovely did she seem  
As in a story or a dream  
Some beautiful and foreign lady.  
And the Prince looked so grand and proud,  
And waved his hand thus to the crowd  
That gazed and shouted from the shore,  
All down the river, long and loud.

URSULA.

We shall behold our child once more;  
She is not dead! She is not dead!

God, listening, must have overheard  
The prayers that, without sound or word,  
Our hearts in secrecy have said!  
O, bring me to her; for mine eyes  
Are hungry to behold her face;  
My very soul within me cries;  
My very hands seem to caress her,  
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her;  
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

*Goes out toward the garden.*

FORESTER.

There goes the good woman out of  
her head;  
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here;  
A very capacious flagon of beer,  
And a very portentous loaf of bread.  
One would say his grief did not much  
oppress him.  
Here 's to the health of the Prince,  
God bless him!

*He drinks.*

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a hornet!  
And what a scene there, through the door!  
The forest behind and the garden before,  
And midway an old man of threescore,  
With a wife and children that caress him.  
Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it  
With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet!

*Goes out blowing his horn.*

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE  
RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing  
on the terrace at evening. The  
sound of bells heard from a distance.

PRINCE HENRY.

We are alone. The wedding guests  
Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,

And the descending dark invests  
The Niederwald, and all the nests  
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so slow,  
So mellow, musical, and low ?

PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,  
That with their melancholy chime  
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY.

They are done !  
Dear Elsie ! many years ago  
Those same soft bells at eventide  
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,  
As, seated by Fastrada's side  
At Ingelheim, in all his pride  
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me  
Of peace and deep tranquillity,  
And endless confidence in thee !

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her ring,  
How, when the court went back to Aix,  
Fastrada died ; and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day,  
Till into one of the blue lakes,  
Which water that delicious land,  
They cast the ring, drawn from her  
hand ;

And the great monarch sat serene  
And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land forever more.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen  
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be ?  
Wilt thou so love me after death ?

PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
In storm and sunshine, night and day,  
In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter, I am thine !  
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath  
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes  
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
And, undisturbed by this world's  
breath,

With magic light its jewels shine !  
This golden ring, which thou hast worn  
Upon thy finger since the morn,  
Is but a symbol and a semblance,  
An outward fashion, a remembrance,  
Of what thou wearest within unseen,  
O my Fastrada, O my queen !  
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow  
With purple and with amethyst ;  
While the whole valley deep below  
Is filled, and seems to overflow,  
With a fast-rising tide of mist.  
The evening air grows damp and chill ;  
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.  
See yonder fire ! It is the moon  
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.  
It glimmers on the forest tips,  
And through the dewy foliage drips  
In little rivulets of light,  
And makes the heart in love with night.

PRINCE HENRY.

Oft on this terrace, when the day  
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,  
And seen the landscape fade away,  
And the white vapors rise and drown  
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,  
While far above the hill-tops blazed.  
But then another hand than thine  
Was gently held and clasped in mine ;  
Another head upon my breast  
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.

Why dost thou lift those tender eyes  
With so much sorrow and surprise ?  
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,  
Was that which in my own was  
pressed.

A manly form usurped thy place,  
A beautiful, but bearded face,  
That now is in the Holy Land,  
Yet in my memory from afar  
Is shining on us like a star.  
But linger not. For while I speak,  
A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,  
And lays his hand upon thy cheek.

*They go in.*

### EPILOGUE.

#### THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS, *with  
closed book.*

GOD sent his messenger the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
"Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,  
From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's heart,  
"Rise up, and look from where thou  
art,

And scatter with unselfish hands  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death."

O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weakness  
Are like the yielding, but irresistible  
air.

Upon the pages  
Of the sealed volume that I bear,  
The deed divine  
Is written in characters of gold,  
That never shall grow old,  
But through all ages

Burn and shine,  
With soft effulgence !  
O God ! it is thy indulgence  
That fills the world with the bliss  
Of a good deed like this !

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS, *with  
open book.*

Not yet, not yet  
Is the red sun wholly set,  
But evermore recedes,  
While open still I bear  
The Book of Evil Deeds,  
To let the breathings of the upper air  
Visit its pages and erase  
The records from its face !  
Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
In the broad blaze  
The glimmering landscape shines,  
And below me the black river  
Is hidden by wreaths of vapor !  
Fainter and fainter the black lines  
Begin to quiver  
Along the whitening surface of the  
paper ;  
Shade after shade  
The terrible words grow faint and  
fade,  
And in their place  
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun  
But the soul of one,  
Who by repentance  
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
Shines bright below me as I look.  
It is the end !  
With closed Book  
To God do I ascend.

Lo ! over the mountain steeps  
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
Beneath my feet ;  
A blackness inwardly brightening  
With sullen heat,  
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.  
And a cry of lamentation,  
Repeated and again repeated,  
Deep and loud  
As the reverberation

Of cloud answering unto cloud,  
 Swells and rolls away in the distance,  
 As if the sheeted  
 Lightning retreated,  
 Baffled and thwarted by the wind's  
 resistance.

It is Lucifer,  
 The son of mystery;  
 And since God suffers him to be  
 He, too, is God's minister,  
 And labors for some good  
 By us not understood!

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA, 1855.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these  
 stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,  
 With the odors of the forest,  
 With the dew and damp of meadows,  
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
 With the rushing of great rivers,  
 With their frequent repetitions,  
 And their wild reverberations,  
 As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
 "From the forests and the prairies,  
 From the great lakes of the North-  
 land,

From the land of the Ojibways,  
 From the land of the Dacotahs,  
 From the mountains, moors, and fen-  
 lands,

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
 I repeat them as I heard them  
 From the lips of Nawadaha,  
 The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
 Found these songs, so wild and way-  
 ward,

Found these legends and traditions,  
 I should answer, I should tell you,  
 "In the bird's-nests of the forest,  
 In the lodges of the beaver,  
 In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
 In the eyry of the eagle!

"All the wild-fowl sang them to  
 him,

In the moorlands and the fen-lands,  
 In the melancholy marshes;  
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
 Mahng, the loon, the wild goose,  
 Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

If still further you should ask me,  
 Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?  
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,"

I should answer your inquiries  
 Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
 In the green and silent valley,  
 By the pleasant water-courses,  
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.  
 Round about the Indian village  
 Spread the meadows and the corn-  
 fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,  
 Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
 Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses,  
 You could trace them through the  
 valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
 By the alders in the Summer,  
 By the white fog in the Autumn,  
 By the black line in the Winter;  
 And beside them dwelt the singer,  
 In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
 In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,  
 Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
 How he prayed and how he fasted,  
 How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
 That the tribes of men might prosper,  
 That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
 Love the shadow of the forest,  
 Love the wind among the branches,

And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,

And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries ; —  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken ; —  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings

For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness

And are lifted up and strengthened ; —

Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles,  
Through the green lanes of the country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter ; —

Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

## I.

## THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Light, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging downward

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way !"

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it ;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow ;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,

From the Valley of Wyoming,  
 From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
 From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
 From the Northern lakes and rivers,  
 All the tribes beheld the signal,  
 Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations  
 Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!  
 By this signal from afar off,  
 Bending like a wand of willow,  
 Waving like a hand that beckons,  
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 Calls the tribes of men together,  
 Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
 Came the warriors of the nations,  
 Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
 Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
 Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
 Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,  
 Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
 Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
 All the warriors drawn together  
 By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
 To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
 To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the  
 meadow,

With their weapons and their war gear,  
 Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
 Painted like the sky of morning,  
 Wildly glaring at each other;  
 In their faces stern defiance,  
 In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
 The hereditary hatred,  
 The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 The creator of the nations,  
 Looked upon them with compassion,  
 With paternal love and pity;  
 Looked upon their wrath and wran-  
 gling

But as quarrels among children,  
 But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right  
 hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,  
 To allay their thirst and fever,  
 By the shadow of his right hand;

Spake to them with voice majestic  
 As the sound of far-off waters,  
 Falling into deep abysses,  
 Warning, chiding, spake in this  
 wise:—

"O my children! my poor children!  
 Listen to the words of wisdom,  
 Listen to the words of warning,  
 From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
 From the Master of Life, who made  
 you.

"I have given you lands to hunt in,  
 I have given you streams to fish in,  
 I have given you bear and bison,  
 I have given you roe and reindeer,  
 I have given you brant and beaver,  
 Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
 Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
 Why then are you not contented?  
 Why then will you hunt each other?"

"I am weary of your quarrels,  
 Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
 Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
 All your strength is in your union,  
 All your danger is in discord;  
 Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
 And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,  
 A Deliverer of the nations,  
 Who shall guide you and shall teach  
 you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
 If you listen to his counsels,  
 You will multiply and prosper;  
 If his warnings pass unheeded,  
 You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before  
 you,

Wash the war-paint from your faces,  
 Wash the blood-stains from your fin-  
 gers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
 Break the red stone from this quarry,  
 Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
 Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
 Deck them with your brightest feath-  
 ers,

Smoke the calumet together,  
 And as brothers live henceforward!"



Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-  
skin,  
Threw their weapons and their war-  
gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their  
faces.

Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending ;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of  
crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,  
Clean and washed from all their war-  
paint ;

On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons.  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the creator,  
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-  
Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest  
feathers,

And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-cur-  
tains,

Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

## II.

### THE FOUR WINDS.

"HONOR be to Mudjekeewis !"  
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
When he came in triumph homeward  
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
From the regions of the North-Wind,  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum  
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
From the Great Bear of the moun-  
tains,

From the terror of the nations,  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains,  
Like a rock with mosses on it,  
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him, almost scared  
him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,  
As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears, that heard not,  
Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
Over the long nose and nostrils,  
The black muffle of the nostrils,  
Out of which the heavy breathing  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,  
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,  
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of the forehead,  
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;  
But his knees beneath him trembled,  
And he whimpered like a woman,  
As he reeled and staggered forward,  
As he sat upon his haunches ;  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Standing fearlessly before him,  
Taunted him in loud derision,  
Spake disdainfully in this wise : —

"Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,  
And no Brave, as you pretended ;  
Else you would not cry and whimper  
Like a miserable woman !  
Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,  
Long have been at war together ;  
Now you find that we are strongest,  
You go sneaking in the forest,  
You go hiding in the mountains !  
Had you conquered me in battle  
Not a groan would I have uttered ;  
But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,  
And disgrace your tribe by crying,

Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
Like a cowardly old woman !”

Then again he raised his war-club,  
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of his forehead,  
Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
When one goes to fish in Winter.  
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
He the Great Bear of the mountains,  
He the terror of the nations.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis !”  
With a shout exclaimed the people.  
“Honor be to Mudjekeewis !  
Henceforth he shall be the West-  
Wind,

And hereafter and forever  
Shall he hold supreme dominion  
Over all the winds of heaven.  
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind !”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
Father of the Winds of Heaven.  
For himself he kept the West-Wind,  
Gave the others to his children ;  
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,  
Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,  
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;  
He it was who brought the morning,  
He it was whose silver arrows  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;  
He it was whose cheeks were painted  
With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
And whose voice awoke the village,  
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;  
Though the birds sang gayly to him,  
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow  
Filled the air with odors for him,  
Though the forests and the rivers  
Sang and shouted at his coming,  
Still his heart was sad within him,  
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,  
While the village still was sleeping,  
And the fog lay on the river,  
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
He beheld a maiden walking  
All alone upon a meadow,

Gathering water-flags and rushes  
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,  
Still the first thing he beheld there  
Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
And he loved the lonely maiden,  
Who thus waited for his coming ;  
For they both were solitary,  
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,  
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,  
With his flattering words he wooed  
her,

With his sighing and his singing,  
Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
Softest music, sweetest odors,  
Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson,  
Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom ;  
And forever in the heavens  
They are seen together walking,  
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and  
yellow ;

He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,  
Drove the loon and sea-gull south-  
ward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew  
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang  
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,  
From his home among the icebergs,  
And his hair, with snow besprinkled  
Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river.  
As he howled and hurried southward,  
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes  
Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,  
Lingering still among the moorlands,  
Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
"Who is this that dares to brave me ?  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone south-

ward,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward ?  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire out !"

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wailing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;  
Four great logs had he for fire-wood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him.  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal !"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,  
Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
Making dints upon the ashes,  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,  
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,  
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,

Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the  
door-way,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,  
Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with him,  
To come forth and wrestle naked  
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
Wrestled all night with the North-  
Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
Till he reeled and staggered backward,  
And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
To the land of the White Rabbit,  
Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal !"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,  
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.  
He it was who sent the wood-birds,  
Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, north-

ward,  
Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with smooth-

ness,  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
To the melancholy north-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee !  
In his life he had one shadow,

In his heart one sorrow had he.  
Once, as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie  
He beheld a maiden standing,  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie;  
Brightest green were all her garments,  
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,  
Day by day he sighed with passion,  
Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and longing  
For the maid with yellow tresses.  
But he was too fat and lazy  
To bestir himself and woo her;  
Yes, too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her.  
So he only gazed upon her,  
Only sat and sighed with passion  
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking north-  
ward,

He beheld her yellow tresses  
Changed and covered o'er with white-  
ness,

Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.  
"Ah! my brother from the North-land,  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit!  
You have stolen the maiden from me,  
You have laid your hand upon her,  
You have wooed and won my maiden,  
With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
Breathed into the air his sorrow;  
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie  
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,  
With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,  
Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
And the maid with hair like sunshine  
Vanished from his sight forever;  
Never more did Shawondasee  
See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!  
'T was no woman that you gazed at,  
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,  
'T was the prairie dandelion  
That through all the dreamy Summer  
You had gazed at with such longing,

You had sighed for with such passion,  
And had puffed away forever,  
Blown into the air with sighing.  
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;  
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
Had their stations in the heavens;  
At the corners of the heavens;  
For himself the West-Wind only  
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

### III.

#### HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twi-  
light,

In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,  
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
When her rival, the rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred,  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,  
And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening twi-  
light,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
"See! a star falls!" said the people;  
"From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,  
There among the prairie lilies,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the starlight,  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.  
And she called her name Wenonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters.  
And the daughter of Nokomis  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating,

"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;  
Listen not to what he tells you ;  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and harm  
you !"

But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
And the West-Wind came at even-  
ing,

Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and blos-  
soms,

Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
Lying there among the lilies,  
Wooded her with his words of sweet-  
ness,

Wooded her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
Thus was born the child of wonder ;  
But the daughter of Nokomis,  
Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
In her anguish died deserted  
By the West-Wind, false and faith-  
less,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly  
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;  
"O that I were dead!" she mur-  
mured,

"O that I were dead, as thou art !  
No more work, and no more weeping,  
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,

Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush ! the Naked Bear will get  
thee !"

Lulled him into Slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea ! my little owl !  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?  
With his great eyes lights the wig-  
wam ?"

Ewa-yea ! my little owl !"

Many things Nokomis taught him  
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the  
spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and war-  
clubs,

Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter ;  
Showed the broad, white road in  
heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shad-  
ows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha ;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-  
trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;  
"Minne-wawa !" said the pine-trees,  
"Mudway-aushka !" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :  
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !"

Saw the moon rise from the water  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,

Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :

"Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw her

Up into the sky at midnight ;  
Right against the moon he threw her ;  
'T is her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :  
"T is the heaven of flowers you see there ;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
"What is that?" he cried in terror ;  
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered :  
"That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,

He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the arrows,  
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :

"Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
In and out among the branches,  
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his laughing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Half in fear and half in frolic,  
Saying to the little hunter,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
Leading downward to the river,  
To the ford across the river,  
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the pathway,

Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above him,  
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,  
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
But the wary roebuck started,  
Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
Listened with one foot uplifted,  
Leaped as if to meet the arrow,  
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;  
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
By the ford across the river;  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha  
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
As he bore the red deer homeward,  
And Iagoo and Nokomis  
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis  
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
Made a banquet in his honor.  
All the village came and feasted,  
All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-  
taha!  
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-  
taysee!

## IV.

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him!  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,

Shoot them with such strength and  
swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasins enchanted,  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;  
When he bound them round his ankles,  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father;  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leg-  
gings,

Richly wrought with quills and wam-  
pum;

On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with  
feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,  
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha!  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning;  
Forth he strode into the forest,

At each stride a mile he measured ;  
 Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
 Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
 Hot and close the air around him,  
 Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
 As of burning woods and prairies,  
 For his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
 Left the antelope and bison ;  
 Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw,  
 Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
 Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
 Where upon the gusty summits  
 Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
 Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
 At the aspect of his father.  
 On the air about him wildly  
 Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
 Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
 Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
 When he looked on Hiawatha,  
 Saw his youth rise up before him  
 In the face of Hiawatha,  
 Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
 From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome !" said he, "Hiawatha,  
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind !  
 Long have I been waiting for you !  
 Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
 Youth is fiery, age is frosty ;  
 You bring back the days departed,  
 You bring back my youth of passion,  
 And the beautiful Wenonah !"

Many days they talked together,  
 Questioned, listened, waited, answered ;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
 Boasted of his ancient prowess,

Of his perilous adventures,  
 His indomitable courage,  
 His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
 Listening to his father's boasting ;  
 With a smile he sat and listened,  
 Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
 Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
 But his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,  
 Is there nothing that can harm you ?  
 Nothing that you are afraid of ?"  
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
 Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
 Answered, saying, "There is nothing,  
 Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
 Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek !"

And he looked at Hiawatha  
 With a wise look and benignant,  
 With a countenance paternal,  
 Looked with pride upon the beauty  
 Of his tall and graceful figure,  
 Saying, "O my Hiawatha !  
 Is there anything can harm you ?  
 Anything you are afraid of ?"

But the wary Hiawatha  
 Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
 Held his peace, as if resolving,  
 And then answered, "There is nothing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
 Nothing but the great Apukwa !"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
 Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,  
 Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
 "Kago ! kago ! do not touch it !"  
 "Ah, kaween !" said Mudjekeewis,  
 "No indeed, I will not touch it !"

Then they talked of other matters ;  
 First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
 First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
 Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
 Of the North, Kabibonokka ;  
 Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
 Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
 Of her birth upon the meadow,  
 Of her death, as old Nokomis



Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps.  
You confess it! you confess it!"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from  
him,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains;  
From his eyry screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle;  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above  
them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,

Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the moun-  
tains,

Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudje-  
keewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!

'T is impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage;  
Now receive the prize of valor!

"Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms  
it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the moun-  
tains.

"And at last when Death draws  
near you,

When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha;

Pleasant was the landscape round  
him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of ven-  
geance,

From his heart the burning fever.  
Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the  
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and costly.  
With him dwelt his dark-eyed  
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sun-  
shine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned alter-  
nate,

Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the  
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water

From behind its screen of branches ?  
Who shall say what thoughts and  
visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?

All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water !

## V.

### HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-  
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
And, with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he  
fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wan-  
dered ;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-  
ming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-trees,  
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.

" Master of Life ! " he cried, despond-  
ing,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance!

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis,  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted;  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,

Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendor of the sunset;  
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion

On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!  
All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
For you pray not like the others,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labor  
You shall gain what you have prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches.  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;  
At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigor  
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset.  
And the more they strove and struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'T is enough!" then said Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
I will come again to try you."  
And he vanished, and was seen not;  
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,

Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,  
When the sun through heaven descending,

Like a red and burning cinder,  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
Fell into the western waters,  
Came Modamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha;  
Came as silent as the dew comes,  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning,  
Taking shape when earth it touches,  
But invisible to all men

In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,  
Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me;

Strip these garments, green and yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,

Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;  
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,  
Talking to the darksome forest;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided  
At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha,  
Came imploring and bewailing,  
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,  
Only said to her, "Nokomis,  
Wait until the sun is setting,  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
For the coming of Mondamin,  
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
Lengthened over field and forest,  
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,  
With his soft and shining tresses,  
With his garments green and yellow,

With his long and glossy plumage,  
 Stood and beckoned at the doorway.  
 And as one in slumber walking,  
 Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
 From the wigwam Hiawatha  
 Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,  
 Sky and forest reeled together,  
 And his strong heart leaped within  
 him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
 In a net to break its meshes.  
 Like a ring of fire around him  
 Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
 And a hundred suns seemed looking  
 At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
 All alone stood Hiawatha,  
 Panting with his wild exertion,  
 Palpitating with the struggle;  
 And before him, breathless, lifeless,  
 Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
 Plumage torn, and garments tattered,  
 Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha  
 Made the grave as he commanded,  
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
 Stripped his tattered plumage from  
 him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it  
 Soft and loose and light above him;  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From the melancholy moorlands,  
 Gave a cry of lamentation,  
 Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha  
 To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
 And the seven days of his fasting  
 Were accomplished and completed,  
 But the place was not forgotten  
 Where he wrestled with Mondamin;  
 Nor forgotten nor neglected  
 Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
 Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
 Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha

Go to wait and watch beside it;  
 Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
 Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
 Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
 Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
 From the earth shot slowly upward,  
 Then another and another,  
 And before the Summer ended  
 Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
 With its shining robes about it,  
 And its long, soft, yellow tresses;  
 And in rapture Hiawatha  
 Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!  
 Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis  
 And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 Showed them where the maize was  
 growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,  
 Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
 Of this new gift to the nations,  
 Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn  
 Changed the long, green leaves to  
 yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels  
 Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
 Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
 Stripped the withered husks from off  
 them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,  
 Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
 And made known unto the people  
 This new gift of the Great Spirit.

## VI.

### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
 Singled out from all the others,  
 Bound to him in closest union,  
 And to whom he gave the right hand  
 Of his heart, in joy and sorrow:  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the path-  
 way,

Never grew the grass upon it;

Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
 Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
 Found no eager ear to listen,  
 Could not breed ill-will between them,  
 For they kept each other's counsel,  
 Spake with naked hearts together,  
 Pondering much and much contriving  
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers.  
 Beautiful and childlike was he,  
 Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
 Pliant as a wand of willow,  
 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;  
 All the warriors gathered round him,  
 All the women came to hear him ;  
 Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
 Flutes so musical and mellow,  
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
 That the wood-birds ceased from sing-  
 ing,

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
 Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
 Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach my waves to flow in music,  
 Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
 Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
 Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
 Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
 Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as melancholy,  
 Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature  
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;  
 All the hearts of men were softened

By the pathos of his music ;  
 For he sang of peace and freedom,  
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;  
 Sang of death, and life undying  
 In the Islands of the Blessed,  
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers ;  
 For his gentleness he loved him,  
 And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
 Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 He the strongest of all mortals,  
 He the mightiest among many ;  
 For his very strength he loved him,  
 For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
 Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
 Never played with other children,  
 Never fished and never hunted,  
 Not like other children was he ;  
 But they saw that much he fasted,  
 Much his Manito entreated,  
 Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,  
 "In my work you never help me !  
 In the Summer you are roaming  
 Idly in the fields and forests ;  
 In the Winter you are cowering  
 O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !  
 In the coldest days of Winter  
 I must break the ice for fishing ;  
 With my nets you never help me !  
 At the door my nets are hanging,  
 Dripping, freezing with the water ;  
 Go and wring them, Yenadizze !  
 Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
 Rose, but made no angry answer ;  
 From the lodge went forth in silence,  
 Took the nets, that hung together,  
 Dripping, freezing at the doorway ;  
 Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
 Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
 Could not wring them without break-  
 ing,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,  
 "In the hunt you never help me;  
 Every bow you touch is broken,  
 Snapped asunder every arrow;  
 Yet come with me to the forest,  
 You shall bring the hunting home-  
 ward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
 Where a brooklet led them onward,  
 Where the trail of deer and bison  
 Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
 Till they found all further passage  
 Shut against them, barred securely  
 By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
 And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old  
 man,  
 "O'er these logs we cannot clamber;  
 Not a woodchuck could get through  
 them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"  
 And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
 And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
 But before his pipe was finished,  
 Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
 To the right hand, to the left hand,  
 Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
 Hurling the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young  
 men,

As they sported in the meadow;  
 "Why stand idly looking at us,  
 Leaning on the rock behind you?  
 Come and wrestle with the others,  
 Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
 To their challenge made no answer,  
 Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
 Tore it from its deep foundation,  
 Poised it in the air a moment,  
 Pitched it sheer into the river,  
 Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
 Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
 Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
 Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
 In the stream he saw a beaver,

Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
 Struggling with the rushing currents,  
 Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
 Kwasind leaped into the river,  
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
 Through the whirlpools chased the  
 beaver,

Followed him among the islands,  
 Stayed so long beneath the water,  
 That his terrified companions  
 Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!  
 We shall never more see Kwasind!"  
 But he reappeared triumphant,  
 And upon his shining shoulders  
 Brought the beaver, dead and drip-  
 ping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
 Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
 Long they lived in peace together,  
 Spake with naked hearts together,  
 Pondering much and much contriving  
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

## VII.

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-  
 Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!  
 Growing by the rushing river,  
 Tall and stately in the valley!  
 I a light canoe will build me,  
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
 That shall float upon the river,  
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
 Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-  
 Tree!

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
 For the summer-time is coming,  
 And the sun is warm in heaven,  
 And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
 In the solitary forest,  
 By the rushing Taquamenaw,

When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath  
me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of  
cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-  
work,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped  
them,  
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tama-  
rack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-  
Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,

Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of dark-  
ness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and  
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedge-  
hog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-  
hog!"

I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he  
gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yel-  
low,

With the juice of roots and berries;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming neck-  
lace,

On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river



Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,

And his wishes served to guide him;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,

While his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind

Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,

Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,

To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

### VIII.

#### HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumeë,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,

With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch-canoe exulting,  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water

He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him;  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;  
Through his gills he breathed the water,

With his fins he fanned and winnowed,

With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor;  
On each side a shield to guard him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders

Plates of bone with spines projecting!  
Painted was he with his war-paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha

In his birch-canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath him,  
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!  
Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger!"

And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water,  
Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes !"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamor,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting ;  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !"

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, he tugged so  
That the birch-canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are not the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !"

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crimson,  
"Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies,  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting up his disk refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !"  
Slowly downward, wavering, gleam-  
ing,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom  
Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armor,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-  
paint ;

In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gayly,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
 "O my little friend, the squirrel,  
 Bravely have you toiled to help me ;  
 Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
 And the name which now he gives  
 you ;

For hereafter and forever  
 Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
 Tail-in-air the boys shall call you !"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 Gaped and quivered in the water,  
 Then was still, and drifted landward  
 Till he grated on the pebbles,  
 Till the listening Hiawatha  
 Heard him grate upon the margin,  
 Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
 Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
 Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flap-  
 ping,

As of many wings assembling,  
 Heard a screaming and confusion,  
 As of birds of prey contending,  
 Saw a gleam of light above him,  
 Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
 Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
 Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
 Gazing at him through the opening,  
 Heard them saying to each other,  
 "T is our brother, Hiawatha !"

And he shouted from below them,  
 Cried exulting from the caverns :  
 "O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
 I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
 Make the rifts a little larger,  
 With your claws the openings widen,  
 Set me free from this dark prison,  
 And henceforward and forever  
 Men shall speak of your achieve-  
 ments,  
 Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
 Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratch-  
 ers !"

And the wild and clamorous sea-  
 gulls  
 Toiled with beak and claws together,  
 Made the rifts and openings wider  
 In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
 And from peril and from prison,  
 From the body of the sturgeon,

From the peril of the water,  
 They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam  
 On the margin of the water,  
 And he called to old Nokomis,  
 Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
 Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
 With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
 Slain the King of Fishes !" said he ;  
 "Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
 Yes, my friend Kayoshk, the sea-gulls  
 Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
 They have saved me from great  
 peril

In the body of the sturgeon ;  
 Wait until their meal is ended,  
 Till their craws are full with feast-  
 ing,

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
 To their nests among the marshes ;  
 Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
 And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,  
 Till the pallid moon, the night-sun,  
 Rose above the tranquil water,  
 Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
 From their banquet rose with clamor,  
 And across the fiery sunset  
 Winged their way to far-off islands,  
 To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
 And Nokomis to her labor,  
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
 Till the sun and moon changed  
 places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,  
 Came back from the reedy islands,  
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alter-  
 nate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
 Till the waves washed through the  
 rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
 And upon the sands lay nothing  
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

## IX.

## HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;  
And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,

Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon its features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha:  
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,

Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset!

"He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.  
He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapors,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,

Sends disease and death among us!

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,

Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch-canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-water;  
Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever  
That he breathes across the fen-lands,

And avenge my father's murder!"

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing;  
With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,

O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water!"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:  
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey!"  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer:  
"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents;  
Every twanging of the bow-string

Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:  
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!  
Onward to the black pitch-water!"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that  
swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moon-  
light,

And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moon-  
light,

All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquitos, sang their war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him;  
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the sur-  
face;

And anon a thousand whistles,  
Answered over all the fen-lands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland

He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he  
patted,

To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"  
And it stirred in all its fibres,  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and  
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them  
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-  
tree,

On the sand one end he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow-string  
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty:

"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-  
Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the Shining Wig-  
wam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
Dark and terrible in aspect,  
Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yel-  
low,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming out-  
ward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"  
Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud derision.

"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!  
Hasten back among the women,  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:

"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words  
are,

Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.  
All a Summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset;  
For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the  
mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-  
leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above  
him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:

"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses;  
There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with  
jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered for-  
ward,

Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,  
Heard his voice call in the dark-  
ness;

At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches  
Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honor of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wam-  
pum

From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.  
On the shore he left the body,  
Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water.  
And above him wheeled and clamored  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and  
pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water,

Homeward through the weltering  
serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast, and shouted :  
"Honor be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sent disease and death among us !"

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama !  
And in token of his friendship,  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-  
stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

## X.

### HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman :  
Though she bends him, she obeys  
him,  
Though she draws him, yet she fol-  
lows,  
Useless each without the other !"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,

Much perplexed by various feelings.  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis ;  
"Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not !  
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers !"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight !"

Gravely then said old Nokomis :  
"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands !"

Smiling answered Hiawatha :  
"In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people !"

Still dissuading said Nokomis :  
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs !  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may  
open !"

Laughing answered Hiawatha :  
"For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever !"

Thus departed Hiawatha

To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.

"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,

"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,  
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"

Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were;

Now the men were all like women,  
Ohly used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard  
a footstep,

Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,

With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,



Water brought them from the brook-  
let,

Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-  
wood,

Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
"That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more  
closely,

And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely:  
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood  
there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the  
meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love  
us!

Just when they have learned to help  
us,

When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and  
slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with  
them,

O'er the meadow, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their  
slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-  
ward !

All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you !"  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the  
branches,

Saying to them, "O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sun-  
shine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha !"

From the sky the moon looked at  
them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splen-  
dors,

Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
Half is mine, although I follow ;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water !"

Thus it was they journeyed home-  
ward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, fire-  
light,

Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsome of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

## XI.

### HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yenadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing ;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gayly,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had fin-  
ished,  
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking

With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him  
Faint-heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggins,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,

And in moccasins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,

Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,  
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,

Treading softly like a panther.

Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam,

Till the leaves went whirling with him,

Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,

And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!"

Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing;  
Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,

Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens,  
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!

O awake, awake, beloved!  
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had met a greater;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people;  
And whenever a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements,  
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!  
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden,  
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;  
He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,

And the arrows of the oak-tree.  
So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adventures  
Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star descended."

## XII.

### THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson!  
No; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are red-  
dened!

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens!

This with joy beheld Iagoo  
And he said in haste: "Behold it!

See the sacred Star of Evening!  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

"Once, in days no more remembered,

Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors,

Married brave and haughty husbands;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with cough-  
ing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him

Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion!  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language!

"And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wam-  
pum,

Handsome men with paint and feath-  
ers,

Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said: 'I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter;  
I am happy with Osseo!'

"Once, to some great feast invited,

Through the damp and dusk of evening

Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands ;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
'Ah, *showain nemeshin, Nosa!*  
Pity, pity me, my father !'

"Listen !" said the eldest sister,  
'He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling !'  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the  
woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge, and  
hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and  
handsome.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"But Osseo turned not from her,

Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and with-  
ered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kind-  
ness,

Till they reached the lodge of feast-  
ing,

Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dream-  
ing,

At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whis-  
per,

Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender ;  
And the voice said : 'O Osseo !  
O my son, my best beloved !  
Broken are the spells that bound you,  
All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil ;  
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

"Taste the food that stands before  
you :

It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
But the bowls be changed to wam-  
pum,

And the kettles shall be silver ;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

"And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,

Painted with the dusky splendors  
Of the skies and clouds of evening !'

"What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

"Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
And behold ! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet !  
And behold ! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver !  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

"Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.  
Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;  
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others ;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and beauty,  
And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather !

"And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,

Through transparent cloud and vapor,  
And amid celestial splendors  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome

Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver.  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said : 'My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,

And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father,  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said : 'O my Osseo !  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,  
Into birds of various plumage  
Changed your sisters and their husbands ;

Changed them thus because they mocked you

In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal ;  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In the lodge that glimmers yonder

In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapors, on the left hand,  
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,

For the rays he darts around him

Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam,  
Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,

And Osseo, to delight him,  
Made him little bows and arrows,  
Opened the great cage of silver,  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled  
and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom;  
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,

With the fluttering of their plumage;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation!

'T was no bird he saw before him,

'T was a beautiful young woman,

With the arrow in her bosom!

"When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchantment,

And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and  
vapors,

Till he rested on an island,  
On an island green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again transfigured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature;

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is seen  
there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
Sees them dancing in the starlight!"

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly lagoo added:

"There are great men, I have known  
such,

Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.  
From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters!"

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other,  
"Does he mean himself, I wonder?  
And are we the aunts and uncles?"

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,



Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"Ah me! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the wam-  
pum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wam-  
pum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!  
"I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me! to your native country;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!  
"When I looked back to behold  
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!  
"By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

### XIII.

#### BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful!

Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten.  
There was peace among the nations;  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch-canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village  
Stood the maize-fields, green and  
shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mon-  
damin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'T was the women who in Spring-  
time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin;  
'T was the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mon-  
damin,  
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was  
planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
To his wife, the Laughing Water:  
"You shall bless to-night the corn-  
fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!

"In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,

Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the corn-fields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.

"Thus the fields shall be more  
fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,  
Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,  
King of all the caterpillars!"

On the tree-tops near the corn-  
fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter  
At the words of Hiawatha.

"Hear him!" said they; "hear the  
Wise Man!

Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended  
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa,  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and  
guarded,

Unshamed and unafrighted,  
Walked securely round the corn-fields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,

So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, "I saw  
her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said  
they,

"From the grave where he is buried,  
Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,  
Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-  
tops.

"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the  
ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,  
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields  
Snares to catch the black marauders,  
And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,  
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and  
clamor,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the corn-fields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon,  
For the body of Mondamin.  
And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,  
Till their claws became entangled,  
Till they found themselves imprisoned  
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
Striding terrible among them,

And so awful was his aspect  
That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,  
And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
Round the consecrated corn-fields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people.  
With his prisoner-string he bound  
him,

Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark  
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,  
"You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behavior!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee  
Breathed his sighs o'er all the land-  
scape,

From the South-land sent his ardors,  
Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of  
verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:  
"T is the Moon when leaves are fall-  
ing;

All the wild-rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready;

Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
And they called the women round  
them,

Called the young men and the maid-  
ens,

To the harvest of the corn-fields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
In uninterrupted silence  
Looked they at the gamesome labor  
Of the young men and the women;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their singing,  
Heard them chattering like the mag-  
pies,

Heard them laughing like the blue-  
jays,

Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden  
Found a red ear in the husking,  
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,  
"Nushka!" cried they all together,  
"Nushka! you shall have a sweet-  
heart,

You shall have a handsome hus-  
band!"

"Ugh!" the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize-ear in the husking,  
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
Then they laughed and sang together,  
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,  
Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together:

"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields!  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-  
ear!"

Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,  
 Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
 And from all the neighboring tree-tops  
 Cawed and croaked the black marauders.  
 "Ugh!" the old men all responded,  
 From their seats beneath the pine-trees!

## XIV.

## PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,  
 "Lo! how all things fade and perish!  
 From the memory of the old men  
 Pass away the great traditions,  
 The achievements of the warriors,  
 The adventures of the hunters,  
 All the wisdom of the Medas,  
 All the craft of the Wabenos,  
 All the marvellous dreams and visions  
 Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten,  
 Wise men speak; their words of wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,  
 Do not reach the generations  
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
 In the great, mysterious darkness  
 Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers  
 Are no signs, no figures painted;  
 Who are in those graves we know not,

Only know they are our fathers.  
 Of what kith they are and kindred,  
 From what old, ancestral Totem,  
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
 They descended, this we know not,  
 Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together,  
 But we cannot speak when absent,  
 Cannot send our voices from us  
 To the friends that dwell afar off;  
 Cannot send a secret message,

But the bearer learns our secret,  
 May pervert it, may betray it,  
 May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
 In the solitary forest,  
 Pondering, musing in the forest,  
 On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,  
 Took his paints of different colors,  
 On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
 Painted many shapes and figures,  
 Wonderful and mystic figures,  
 And each figure had a meaning,  
 Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitché Manito the Mighty,  
 He, the Master of Life, was painted  
 As an egg, with points projecting  
 To the four winds of the heavens.  
 Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitché Manito the Mighty,  
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
 As a serpent was depicted,  
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
 Very crafty, very cunning,  
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
 Life was white, but Death was darkened;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
 Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
 Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,

For the sky a bow above it;  
 White the space between for day-time,

Filled with little stars for night-time;  
 On the left a point for sunrise,  
 On the right a point for sunset,  
 On the top a point for noon-tide,  
 And for rain and cloudy weather  
 Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,  
 Were a sign of guests assembling;  
 Bloody hands with palms uplifted

Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said: "Behold, your grave-  
posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
Go and paint them all with figures;  
Each one with its household symbol,  
With its own ancestral Totem;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know  
them."

And they painted on the grave-  
posts

Of the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his household;  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The Wabenos, the Magicians,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly colored;  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven;  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With a bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
And the cormorant, bird of magic;  
Headless men, that walk the heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves, and great war-cap-  
tains

Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they  
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;  
Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,  
The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunting.  
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet;

'T is the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, "My painting  
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, "Listen!  
'T is my voice you hear, my singing."

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,  
"I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and woman,  
Standing hand in hand together,  
With their hands so clasped together  
That they seem in one united,  
And the words thus represented  
Are, "I see your heart within you,  
And your cheeks are red with  
blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island;  
And the song this shape suggested  
Was, "Though you were at a dis-  
tance,

Were upon some far-off island,  
Such the spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to me!"

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
Saying, "Though you were far from  
me

In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
Still the voice of love would reach  
you !”

And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle,  
Drawn within a magic circle ;  
And the image had this meaning :  
“ Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper ! ”

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,  
All the art of Picture-Writing,  
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave-posts of the village.

## XV.

### HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitos of mischief,  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos,  
Jealous of their faithful friendship,  
And their noble words and actions,  
Made at length a league against them,  
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos,  
“ O my brother ! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you ! ”  
Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,  
Answered ever sweet and childlike,  
“ Do not fear for me, O brother !  
Harm and evil come not near me ! ”

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,  
When the snow-flakes, whirling down-  
ward,  
Hissed among the withered oak-  
leaves,  
Changed the pine-trees into wig-  
wams,  
Covered all the earth with silence, —  
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-  
shoes,  
Heeding not his brother's warning,

Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers  
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
Sprang with speed the deer before  
him.

With the wind and snow he followed,  
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
Wild with all the fierce commotion  
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
Broke the treacherous ice beneath  
him,

Dragged him downward to the bot-  
tom,

Buried in the sand his body.  
Unktahee, the god of water,  
He the god of the Dacotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,  
And the wolves howled from the  
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance  
Starting answered “ Baim-wawa ! ”

Then his face with black he painted,  
With his robe his head he covered,  
In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
Uttering still this moan of sorrow : —

“ He is dead, the sweet musician !  
He the sweetest of all singers !  
He has gone from us forever,  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing !  
O my brother, Chibiabos ! ”

And the melancholy fir-trees  
Waved their dark green fans above  
him,

Waved their purple cones above him,  
Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest  
Looked in vain for Chibiabos ;

Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the blue-  
bird,

Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweet musician !"

From the wigwam sang the robin,  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,

"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweetest singer !"

And at night through all the forest

Went the whippoorwill complaining,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,

"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweet musician !

He the sweetest of all singers !"

Then the Medicine-men, the Medas,

The Magicians, the Wabenos,

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,

Came to visit Hiawatha ;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,

To appease him, to console him,

Walked in silent, grave procession,

Bearing each a pouch of healing,

Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,

Filled with magic roots and simples,

Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps ap-  
proaching

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,

Called no more on Chibiabos ;

Naught he questioned, naught he  
answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,

From his face the mourning colors

Washed he slowly and in silence,

Slowly and in silence followed

Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave  
him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,

Roots of power, and herbs of healing ;

Beat their drums, and shook their  
rattles :

Chanted singly and in chorus,

Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

"I myself, myself ! behold me !

'T is the great Gray Eagle talking ;

Come, ye white crows, come and hear  
him !

The loud-speaking thunder helps me ;

All the unseen spirits help me ;

I can hear their voices calling,

All around the sky I hear them !

I can blow you strong, my brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,

"Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the ser-  
pents !

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk !

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him ;

I can shoot your heart and kill it !

I can blow you strong, my brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,

"Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself ! the prophet !

When I speak the wigwam trembles,

Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it !

When I walk, the sky I tread on

Bends and makes a noise beneath me.

I can blow you strong, my brother !

Rise and speak, O Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,

"Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-  
pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,

Danced their medicine-dance around  
him,

And upstarting wild and haggard,

Like a man from dreams awakened,

He was healed of all his madness.

As the clouds are swept from heaven,

Straightway from his brain departed

All his moody melancholy ;

As the ice is swept from rivers,

Straightway from his heart departed

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos

From his grave beneath the waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumee

Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic

Of that cry and invocation,

That he heard it as he lay there .

Underneath the Big-Sea-Water ;  
 From the sand he rose and listened,  
 Heard the music and the singing,  
 Came, obedient to the summons,  
 To the doorway of the wigwam,  
 But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave  
 him,  
 Through the door a burning fire-  
 brand ;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
 Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,  
 Telling him a fire to kindle  
 For all those that died thereafter,  
 Camp-fires for their night encamp-  
 ments

On their solitary journey  
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,  
 From the homes of those who knew  
 him,

Passing silent through the forest,  
 Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
 Slowly vanished Chibiabos !  
 Where he passed, the branches moved  
 not,

Where he trod, the grasses bent not,  
 And the fallen leaves of last year  
 Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed on-  
 ward

Down the pathway of the dead men ;  
 On the dead man's strawberry feasted,  
 Crossed the melancholy river,  
 On the swinging log he crossed it,  
 Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
 In the Stone Canoe was carried  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
 Many weary spirits saw he,  
 Panting under heavy burdens,  
 Laden with war-clubs, bows and ar-  
 rows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
 And with food that friends had given  
 For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said they,  
 "Lay such heavy burdens on us !

Better were it to go naked,  
 Better were it to go fasting,  
 Than to bear such heavy burdens  
 On our long and weary journey !"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
 Wandered eastward, wandered west-  
 ward,

Teaching men the use of simples  
 And the antidotes for poisons,  
 And the cure of all diseases.  
 Thus was first made known to mor-  
 tals

All the mystery of Medamin,  
 All the sacred art of healing.

## XVI.

### PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
 Whom the people called the Storm  
 Fool,

Vexed the village with disturbance ;  
 You shall hear of all his mischief,  
 And his flight from Hiawatha,  
 And his wondrous transmigrations,  
 And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
 Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
 It was he who in his frenzy  
 Whirled these drifting sands together,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
 When, among the guests assembled,  
 He so merrily and madly  
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
 Danced the Beggar's Dance to please  
 them.

Now, in search of new adventures,  
 From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Came with speed into the village,  
 Found the young men all assembled  
 In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
 Listening to his monstrous stories,  
 To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
 Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
 How he made a hole in heaven,



How he climbed up into heaven,  
And let out the Summer-weather;  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;  
How the Otter first essayed it;  
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger  
Tried in turn the great achievement,  
From the summit of the mountain  
Smote their fists against the heavens,  
Smote against the sky their foreheads,  
Cracked the sky, but could not break  
it;

How the Wolverine, uprising,  
Made him ready for the encounter,  
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,  
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,  
"Once he leaped, and lo! above him  
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the waters rise beneath it;  
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the freshet is at highest!  
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
And he disappeared within it,  
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

As he entered at the doorway;  
"I am tired of all this talking,  
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.  
Here is something to amuse you,  
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-  
skin

Forth he drew, with solemn manner,  
All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
White on one side were they painted,  
And vermilion on the other;  
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,  
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
And one slender fish, the Keego,  
Four round pieces. Ozawabeeks,  
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.  
All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabeeks;

These were brass, on one side bur-  
nished,  
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before  
him,

Thus exclaiming and explaining:  
"Red side up are all the pieces,  
And one great Kenabeek standing  
On the bright side of a brass piece,  
On a burnished Ozawabeek;  
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before  
him,

Still exclaiming and explaining:  
"White are both the great Kena-  
beeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red are all the other pieces;  
Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various chances,  
Various changes, various meanings.  
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,  
Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,  
"Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different countries.  
He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers;  
Though you think yourself so skilful,  
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons  
In your game of Bowl and Count-  
ers!"

So they sat and played together,  
All the old men and the young men,  
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
Played till midnight, played till morn-  
ing,

Played until the Yenadizze,  
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Of their treasures had despoiled them,  
Of the best of all their dresses,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,

Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.  
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
"In my wigwam I am lonely,  
In my wanderings and adventures  
I have need of a companion,  
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
An attendant and pipe-bearer.  
I will venture all these winnings,  
All these garments heaped about me,  
All this wampum, all these feathers,  
On a single throw will venture  
All against the young man yonder!"  
'T was a youth of sixteen summers,  
'T was a nephew of Iagoo;  
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
Dusky red beneath the ashes,  
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.  
"Ugh!" he answered very fiercely;  
"Ugh!" they answered all and each  
one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old  
man,  
Closely in his bony fingers  
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
Made the pieces ring together  
As he threw them down before him.

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,  
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,  
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
White alone the fish, the Keego;  
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;  
Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
And they fell about him scattered;  
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
Red and white the other pieces,  
And upright among the others  
One Ininewug was standing,  
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Stood alone among the players,  
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game  
is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,  
As he turned and left the wigwam,  
Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
By the nephew of Iagoo,  
By the tall and graceful stripling,  
Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
"To my wigwam far to eastward,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
As he came forth to the freshness  
Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
All the birds were singing gayly,  
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,  
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,  
As he wandered through the village,  
In the early gray of morning,  
With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
With his plumes and tufts of swan's  
down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;  
No one met him at the doorway,  
No one came to bid him welcome;  
But the birds were singing round it,  
In and out and round the doorway,  
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,  
And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
Kahgalgees, the King of Ravens,  
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,  
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

"All are gone! the lodge is  
empty!"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
In his heart resolving mischief;  
"Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,  
Whirled it round him like a rattle,  
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,  
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam  
Left its lifeless body hanging,  
As an insult to its master,  
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,  
Round the lodge in wild disorder  
Threw the household things about  
him,

Piled together in confusion  
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,  
Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
As an insult to Nokomis,  
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Whistling, singing through the forest,  
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,  
Who from hollow boughs above him  
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,  
Singing gayly to the wood-birds,  
Who from out the leafy darkness  
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-  
lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,  
Perched himself upon their summit,  
Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay  
there;

Far below him plashed the waters,  
Plashed and washed the dreamy  
waters;

Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;  
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,  
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about  
him,  
Almost brushed him with their pin-  
ions.

And he killed them as he lay there,  
Slaughtered them by tens and twen-  
ties,

Threw their bodies down the head-  
land,

Threw them on the beach below him,  
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
Perched upon a crag above them,  
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
He is slaying us by hundreds!  
Send a message to our brother,  
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

## XVII.

## THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha,  
When he came into the village,  
Found the people in confusion,  
Heard of all the misdemeanors,  
All the malice and the mischief,  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his  
nostrils,

Through his teeth he buzzed and  
muttered

Words of anger and resentment,  
Hot and humming, like a hornet.

"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.

"Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
That my wrath shall not attain him,  
That my vengeance shall not reach  
him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed  
Hiawatha and the hunters

On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Through the forest, where he passed  
it,

To the headlands where he rested;  
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the whortleberry-bushes,  
Found the couch where he had rested,  
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath  
them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,  
Made a gesture of defiance,  
Made a gesture of derision;  
And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
From the summit of the mountain:

"Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,  
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,  
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Like an antelope he bounded,  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest,  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin,  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were stand-

ing,  
Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and whis-  
pered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
On the dam of trunks and branches,  
Through whose chinks the water  
spouted,  
O'er whose summit flowed the stream-  
let.

From the bottom rose a beaver,  
Looked with two great eyes of won-  
der,

Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Flowed the bright and silvery water,  
And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,  
Cool and pleasant is the water;  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges;  
Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer:  
"Let me first consult the others,  
Let me ask the other beavers."  
Down he sank into the water,  
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,  
Down among the leaves and branches,  
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,

Spouted through the chinks below  
him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath him,  
Spread serene and calm before him,  
And the sunshine and the shadows  
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,  
Fell in little shining patches,  
Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,  
Silently above the surface  
Rose one head and then another,  
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,  
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this wise:  
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends! and safe from danger;  
Can you not with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,  
He the King of all the beavers,  
"Let yourself slide down among us,  
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,  
Black his moccasins and leggings,  
In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;  
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

"Make me large and make me larger,  
Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
"When our lodge below you enter,  
In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and branches,  
Hoards of food against the winter,  
Piles and heaps against the famine,  
Found the lodge with arching door-  
way,

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and  
larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.  
"You shall be our ruler," said they;  
"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sat in state among the beavers,  
When there came a voice of warning  
From the watchman at his station  
In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!  
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,  
Heard a shouting and a tramping,  
Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er them  
Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;  
Streamed the sunshine through the  
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the door-  
way,

Hid themselves in deeper water,  
In the channel of the streamlet;  
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Could not pass beneath the doorway;  
He was puffed with pride and feed-  
ing,

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,  
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
Vain your manifold disguises!  
Well I know you. Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and  
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
Bore him home on poles and branches,  
Bore the body of the beaver;  
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and strug-  
gled,

Waving hither, waving thither,  
As the curtains of a wigwam

Struggle with their thongs of deer-  
skin,

When the wintry wind is blowing;  
Till it drew itself together,  
Till it rose up from the body,  
Till it took the form and features  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha  
Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Glide into the soft blue shadow  
Of the pine-trees of the forest;  
Toward the squares of white beyond  
it,

Toward an opening in the forest,  
Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
Bending all the boughs before it,  
And behind it, as the rain comes,  
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands  
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Where among the water-lilies  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;  
Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they  
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the water,  
Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,

"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said  
he,

"Change me to a brant with plumage,  
With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me larger,  
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed  
him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,  
With a whirl and beat of pinions,

Rose up from the reedy islands,  
 From the water-flags and lilies.  
 And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis :  
 "In your flying, look not downward,  
 Take good heed, and look not down-  
 ward,

Lest some strange mischance should  
 happen,

Lest some great mishap befall you !"

Fast and far they fled to northward,  
 Fast and far through mist and sun-  
 shine,

Fed among the moors and fen-lands,  
 Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,  
 Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,  
 Wafted onward by the South-wind,  
 Blowing fresh and strong behind  
 them,

Rose a sound of human voices,  
 Rose a clamor from beneath them,  
 From the lodges of a village,  
 From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village  
 Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
 Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Flapping far up in the ether,  
 Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shout-  
 ing,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
 Knew the outcry of Iagoo,  
 And, forgetful of the warning,  
 Drew his neck in, and looked down-  
 ward,

And the wind that blew behind him  
 Caught his mighty fan of feathers.  
 Send him wheeling, whirling down-  
 ward !

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Struggle to regain his balance !  
 Whirling round and round and down-  
 ward,

He beheld in turn the village  
 And in turn the flock above him,  
 Saw the village coming nearer,  
 And the flock receding farther,  
 Heard the voices growing louder,  
 Heard the shouting and the laughter ;  
 Saw no more the flock above him,

Only saw the earth beneath him ;  
 Dead out of the empty heaven,  
 Dead among the shouting people,  
 With a heavy sound and sullen,  
 Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
 Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Took again the form and features  
 Of the handsome Yenadizze,  
 And again went rushing onward,  
 Followed fast by Hiawatha,  
 Crying : "Not so wide the world is,  
 Not so long and rough the way is,  
 But my wrath shall overtake you,  
 But my vengeance shall attain you !"

And so near he came, so near him,  
 That his hand was stretched to seize  
 him,

His right hand to seize and hold him,  
 When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Whirled and spun about in circles,  
 Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
 Danced the dust and leaves about  
 him,

And amid the whirling eddies  
 Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,  
 Changed himself into a serpent,  
 Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha  
 Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
 Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
 Left it lying there in fragments.  
 But in vain ; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Once again in human figure,  
 Full in sight ran on before him,  
 Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
 On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
 Came unto the rocky headlands,  
 To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
 Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Moun-  
 tain,

He the Manito of Mountains,  
 Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
 Opened wide his deep abysses,  
 Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
 In his caverns dark and dreary,  
 Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
 To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against  
him,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,  
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"  
But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and dark-  
ness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Moun-  
tains;

And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and trem-  
bled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the door-  
ways,

Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis!"

And the crags fell, and beneath them  
Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,  
Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making,  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis!

Never more in human figure

Shall you search for new adventures;  
Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in whirl-  
winds;

But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles;  
I will change you to an eagle,  
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers;  
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes  
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whis-  
tles,

"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-  
Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest!"

## XVIII.

### THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of Kwa-  
sind;

No man dared to strive with Kwasind,  
No man could compete with Kwasind.  
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pygmies,  
Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said  
they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow  
Goes on thus a little longer,  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?  
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?  
He will tread us down like mush-  
rooms,

Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten

By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
By the Spirits of the water!"

So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong  
Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
The audacious, overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwa-  
sind!

Now this wondrous strength of  
Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;  
In his crown too was his weakness;  
There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce  
him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could  
slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals;  
But the cunning Little People,  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,  
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's margin,  
Heaped them in great piles together,  
Where the red rocks from the margin  
Jutting overhang the river.

There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer;  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows;  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,  
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong  
Man,

In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current

Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
Very languid with the weather,  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;  
By his airy hosts surrounded,  
His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;  
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,  
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a sea-shore,  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-trees;  
And he felt upon his forehead  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs  
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;  
At the second blow they smote him,  
Motionless his paddle rested;  
At the third, before his vision,  
Reeled the landscape into darkness,  
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
Underneath the wooded headlands,  
Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and  
waiting,  
Hurled the pine-cones down upon  
him,

Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
On his crown defenceless struck him.  
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sud-  
den

War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tum-  
bled,

Sideways fell into the river,  
Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
Headlong, as an otter plunges;  
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,



Drifted empty down the river,  
Bottom upward swerved and drifted :  
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong  
Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest  
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
And the branches, tossed and  
troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split  
asunder,  
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is  
Kwasind!  
He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

## XIX.

## THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the scaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and fol-  
lows;

And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters.  
From his hair he shook the snow-  
flakes,  
Till the plains were strewn with  
whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level,  
As if, stooping, the Creator

With his hand had smoothed them  
over.

Through the forest, wide and wail-  
ing,  
Roamed the hunter on his snow-  
shoes;  
In the village worked the women,  
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-  
skin;

And the young men played together  
On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,  
In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-  
light,  
Painting them with streaks of crim-  
son,

In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,  
In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Glistened like the sun in water;  
And behind them crouched their  
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above  
them

Climbed and crowded through the  
smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway  
From without was slowly lifted;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swerved the smoke-  
wreath,

As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited,  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,  
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their gar-  
ments,

Strangers seemed they in the village;  
Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there sad and silent;  
Trembling, cowering with the shad-  
ows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
Muttering down into the wigwam?  
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
Hooting from the dismal forest?  
Sure a voice said in the silence:  
"These are corpses clad in garments,  
These are ghosts that come to haunt  
you,

From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest,  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders.  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless burden;  
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
First threw down the deer before  
her,

As a token of his wishes,  
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the  
strangers,  
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;

Said within himself, "Who are they?  
What strange guests has Minnehaha?"

But he questioned not the strangers,  
Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,  
And the deer had been divided,  
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Springing from among the shadows,  
Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha;  
Without asking, without thanking,  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
Not a motion made Nokomis,  
Not a gesture Laughing Water;  
Not a change came o'er their features;  
Only Minnehaha softly

Whispered, saying, "They are famished;

Let them do what best delights  
them;

Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,

Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
From the midnight of its branches;  
Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam;  
But by night, in storm or starlight,  
Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,  
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,  
When the evening meal was ready,  
And the food had been divided,  
Gliding from their darksome corner,  
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Seized upon the choicest portions  
Set aside for Laughing Water,  
And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them;  
Never once had old Nokomis  
Made a gesture of impatience;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,  
That the rights of guest and stranger,  
That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,

Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : " O guests ! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight ?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkind-  
ness,

Failed in hospitable duties ? "

Then the shadows ceased from  
weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
And they said, with gentle voices :  
" We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with  
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you.

" Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed,  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore have we come to try you ;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.

We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

" Think of this, O Hiawatha !  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

" Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wampum,  
Not such weight of pots and kettles,  
For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

" Four days is the spirit's journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encampments ;  
Four times must their fires be lighted.  
Therefore, when the dead are buried,  
Let a fire, as night approaches,  
Four times on the grave be kindled,

That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,  
May not grope about in darkness.

" Farewell, noble Hiawatha !  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble.  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden dark-  
ness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight ;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer.  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

## XX.

### THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !  
O the cold and cruel Winter !  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage ;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found  
none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weak-  
ness,

Perished there from cold and hunger.  
O the famine and the fever !

O the wasting of the famine!  
 O the blasting of the fever!  
 O the wailing of the children!  
 O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;  
 Hungry was the air around them,  
 Hungry was the sky above them,  
 And the hungry stars in heaven  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
 them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
 Came two other guests, as silent  
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
 Waited not to be invited,  
 Did not parley at the doorway,  
 Sat there without word of welcome  
 In the seat of Laughing Water;  
 Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
 At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold  
 me!

I am Famine, Bukadawin!"  
 And the other said: "Behold me!  
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
 Lay down on her bed in silence,  
 Hid her face, but made no answer;  
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burn-  
 ing

At the looks they cast upon her,  
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
 In his face a stony firmness;  
 On his brow the sweat of anguish  
 Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for  
 hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
 With his quiver full of arrows,  
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Into the vast and vacant forest  
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"  
 Cried he with his face uplifted  
 In that bitter hour of anguish,  
 "Give your children food, O father!

Give us food, or we must perish!  
 Give me food for Minnehaha,  
 For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,  
 Through the forest vast and vacant,  
 Rang that cry of desolation,  
 But there came no other answer  
 Than the echo of his crying,  
 Than the echo of the woodlands,  
 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha  
 In that melancholy forest,  
 Through the shadow of whose thick-  
 ets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,  
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
 He had brought his young wife home-  
 ward

From the land of the Dacotahs:  
 When the birds sang in the thickets,  
 And the streamlets laughed and glis-  
 tened,

And the air was full of fragrance,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Said with voice that did not tremble,  
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
 With those gloomy guests, that  
 watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,  
 She was lying, the Beloved,  
 She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rush-  
 ing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'Tis the night-wind in the pine-  
 trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my  
 father

Standing lonely at his doorway,  
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
 In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'Tis the smoke, that waves and  
 beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pau-  
 guk

Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and path-  
less,

Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shud-  
dered,

That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speech-  
less,

On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he cov-  
ered,

Seven long days and nights he sat  
there,

As if in a swoon he sat there  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;

Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

## XXI.

## THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
White his hair was as a snow-drift;  
Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Waubewyon,  
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.

Red with blood of youth his cheeks  
were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses ;  
Bound and plumed with scented  
grasses,

On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old  
man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adventures,  
Of the lands where you have travelled ;  
I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-  
pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned ;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,  
And the stem a reed with feathers ;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise :

"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water !"

And the young man answered, smil-  
ing :

"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up o'er all the mead-  
ows,

Singing, onward rush the rivers !"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"  
Said the old man, darkly frowning,  
"All the land with snow is covered ;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo ! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo ! they are not.

And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flint-  
stone !"

"When I shake my flowing ring-  
lets,"

Said the young man, softly laughing,  
"Showers of rain fall warm and wel-  
come,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage !"

While they spake, the night de-  
parted :

From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me !  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me !"

Then the old man's tongue was  
speechless,

And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him ;  
It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were flow-  
ing,

As from melting lakes the streamlets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished.  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and  
smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,

Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pin-  
ions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeon, the Omeme,  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to east-  
ward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventures,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this wise:  
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!  
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumees,

Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!  
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other;  
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe  
it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet  
him,  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;  
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you  
tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;  
Painted white were all their faces,  
And with hair their chins were cov-  
ered!

And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell  
us.

Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting:  
"True is all Iagoo tells us;  
I have seen it in a vision,  
Seen the great canoe with pinions,  
Seen the people with white faces,  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Sends them hither on his errand,  
Sends them to us with his message.

Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,  
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;  
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
Springs a flower unknown among us,  
Springs the White-man's Foot in  
blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship

Give them when they come to see us.  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision,  
All the secrets of the future,  
Of the distant days that shall be.  
I beheld the westward marches  
Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their towns in all their valleys,

Over all the lakes and rivers  
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision,  
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like.

I beheld our nations scattered,  
All forgetful of my counsels,  
Weakened, warring with each other ;  
Saw the remnants of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn !"

## XXII.

### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumeë,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,

All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,

Westward toward the neighboring forest

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,

Level spread the lake before him ;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,

Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying.

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver ?  
Was it the pelican, the Shada ?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing  
From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,



Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch-canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine,  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the  
Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-  
face,

With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-  
face,

With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give  
you.

"Never bloomed the earth so  
gayly,

Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-  
bars;

For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-  
bar!

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our corn-  
fields

Were so beautiful to look on,

As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made  
answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:  
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful, old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of bass-  
wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome;  
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-  
face,

From the wigwam came to greet  
them,

Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;  
"It is well," they said, "O brother,  
That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the  
prophet,

Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,

Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;

How he rose from where they laid him ;  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :

"We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,

We will think on what you tell us.

It is well for us, O brothers,

That you come so far to see us ! "

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women  
Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-Puk-keena ;

And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,

And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush.  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them ;  
See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha ! "

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :

"I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,

Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me ;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning ! "

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;

On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, "Westward ! westward ! "

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted

High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"  
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of  
darkness,  
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind.  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter!

## VOCABULARY.

- Adjidau'mo, *the red squirrel.*  
 Ahdeek', *the reindeer.*  
 Ahkose'win, *fever.*  
 Ahmeek', *the beaver.*  
 Algon'quin, *Ojibway.*  
 Annemee'kee, *the thunder.*  
 Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*  
 Baum-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*  
 Bemah'gut, *the grape-vine.*  
 Be'na, *the pheasant.*  
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*  
 Bukada'win, *famine.*  
 Cheemaun', *a birch canoe.*  
 Chetowaik', *the plover.*  
 Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.*  
 Dahin'da, *the bull-frog.*  
 Dush-kwo-ne'-she or Kwo-ne'-she, *the dragon-fly.*  
 Esa, *shame upon you.*  
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*  
 Ghee'zis, *the sun.*  
 Gitche Gu'mee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*  
 Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*  
 Gushkewau', *the darkness.*  
 Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller.*  
 Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns, in the Game of the Bowl.*  
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*  
 Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*  
 Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*  
 Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind.*  
 Kagh, *the hedgehog.*  
 Ka'go, *do not.*  
 Kahgahgee', *the raven.*  
 Kaw, *no.*  
 Kaween', *no indeed.*  
 Kayoshk', *the sea-gull.*  
 Kee'go, *a fish.*  
 Keeway'din, *the Northwest-Wind, the Home-wind.*  
 Kena'beek, *a serpent.*  
 Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*  
 Keno'zha, *the pickerel.*  
 Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl.*  
 Kuntasoo', *the Game of Plum-stones.*  
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*  
 Kwo-ne'-she or Dush-kwo-ne'-she, *the dragon-fly.*  
 Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan.*  
 Mahng, *the loon.*  
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted, brave.*  
 Mahnomo'nee, *wild rice.*  
 Ma'ma, *the woodpecker.*  
 Maskeno'zha, *the pike.*  
 Me'da, *a medicine-man.*  
 Meenah'ga, *the blueberry.*  
 Megissog'won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth.*  
 Meshinaw'wa, *a pipe-bearer.*  
 Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's mittens.*  
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; a water-fall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.*  
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.*  
 Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.*  
 Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great Bear.*  
 Mishe-Nah'ma, *the Great Sturgeon.*  
 Miskodeed', *the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.*  
 Monda'min, *Indian corn.*  
 Moon of Bright Nights, *April.*  
 Moon of Leaves, *May.*  
 Moon of Strawberries, *June.*  
 Moon of the Falling Leaves, *September.*  
 Moon of Snow-Shoes, *November.*  
 Mudjekeewis, *the West Wind; father of Hiawatha.*  
 Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore.*  
 Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse.*  
 Nah'ma, *the sturgeon.*  
 Nah'ma-wusk, *spearmint.*  
 Na'gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.*  
 Nee-ba-naw'baigs, *water-spirits.*  
 Nenemoo'sha, *sweetheart.*  
 Nepah'win, *sleep.*  
 Noko'mis, *a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.*  
 No'sa, *my father.*  
 Nush'ka, *look! look!*  
 Odah'min, *the strawberry.*  
 Okahah'wis, *the fresh-water herring.*  
 Ome'me, *the pigeon.*  
 Ona'gon, *a bowl.*  
 Onaway', *awake.*  
 Ope'chee, *the robin.*  
 Osse'o, *Son of the Evening Star.*  
 Owais'sa, *the blue-bird.*

Oweenee', *wife of Osseo.*  
 Ozawa'beek, *a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.*  
 Pah-puk-kee'na, *the grasshopper.*  
 Pau'guk, *death.*  
 Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, *the handsome Yenadizze, the Storm Fool.*  
 Pauwa'ting, *Sault Sainte Marie.*  
 Pe'boan, *Winter.*  
 Pemi'can, *meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded.*  
 Pezhekee', *the bison.*  
 Pishnekuh', *the brant.*  
 Pone'mah, *hereafter.*  
 Pugasaing', *Game of the Bowl.*  
 Puggawau'gun, *a war-club.*  
 Puk-Wudj'ies, *little wild men of the woods; pygmies.*  
 Sah-sah-je'wun, *rapids.*  
 Sah'wa, *the perch.*  
 Segwun', *Spring.*  
 Sha'da, *the pelican.*  
 Shahbo'min, *the gooseberry.*  
 Shah'shah, *long ago.*  
 Shaugoda'ya, *a coward.*  
 Shawgashee, *the craw-fish.*  
 Shawonda'see, *the South-Wind.*  
 Shaw'shaw, *the swallow.*  
 Shesh'ebwug, *ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.*

Shin'gebis, *the diver, or grebe.*  
 Showain' neme'shin, *pity me.*  
 Shuh-shuh'gah, *the blue heron.*  
 Soan-ge-ta'ha, *strong-hearted.*  
 Subbeka'she, *the spider.*  
 Sugge'ma, *the mosquito.*  
 To'tem, *family coat-of-arms.*  
 Ugh, *yes.*  
 Ugudwash', *the sun-fish.*  
 Unktahee', *the God of Water.*  
 Wabas'so, *the rabbit; the North.*  
 Wabe'no, *a magician, a juggler.*  
 Wabe'no-wusk, *yarrow.*  
 Wa'bun, *the East-Wind.*  
 Wa'bun An'nung, *the Star of the East, the Morning Star.*  
 Wahono'win, *a cry of lamentation.*  
 Wah-wah-tay'see, *the fire-fly.*  
 Wam'pum, *beads of shell.*  
 Waubewy'on, *a white skin wrapper.*  
 Wa'wa, *the wild goose.*  
 Waw'beek, *a rock.*  
 Waw-be-wa'wa, *the white goose.*  
 Wawonais'sa, *the whippoorwill.*  
 Way-muk-kwa'na, *the caterpillar.*  
 Wen'digoes, *giants.*  
 Weno'nah, *Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Yenadiz'ze, *an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy.*

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, 1858.

## I.

## MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth  
 the land of the Pilgrims,  
 To and fro in a room of his simple  
 and primitive dwelling,  
 Clad in doublet and hose, and boots  
 of Cordovan leather,  
 Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish  
 the Puritan Captain.  
 Buried in thought he seemed, with his  
 hands behind him, and pausing  
 Ever and anon to behold his glittering  
 weapons of warfare,  
 Hanging in shining array along the  
 walls of the chamber, —  
 Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his  
 trusty sword of Damascus,  
 Curved at the point and inscribed with  
 its mystical Arabic sentence,  
 While underneath, in a corner, were  
 fowling-piece, musket, and match-  
 lock.  
 Short of stature he was, but strongly  
 built and athletic,  
 Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested,  
 with muscles and sinews of iron ;  
 Brown as a nut was his face, but his  
 russet beard was already  
 Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges  
 sometimes in November.  
 Near him was seated John Alden, his  
 friend and household companion,  
 Writing with diligent speed at a table  
 of pine by the window ;  
 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate  
 Saxon complexion,  
 Having the dew of his youth, and the  
 beauty thereof, as the captives  
 Whom Saint Gregory saw, and ex-  
 claimed, "Not Angles but An-  
 gels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who  
 came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the  
 diligent scribe interrupting,  
 Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles  
 Standish the Captain of Plymouth.  
 "Look at these arms," he said, "the  
 warlike weapons that hang here,  
 Burnished and bright and clean, as if  
 for parade or inspection !  
 This is the sword of Damascus I fought  
 with in Flanders; this breastplate,  
 Well I remember the day ! once saved  
 my life in a skirmish ;  
 Here in front you can see the very  
 dint of the bullet  
 Fired point-blank at my heart by a  
 Spanish arcabucero.  
 Had it not been of sheer steel, the for-  
 gotten bones of Miles Standish  
 Would at this moment be mould, in  
 their grave in the Flemish mo-  
 rasses."  
 Thereupon answered John Alden, but  
 looked not up from his writing :  
 "Truly the breath of the Lord hath  
 slackened the speed of the bullet ;  
 He in his mercy preserved you, to be  
 our shield and our weapon !"  
 Still the Captain continued, unheeding  
 the words of the stripling :  
 "See, how bright they are burnished,  
 as if in an arsenal hanging ;  
 That is because I have done it myself,  
 and not left it to others.  
 Serve yourself, would you be well  
 served, is an excellent adage ;  
 So I take care of my arms, as you of  
 your pens and your inkhorn.  
 Then, too, there are my soldiers, my  
 great, invincible army,  
 Twelve men, all equipped, having each  
 his rest and his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together  
with diet and pillage,  
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of  
each of my soldiers !”

This he said with a smile, that danced  
in his eyes, as the sunbeams  
Dance on the waves of the sea, and  
vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still  
the Captain continued :

“Look ! you can see from this window  
my brazen howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a  
preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straight-forward, and strong,  
with irresistible logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right  
into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any  
assault of the Indians ;

Let them come, if they like, and the  
sooner they try it the better, —

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore,  
sachem, or pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto,  
or Tokamahamon !”

Long at the window he stood,  
and wistfully gazed on the landscape,

Washed with a cold gray mist, the  
vapory breath of the east-wind,

Forest and meadow and hill, and the  
steel-blue rim of the ocean,

Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon  
shadows and sunshine.

Over his countenance flitted a shadow  
like those on the landscape,

Gloom intermingled with light ; and  
his voice was subdued with emotion,

Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a  
pause he proceeded :

“Yonder there, on the hill by the sea,  
lies buried Rose Standish ;

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed  
for me by the wayside !

She was the first to die of all who  
came in the May Flower !

Green above her is growing the field  
of wheat we have sown there,  
Better to hide from the Indian scouts  
the graves of our people,

Lest they should count them and see  
how many already have perished !”

Sadly his face he averted, and strode  
up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a  
shelf of books, and among them  
Prominent three, distinguished alike  
for bulk and for binding ;

Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the  
Commentaries of Cæsar,

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur  
Goldinge of London,

And, as if guarded by these, between  
them was standing the Bible.

Musing a moment before them, Miles  
Standish paused, as if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose  
for his consolation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews,  
the famous campaigns of the  
Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed  
for belligerent Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he  
dragged the ponderous Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and  
opened the book, and in silence

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves,  
where thumb-marks thick on the  
margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed  
the battle was hottest.

Nothing was heard in the room but  
the hurrying pen of the stripling,

Busily writing epistles important, to  
go by the May Flower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next  
day at latest, God willing !

Homeward bound with the tidings of  
all that terrible winter,

Letters written by Alden, and full of  
the name of Priscilla,

Full of the name and the fame of the  
Puritan maiden Priscilla !

## II.

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain, Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar. After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards, Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!" Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful: "Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons. Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs." "Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other, "Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after; Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered; He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded; Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus! Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier, Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains, Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns; Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons; So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other. That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done, You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower, Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla; Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Stroved to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth: "When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you. Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!" Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters, Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention: "Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,



Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:

"Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,

Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired taciturn stripling, All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:

"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;

If you would have it well done,— I am only repeating your maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask  
in the name of our friendship!"

Then made answer John Alden:  
"The name of friendship is  
sacred;

What you demand in that name, I  
have not the power to deny  
you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subdu-  
ing and moulding the gentler,  
Friendship prevailed over love, and  
Alden went on his errand.

### III.

#### THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and  
Alden went on his errand,  
Out of the street of the village, and  
into the paths of the forest,  
Into the tranquil woods, where blue-  
birds and robins were building  
Towns in the populous trees, with  
hanging gardens of verdure,  
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affec-  
tion and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within  
him commotion and conflict,  
Love contending with friendship, and  
self with each generous impulse.  
To and fro in his breast his thoughts  
were heaving and dashing,  
As in a foundering ship, with every  
roll of the vessel,  
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless  
surge of the ocean!

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried  
with a wild lamentation,  
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the  
hope, the illusion?"

Was it for this I have loved, and  
waited, and worshipped in si-  
lence?

Was it for this I have followed the  
flying feet and the shadow  
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate  
shores of New England?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out  
of its depths of corruption

Rise, like an exhalation, the misty  
phantoms of passion;  
Angels of light they seem, but are  
only delusions of Satan.

All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see  
it distinctly!

This is the hand of the Lord; it is  
laid upon me in anger,  
For I have followed too much the  
heart's desires and devices,  
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and  
impious idols of Baal.

This is the cross I must bear; the  
sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods  
John Alden went on his errand;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where  
it brawled over pebble and shal-  
low,

Gathering still, as he went, the May-  
flowers blooming around him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange  
and wonderful sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and cov-  
ered with leaves in their slumber.

"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the  
type of Puritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the  
very type of Priscilla!

So I will take them to her; to Pris-  
cilla the May-flower of Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a  
parting gift will I take them;  
Breathing their silent farewells, as  
they fade and wither and perish,  
Soon, to be thrown away as is the  
heart of the giver."

So through the Plymouth woods John  
Alden went on his errand;  
Came to an open space, and saw the  
disk of the ocean,  
Sailless, sombre and cold with the com-  
fortless breath of the east-wind;  
Saw the new-built house, and people  
at work in a meadow;

Heard, as he drew near the door, the  
musical voice of Priscilla  
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the  
grand old Puritan anthem,

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,  
 Full of the breath of the Lord, con-  
 soling and comforting many.  
 Then, as he opened the door, he be-  
 held the form of the maiden  
 Seated beside her wheel, and the  
 carded wool like a snow-drift  
 Piled at her knee, her white hands  
 feeding the ravenous spindle,  
 While with her foot on the treadle  
 she guided the wheel in its motion.  
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-  
 worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,  
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and  
 the music together,  
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like  
 stones in the wall of a church-  
 yard,  
 Darkened and overhung by the run-  
 ning vine of the verses.  
 Such was the book from whose pages  
 she sang the old Puritan anthem,  
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude  
 of the forest,  
 Making the humble house and the  
 modest apparel of home-spun  
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich  
 with the wealth of her being!  
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is  
 keen and cold and relentless,  
 Thoughts of what might have been,  
 and the weight and woe of his  
 errand;  
 All the dreams that had faded, and all  
 the hopes that had vanished,  
 All his life henceforth a dreary and  
 tenantless mansion,  
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid,  
 sorrowful faces.  
 Still he said to himself, and almost  
 fiercely he said it,  
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to  
 the plough look backwards;  
 Though the ploughshare cut through  
 the flowers of life to its fountains,  
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the  
 dead and the hearts of the living,  
 It is the will of the Lord; and his  
 mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the  
 hum of the wheel and the sing-  
 ing  
 Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused  
 by his step on the threshold,  
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her  
 hand, in signal of welcome,  
 Saying, "I knew it was you, when I  
 heard your step in the passage;  
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat  
 there singing and spinning."  
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that  
 a thought of him had been ming-  
 led  
 Thus in the sacred psalm, that came  
 from the heart of the maiden,  
 Silent before her he stood, and gave  
 her the flowers for an answer,  
 Finding no words for his thought.  
 He remembered that day in the  
 winter,  
 After the first great snow, when he  
 broke a path from the village,  
 Reeling and plunging along through  
 the drifts that encumbered the  
 doorway,  
 Stamping the snow from his feet as he  
 entered the house, and Priscilla  
 Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave  
 him a seat by the fireside,  
 Grateful and pleased to know he had  
 thought of her in the snow-storm.  
 Had he but spoken then! perhaps not  
 in vain had he spoken;  
 Now it was all too late; the golden  
 moment had vanished!  
 So he stood there abashed, and gave  
 her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of  
 the birds and the beautiful Spring-  
 time,  
 Talked of their friends at home, and  
 the May Flower that sailed on the  
 morrow.  
 "I have been thinking all day," said  
 gently the Puritan maiden,  
 "Dreaming all night, and thinking all  
 day, of the hedge-rows of Eng-  
 land, —

They are in blossom now, and the  
country is all like a garden;  
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the  
song of the lark and the linnet,  
Seeing the village street, and familiar  
faces of neighbors  
Going about as of old, and stopping  
to gossip together,  
And, at the end of the street, the vil-  
lage church, with the ivy  
Climbing the old gray tower, and the  
quiet graves in the churchyard.  
Kind are the people I live with, and  
dear to me my religion;  
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish  
myself back in Old England.  
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot  
help it: I almost  
Wish myself back in Old England, I  
feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: —  
"Indeed I do not condemn you;  
Stouter hearts than a woman's have  
quailed in this terrible winter.  
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs  
a stronger to lean on;  
So I have come to you now, with an  
offer and proffer of marriage  
Made by a good man and true, Miles  
Standish the Captain of Plym-  
outh!"

Thus he delivered his message, the  
dexterous writer of letters, —  
Did not embellish the theme, nor  
array it in beautiful phrases,  
But came straight to the point, and  
blurted it out like a schoolboy;  
Even the Captain himself could hardly  
have said it more bluntly.  
Mute with amazement and sorrow,  
Priscilla the Puritan maiden  
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes  
dilated with wonder,  
Feeling his words like a blow, that  
stunned her and rendered her  
speechless;  
Till at length she exclaimed, inter-  
rupting the ominous silence:

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is  
so very eager to wed me,  
Why does he not come himself, and  
take the trouble to woo me?  
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely  
am not worth the winning!"  
Then John Alden began explaining  
and smoothing the matter,  
Making it worse as he went, by saying  
the Captain was busy, —  
Had no time for such things; — such  
things! the words grating harshly  
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift  
as a flash she made answer:  
"Has he no time for such things, as  
you call it, before he is married,  
Would he be likely to find it, or make  
it, after the wedding?  
That is the way with you men; you  
don't understand us, you cannot.  
When you have made up your minds,  
after thinking of this one and that  
one,  
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, com-  
paring one with another,  
Then you make known your desire,  
with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
And are offended and hurt, and indig-  
nant perhaps, that a woman  
Does not respond at once to a love  
that she never suspected,  
Does not attain at a bound the height  
to which you have been climb-  
ing.  
This is not right nor just: for surely  
a woman's affection  
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had  
for only the asking.  
When one is truly in love, one not  
only says it, but shows it  
Had he but waited awhile, had he only  
showed that he loved me,  
Even this Captain of yours — who  
knows? — at last might have won  
me,  
Old and rough as he is; but now it  
never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheed-  
ing the words of Priscilla,

Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;  
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,  
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,  
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;  
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly  
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,  
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;  
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,  
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent  
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.  
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature ;  
 Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter  
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;  
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,  
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,  
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature ;  
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;  
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,  
 Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language, Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
 Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

## IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,  
 Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side ;  
 Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,  
 Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.  
 Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendors,  
 Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,  
 So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,  
 Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted  
 Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East !" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,  
 "Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic !  
 Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,  
 Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean !  
 Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me  
 Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me !"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,  
 Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.  
 Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending ;  
 Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,  
 Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty !  
 "Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us ?  
 Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor ?"

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet :

"It hath displeased the Lord !" — and he thought of David's transgression,

Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle ! Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,

Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest contrition :

"It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation of Satan !"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there

Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,

Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow ;

Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage

Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir !"

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.

Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,

Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,

Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured ; "the hand of the Lord is

Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,

Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,

Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,

Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.

Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,

Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred ;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor !

Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber

With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers

Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, —

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,

Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,

Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.

Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.

"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;

How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening  
down her refusal.

But when he came at length to the  
words Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel: "Why  
don't you speak for yourself,  
John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth,  
and stamped on the floor, till his  
armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung,  
with a sound of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a  
sudden explosion,

Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters  
destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John  
Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have  
supplanted, defrauded, betrayed  
me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword  
through the heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running  
my own through the heart of a  
traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours  
is a treason to friendship!

You, who lived under my roof, whom I  
cherished and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and  
drunk at my cup, to whose keep-  
ing

I have intrusted my honor, my  
thoughts the most sacred and  
secret, —

You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name  
of friendship hereafter!

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you  
were mine, but henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save  
war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth,  
and strode about in the chamber,  
Chafing and choking with rage; like  
cords were the veins on his  
temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man  
appeared at the doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a mes-  
sage of urgent importance.

Rumors of danger and war and hostile  
incursions of Indians!

Straightway the Captain paused, and,  
without further question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his  
sword with its scabbard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and,  
frowning fiercely, departed.

Alden was left alone. He heard the  
clank of the scabbard

Growing fainter and fainter, and dying  
away in the distance.

Then he arose from his seat, and  
looked forth into the darkness,

Felt the cool air blow on his cheek,  
that was hot with the insult,

Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and,  
folding his hands as in childhood,

Prayed in the silence of night to the  
Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain  
strode wrathful away to the coun-  
cil,

Found it already assembled, impa-  
tiently waiting his coming;

Men in the middle of life, austere and  
grave in deportment,

Only one of them old, the hill that  
was nearest to heaven,

Covered with snow, but erect, the  
excellent Elder of Plymouth.

God had sifted three kingdoms to  
find the wheat for this planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the  
living seed of a nation;

So say the chronicles old, and such  
is the faith of the people!

Near them was standing an Indian,  
in attitude stern and defiant,

Naked down to the waist, and grim  
and ferocious in aspect;

While on the table before them was  
lying unopened a Bible,

Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-  
studded, printed in Holland,

And beside it outstretched the skin  
of a rattlesnake glittered,

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a  
 signal and challenge of warfare,  
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking  
 with arrowy tongues of defiance.  
 This Miles Standish beheld, as he  
 entered, and heard them debating  
 What were an answer befitting the  
 hostile message and menace,  
 Talking of this and of that, contriv-  
 ing, suggesting, objecting;  
 One voice only for peace, and that  
 the voice of the Elder,  
 Judging it wise and well that some  
 at least were converted,  
 Rather than any were slain, for this  
 was but Christian behavior!  
 Then outspake Miles Standish, the  
 stalwart Captain of Plymouth,  
 Muttering deep in his throat, for his  
 voice was husky with anger:  
 "What! do you mean to make war  
 with milk and the water of roses?  
 Is it to shoot red squirrels you have  
 your howitzer planted  
 There on the roof of the church, or  
 is it to shoot red devils?  
 Truly the only tongue that is under-  
 stood by a savage  
 Must be the tongue of fire that  
 speaks from the mouth of the  
 cannon!"  
 Thereupon answered and said the  
 excellent Elder of Plymouth,  
 Somewhat amazed and alarmed at  
 this irreverent language:  
 "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet  
 the other Apostles;  
 Not from the cannon's mouth were  
 the tongues of fire they spake  
 with!"  
 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke  
 on the Captain,  
 Who had advanced to the table, and  
 thus continued discoursing:  
 "Leave this matter to me, for to me  
 by right it pertaineth.  
 War is a terrible trade; but in the  
 cause that is righteous,  
 Sweet is the smell of powder; and  
 thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin,  
 with a sudden, contemptuous  
 gesture,  
 Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled  
 it with powder and bullets  
 Full to the very jaws, and handed it  
 back to the savage,  
 Saying, in thundering tones: "Here,  
 take it! this is your answer!"  
 Silently out of the room then glided  
 the glistening savage,  
 Bearing the serpent's skin, and seem-  
 ing himself like a serpent,  
 Winding his sinuous way in the dark  
 to the depths of the forest.

## V.

## THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the  
 mists uprose from the meadows,  
 There was a stir and a sound in the  
 slumbering village of Plymouth;  
 Clanging and clicking of arms, and  
 the order imperative, "For-  
 ward!"  
 Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of  
 feet, and then silence.  
 Figures ten, in the mist, marched  
 slowly out of the village.  
 Standish the stalwart it was, with  
 eight of his valorous army,  
 Led by their Indian guide, by Hobo-  
 mok, friend of the white men,  
 Northward marching to quell the sud-  
 den revolt of the savage.  
 Giants they seemed in the mist, or  
 the mighty men of King David;  
 Giants in heart they were, who be-  
 lieved in God and the Bible,—  
 Ay, who believed in the smiting of  
 Midianites and Philistines.  
 Over them gleamed far off the crim-  
 son banners of morning;  
 Under them loud on the sands, the  
 serried billows, advancing,  
 Fired along the line, and in regular  
 order retreated.



Many a mile had they marched, when  
at length the village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent  
on its manifold labors.

Sweet was the air and soft; and  
slowly the smoke from the chimneys

Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed  
steadily eastward;

Men came forth from the doors, and  
paused and talked of the weather,  
Said that the wind had changed, and  
was blowing fair for the May  
Flower;

Talked of their Captain's departure,  
and all the dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what  
should be done in his absence.

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender  
voices of women

Consecrated with hymns the common  
cares of the household.

Out of the sea rose the sun, and the  
billows rejoiced at his coming;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple  
tops of the mountains;

Beautiful on the sails of the May  
Flower riding at anchor,

Battered and blackened and worn by  
all the storms of the winter.

Loosely against her masts was hanging  
and flapping her canvas,

Rent by so many gales, and patched  
by the hands of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun  
rose over the ocean,

Darted a puff of smoke, and floated  
seaward; anon rang

Loud over field and forest the cannon's  
roar, and the echoes

Heard and repeated the sound, the  
signal-gun of departure!

Ah! but with louder echoes replied  
the hearts of the people!

Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter  
was read from the Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but  
ended in fervent entreaty!

Then from their houses in haste came  
forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,

Men and women and children, all  
hurrying down to the sea-shore,  
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell  
to the May Flower,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and  
leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden.  
All night he had lain without  
slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the  
heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who  
came back late from the council,  
Stalking into the room, and heard  
him mutter and murmur,

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and  
sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and  
stood there a moment in silence;  
Then he had turned away, and said:  
"I will not awake him;

Let him sleep on, it is best; for what  
is the use of more talking!"

Then he extinguished the light, and  
threw himself down on his pallet,  
Dressed as he was, and ready to start  
at the break of the morning,—

Covered himself with the cloak he  
had worn in his campaigns in  
Flanders,—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac,  
ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose; in the  
twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the  
rest of his armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade  
of Damascus,

Take from the corner his musket, and  
so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had  
burned and yearned to embrace  
him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak,  
imploring for pardon,

All the old friendship came back,  
with its tender and grateful emotions;

But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him,—

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,

Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,

And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a door-step

Into a world unknown,—the cornerstone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient

Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,

Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,

Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels

Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together

Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,

One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,

Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.

He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,

Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,

Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,

Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!

"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;

Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important, Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him.

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,

Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,

Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May Flower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,

Blowing steady and strong; and the May Flowers sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,

Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,

Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,

Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean

Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;

Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,

Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,

Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

## VI.

### PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,

Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;

And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,

Whatsoever it touches, by subtle  
laws of its nature,  
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla  
was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you  
will not speak to me?" said she.  
"Am I so much to blame, that yester-  
day, when you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another, my  
heart, impulsive and wayward,  
Pleaded your own, and spake out,  
forgetful perhaps of decorum?  
Certainly you can forgive me for  
speaking so frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said, yet  
now I can never unsay it;  
For there are moments in life, when  
the heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken, or into  
its depths like a pebble  
Drops some careless word, it over-  
flows, and its secret,  
Spilt on the ground like water, can  
never be gathered together.  
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard  
you speak of Miles Standish,  
Praising his virtues, transforming his  
very defects into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength, and  
even his fighting in Flanders,  
As if by fighting alone you could win  
the heart of a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the  
rest, in exalting your hero.  
Therefore I spake as I did, by an  
irresistible impulse.  
You will forgive me, I hope, for the  
sake of the friendship between us,  
Which is too true and too sacred to  
be so easily broken!"  
Thereupon answered John Alden,  
the scholar, the friend of Miles  
Standish:  
"I was not angry with you, with my-  
self alone I was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the  
matter I had in my keeping."  
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with  
answer prompt and decisive;

"No; you are angry with me, for  
speaking so frankly and freely.  
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it  
is the fate of a woman  
Long to be patient and silent, to wait  
like a ghost that is speechless,  
Till some questioning voice dissolves  
the spell of its silence.  
Hence is the inner life of so many  
suffering women  
Sunless and silent and deep, like sub-  
terranean rivers  
Running through caverns of darkness,  
unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,  
Chafing their channels of stone, with  
endless and profitless murmurs."  
Thereupon answered John Alden, the  
young man, the lover of women:  
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly  
they seem to me always  
More like the beautiful rivers that  
watered the garden of Eden,  
More like the river Euphrates, through  
deserts of Havilah flowing,  
Filling the land with delight, and  
memories sweet of the garden!"  
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again  
interrupted the maiden,  
"How very little you prize me, or care  
for what I am saying.  
When from the depths of my heart, in  
pain and with secret misgiving,  
Frankly I speak to you, asking for  
sympathy only and kindness,  
Straightway you take up my words,  
that are plain and direct and in  
earnest,  
Turn them away from their mean-  
ing, and answer with flattering  
phrases.  
This is not right, is not just, is not  
true to the best that is in you;  
For I know and esteem you, and feel  
that your nature is noble,  
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more  
ethereal level.  
Therefore I value your friendship, and  
feel it perhaps the more keenly  
If you say aught that implies I am  
only as one among many,

If you make use of those common  
and complimentary phrases  
Most men think so fine, in dealing  
and speaking with women,  
But which women reject as insipid, if  
not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and  
listened and looked at Priscilla,  
Thinking he never had seen her more  
fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so  
glibly the cause of another,  
Stood there embarrassed and silent,  
and seeking in vain for an answer.  
So the maiden went on, and little  
divined or imagined

What was at work in his heart, that  
made him so awkward and speech-  
less.

"Let us, then, be what we are, and  
speak what we think, and in all  
things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the  
sacred professions of friendship.  
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I  
ashamed to declare it:

I have liked to be with you, to see  
you, to speak with you always.

So I was hurt at your words, and a  
little affronted to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though  
he were the Captain Miles Stan-  
dish.

For I must tell you the truth: much  
more to me is your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were  
he twice the hero you think him."

Then she extended her hand, and  
Alden, who eagerly grasped it,  
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that  
were aching and bleeding so  
sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and  
he said, with a voice full of feel-  
ing:

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and  
of all who offer you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest,  
the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glim-  
mering sail of the May Flower,  
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking  
below the horizon,

Homeward together they walked, with  
a strange, indefinite feeling,  
That all the rest had departed and  
left them alone in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields  
in the blessing and smile of the  
sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Pris-  
cilla said very archly:

"Now that our terrible Captain has  
gone in pursuit of the Indians,  
Where he is happier far than he would  
be commanding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me  
of all that happened between you,  
When you returned last night, and  
said how ungrateful you found  
me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and  
told her the whole of the story,—

Told her his own despair, and the  
direful wrath of Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said  
between laughing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated  
hot in a moment!"

But as he gently rebuked her, and  
told her how much he had suf-  
fered,—

How he had even determined to sail  
that day in the May Flower,

And had remained for her sake, on  
hearing the dangers that threat-  
ened,—

All her manner was changed, and she  
said with a faltering accent,

"Truly I thank you for this: how  
good you have been to me  
always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who  
toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and  
one reluctantly backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and with-  
held by pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding  
yet ever advancing,  
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the  
Holy Land of his longings,  
Urged by the fervor of love, and with-  
held by remorseful misgivings.

## VII.

## THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,

Winding through forest and swamp,  
and along the trend of the sea-shore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the  
fire of his anger

Burning and crackling within, and the  
sulphurous odor of powder

Seeming more sweet to his nostrils  
than all the scents of the forest.

Silent and moody he went, and much  
he revolved his discomfort ;

He who was used to success, and to  
easy victories always,

Thus to be flouted, rejected, and  
laughed to scorn by a maiden,

Thus to be mocked and betrayed by  
the friend whom most he had  
trusted !

Ah ! 't was too much to be borne, and  
he fretted and chafed in his  
armor !

"I alone am to blame," he muttered,  
"for mine was the folly.

What has a rough old soldier, grown  
grim and gray in the harness,

Used to the camp and its ways, to do  
with the wooing of maidens ?

'T was but a dream, — let it pass, —  
let it vanish like so many others !

What I thought was a flower, is only  
a weed, and is worthless ;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and  
throw it away, and henceforward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and  
wooer of dangers !"

Thus he revolved in his mind his  
sorry defeat and discomfort,  
While he was marching by day or  
lying at night in the forest,  
Looking up at the trees, and the con-  
stellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came  
to an Indian encampment

Pitched on the edge of a meadow,  
between the sea and the forest ;

Women at work by the tents, and the  
warriors, horrid with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and  
talking together ;

Who, when they saw from afar the sud-  
den approach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breast-  
plate and sabre and musket,

Straightway leaped to their feet, and  
two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and  
offer him furs as a present ;

Friendship was in their looks, but in  
their hearts there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and  
brothers gigantic in stature,

Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the ter-  
rible Og, king of Bashan ;

One was Pecksuot named, and the  
other was called Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended  
their knives in scabbards of  
wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with  
points as sharp as a needle.

Other arms had they none, for they  
were cunning and crafty.

"Welcome, English !" they said, —  
these words they had learned  
from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to  
barter and chaffer for peltries.

Then in their native tongue they be-  
gan to parley with Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter,  
Hobomok, friend of the white  
man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but  
mostly for muskets and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said,  
concealed, with the plague, in  
his cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy  
his brother the red man !

But when Standish refused, and said  
he would give them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they  
began to boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a  
stride in front of the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus  
vauntingly spake to the Captain :

"Now Wattawamat can see, by the  
fiery eyes of the Captain,

Angry is he in his heart ; but the  
heart of the brave Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was  
not born of a woman,

But on a mountain, at night, from an  
oak-tree riven by lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all  
his weapons about him,

Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight  
with the brave Wattawamat ?'"

Then he unsheathed his knife, and,  
whetting the blade on his left  
hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's  
face on the handle,

Saying, with bitter expression and  
look of sinister meaning :

"I have another at home, with the  
face of a man on the handle ;

By and by they shall marry ; and there  
will be plenty of children !"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-  
vaunting, insulting Miles Stan-  
dish :

While with his fingers he patted the  
knife that hung at his bosom,

Drawing it half from its sheath, and  
plunging it back, as he muttered :

"By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ;  
ah, ha ! but shall speak not !

This is the mighty Captain the white  
men have sent to destroy us !

He is a little man ; let him go and  
work with the women !"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the  
faces and figures of Indians

Peeping and creeping about from  
bush to tree in the forest,

Feigning to look for game, with  
arrows set on their bow-strings,

Drawing about him still closer and  
closer the net of their ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissem-  
bled and treated them smoothly ;

So the old chronicles say, that were  
writ in the days of the fathers.

But when he heard their defiance,  
the boast, the taunt, and the  
insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir  
Hugh and of Thurston de Stan-  
dish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and  
swelled in the veins of his tem-  
ples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster,  
and, snatching his knife from its  
scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling  
backward, the savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a  
fiendlike fierceness upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest  
the awful sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the  
whistling wind of December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a  
flight of feathery arrows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and  
out of the cloud came the light-  
ning,

Out of the lightning thunder ; and  
death unseen ran before it.

Frightened, the savages fled for shel-  
ter in swamp and in thicket,

Hotly pursued and beset ; but their  
sachem, the brave Wattawamat,

Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerv-  
ing and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell  
with both hands clutching the  
greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from  
his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow  
 the warriors lay, and above them,  
 Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobo-  
 mok, friend of the white man.  
 Smiling at length he exclaimed to the  
 stalwart Captain of Plymouth :  
 "Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his  
 courage, his strength, and his  
 stature, —  
 Mocked the great Captain, and called  
 him a little man ; but I see now  
 Big enough have you been to lay  
 him speechless before you !"

Thus the first battle was fought  
 and won by the stalwart Miles  
 Standish.  
 When the tidings thereof were  
 brought to the village of Plym-  
 outh,  
 And as a trophy of war the head of  
 the brave Wattawamat  
 Scowled from the roof of the fort,  
 which at once was a church and  
 a fortress,  
 All who beheld it rejoiced, and  
 praised the Lord, and took cour-  
 age.  
 Only Priscilla averted her face from  
 this spectre of terror,  
 Thanking God in her heart that she  
 had not married Miles Standish ;  
 Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, com-  
 ing home from his battles,  
 He should lay claim to her hand, as  
 the prize and reward of his valor.

## VIII.

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and  
 in Autumn the ships of the mer-  
 chants  
 Came with kindred and friends, with  
 cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.  
 All in the village was peace ; the  
 men were intent on their labors,  
 Busy with hewing and building, with  
 garden-plot and with merestead,

Busy with breaking the glebe, and  
 mowing the grass in the meadows,  
 Searching the sea for its fish, and  
 hunting the deer in the forest.  
 All in the village was peace ; but at  
 times the rumor of warfare  
 Filled the air with alarm, and the ap-  
 prehension of danger.  
 Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish  
 was scouring the land with his  
 forces,  
 Waxing valiant in fight and defeating  
 the alien armies,  
 Till his name had become a sound of  
 fear to the nations.  
 Anger was still in his heart, but at  
 times the remorse and contrition  
 Which in all noble natures succeed  
 the passionate outbreak,  
 Came like a rising tide, that en-  
 counters the rush of a river,  
 Staying its current awhile, but mak-  
 ing it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built  
 him a new habitation,  
 Solid, substantial, of timber rough-  
 hewn from the firs of the forest.  
 Wooden-barred was the door, and  
 the roof was covered with rushes ;  
 Lattice the windows were, and the  
 window-panes were of paper,  
 Oiled to admit the light, while wind  
 and rain were excluded.  
 There too he dug a well, and around  
 it planted an orchard :  
 Still may be seen to this day some  
 trace of the well and the orchard.  
 Close to the house was the stall,  
 where, safe and secure from an-  
 noyance,  
 Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that  
 had fallen to Alden's allotment  
 In the division of cattle, might rumi-  
 nate in the night-time  
 Over the pastures he cropped, made  
 fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.  
 Oft when his labor was finished,  
 with eager feet would the dreamer



Follow the pathway that ran through  
the woods to the house of Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle  
deceptions of fancy,

Pleasure disguised as duty, and love  
in the semblance of friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he  
fashioned the walls of his dwelling;

Ever of her he thought, when he  
delted in the soil of his garden;

Ever of her he thought, when he read  
in his Bible on Sunday

Praise of the virtuous woman, as she  
is described in the Proverbs, —

How the heart of her husband doth  
safely trust in her always,

How all the days of her life she will  
do him good, and not evil,

How she seeketh the wool and the  
flax and worketh with gladness,

How she layeth her hand to the spin-  
dle and holdeth the distaff,

How she is not afraid of the snow for  
herself or her household,

Knowing her household are clothed  
with the scarlet cloth of her  
weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one  
afternoon in the Autumn,

Alden, who opposite sat, and was  
watching her dexterous fingers,

As if the thread she was spinning  
were that of his life and his  
fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake  
to the sound of the spindle.

"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when  
I see you spinning and spinning,

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and  
thoughtful of others,

Suddenly you are transformed, are  
visibly changed in a moment;

You are no longer Priscilla, but  
Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."

Here the light foot on the treadle  
grew swifter and swifter; the  
spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the  
thread snapped short in her fin-  
gers;

While the impetuous speaker, not  
heeding the mischief, continued:

"You are the beautiful Bertha, the  
spinner, the queen of Helvetia;

She whose story I read at a stall in  
the streets of Southampton,

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er  
valley and meadow and moun-  
tain,

Ever was spinning her thread from  
a distaff fixed to her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her  
name passed into a proverb.

So shall it be with your own,  
when the spinning-wheel shall  
no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer,  
and fill its chambers with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving,  
relate how it was in their child-  
hood,

Praising the good old times, and the  
days of Priscilla the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the  
beautiful Puritan maiden,

Pleased with the praise of her thrift  
from him whose praise was the  
sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a  
snowy skein of her spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to  
the flattering phrases of Alden:

"Come, you must not be idle; if I am  
a pattern for housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being  
the model of husbands.

Hold this skein on your hands, while  
I wind it, ready for knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when  
fashions have changed and the  
manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the  
good old times of John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the  
skein on his hands she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his  
arms extended before him,

She standing graceful, erect, and winding  
 the thread from his fingers,  
 Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy  
 manner of holding,  
 Sometimes touching his hands, as she  
 disentangled expertly  
 Twist or knot in the yarn, un-  
 wares — for how could she help  
 it? —  
 Sending electrical thrills through  
 every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a  
 breathless messenger entered,  
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terri-  
 ble news from the village.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead! —  
 an Indian had brought them the  
 tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down  
 in the front of the battle,

Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with  
 the whole of his forces;

All the town would be burned, and  
 all the people be murdered!

Such were the tidings of evil that  
 burst on the hearts of the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla,  
 her face looking backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her  
 arms uplifted in horror;

But John Alden, upstarting, as if the  
 barb of the arrow

Piercing the heart of his friend had  
 struck his own, and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that  
 held him bound as a captive,

Wild with excess of sensation, the  
 awful delight of his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, uncon-  
 scious of what he was doing,

Clasped, almost with a groan, the  
 motionless form of Priscilla,

Pressing her close to his heart, as for-  
 ever his own, and exclaiming:

"Those whom the Lord hath united,  
 let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from dis-  
 tant and separate sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap  
 from the rocks, and pursuing  
 Each one its devious path, but draw-  
 ing nearer and nearer,  
 Rush together at last, at their tryst-  
 ing-place in the forest;  
 So these lives that had run thus far  
 in separate channels,  
 Coming in sight of each other, then  
 swerving and flowing asunder,  
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing  
 nearer and nearer,  
 Rushed together at last, and one was  
 lost in the other.

## IX.

### THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds,  
 from the tent of purple and  
 scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest,  
 in his garments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of  
 light, on his forehead,

Round the hem of his robe the  
 golden bells and pomegranates.

Blessing the world he came, and the  
 bars of vapor beneath him

Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the  
 sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of  
 Priscilla the Puritan maiden.

Friends were assembled together;  
 the Elder and Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence,  
 and stood like the Law and the  
 Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and  
 one with the blessing of heaven.

Simple and brief was the wedding, as  
 that of Ruth and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden  
 repeated the words of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and  
 wife in the Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laud-  
 able custom of Holland.

Fervently then, and devoutly, the  
excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Prayed for the hearth and the home,  
that were founded that day in  
affection,  
Speaking of life and of death, and  
imploing divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended,  
a form appeared on the thresh-  
old,

Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and  
sorrowful figure!

Why does the bridegroom start and  
stare at the strange apparition?

Why does the bride turn pale, and  
hide her face on his shoulder?

Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless,  
spectral illusion?

Is it a ghost from the grave, that has  
come to forbid the betrothal?

Long had it stood there unseen, a  
guest uninvited, unwelcomed;

Over its clouded eyes there had  
passed at times an expression

Softening the gloom and revealing  
the warm heart hidden beneath  
them,

As when across the sky the driving  
rack of the rain-cloud

Grows for a moment thin, and betrays  
the sun by its brightness.

Once it had lifted its hand, and moved  
its lips, but was silent,

As if an iron will had mastered the  
fleeing intention.

But when were ended the troth and  
the prayer and the last bene-  
diction,

Into the room it strode, and the peo-  
ple beheld with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles  
Standish, the Captain of Plym-  
outh!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he  
said with emotion, "Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt,—too  
long have I cherished the feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now,  
thank God! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that  
leaped in the veins of Hugh  
Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift  
in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles  
Standish the friend of John  
Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom:  
"Let all be forgotten between  
us,—

All save the dear, old friendship, and  
that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and,  
bowing, saluted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-  
fashioned gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of  
town and of country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and  
loudly lauding her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should  
have remembered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must  
serve yourself; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent  
at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement,  
and greater yet their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sun-  
burnt face of their Captain,

Whom they had mourned as dead;  
and they gathered and crowded  
about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, for-  
getful of bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and  
each interrupting the other,

Till the good Captain declared, being  
quite overpowered and bewil-  
dered,

He had rather by far break into an  
Indian encampment,

Than come again to a wedding to  
which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went  
forth and stood with the bride  
at the doorway,

Breathing the perfumed air of that  
warm and beautiful morning.  
Touched with autumnal tints, but  
lonely and sad in the sunshine,  
Lay extended before them the land  
of toil and privation;  
There were the graves of the dead,  
and the barren waste of the sea-  
shore,  
There the familiar fields, the groves  
of pine, and the meadows;  
But to their eyes transfigured, it  
seemed as the Garden of Eden,  
Filled with the presence of God,  
whose voice was the sound of  
the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by  
the noise and stir of departure,  
Friends coming forth from the house,  
and impatient of longer delaying,  
Each with his plan for the day, and the  
work that was left uncompleted.  
Then from a stall near at hand, amid  
exclamations of wonder,  
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so  
happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull,  
obeying the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an  
iron ring in its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a  
cushion placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through  
the dust and heat of the noon-  
day;  
Nay, she should ride like a queen,  
not plod along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reas-  
sured by the others,

Placing her hand on the cushion, her  
foot in the hand of her husband,  
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla  
mounted her palfrey.  
"Nothing is wanting now," he said  
with a smile, "but the distaff;  
Then you would be in truth my queen,  
my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now  
moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends  
conversing together.  
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as  
they crossed the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed,  
like a dream of love through its  
bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the  
depths of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the  
sun was pouring his splendors,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from  
branches above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with  
the balm of the pine and the fir-  
tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that  
grew in the valley of Eshcol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primi-  
tive, pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world,  
and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple  
and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the  
endless succession of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods  
passed onward the bridal pro-  
cession.

## NOTES.

Page 60. *As Lope says.*

"La cólora  
de un Español sentado no se templa,  
sino le representan en dos horas  
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis."

*Lope de Vega.*

Page 62. *Abernuncio Satanas.*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque."—*Don Quixote*, Part II, ch. 35.

Page 67. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram:

"Siempre Fray Carrillo estás  
cansándonos acá fuera;  
quien en tu celda estuviera  
para no verte jamas!"

*Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.*

Page 67. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song:

"Padre Francesco,  
Padre Francesco! —  
— Cosa volete del Padre Francesco —  
'V'è una bella ragazzina  
Che si vuole confessar!'  
Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare!  
Che la voglio confessare."

*Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus  
allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner  
Inseln, p. 194.*

Page 68. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 72. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 72. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

Page 74. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"¿Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel día todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?"—*El Sueño de las Calaveras*.

Page 74. *And amen! said my Cid Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

"Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador."

Line 3044.

Page 75. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante:

"Si che chiaro  
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression, though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 75. *Mari Franca.* A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer:

"Porque casó Mari Franca  
quatro leguas de Salamanca."

Page 76. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*:

"Ay ojuelos verdes,  
ay los mis ojuelos,

ay hagan los cielos  
que de mi te acuerdes!

Tengo confianza  
de mis verdes ojos."

*Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.*

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, "Erano i suoi occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 76. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient ballads of *El Infante Vengador* and *Calaynos*.

Page 77. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 84. *Good-night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 91. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville."

BORROW'S *Zincali*. Vol. I, ch. ix.

Page 92. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:

*John-Dorados*, pieces of gold.

*Pigeon*, a simpleton.

*In your morocco*, stripped.

*Doves*, sheets.

*Moon*, a shirt.

*Chirelin*, a thief.

*Murcigalleros*, those who steal at night-fall.

*Rastilleros*, footpads.

*Hermit*, highway-robber.

*Planets*, candles.

*Commandments*, the fingers.

*Saint Martin asleep*, to rob a person asleep.

*Lanterns*, eyes.

*Goblin*, police officer.

*Papagayo*, a spy.

*Vineyards and Dancing John*, to take flight.

Page 97. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista, on page 97.

Page 100. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 100. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed,—“ Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines.”

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied,—“ We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner.”

Page 100. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 100. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfünzing's poem of *Teuerdank*.

Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 100. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day, to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a sing'e spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 100. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt, and the insurgents forced the gates of

Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burnt by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower, he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 100. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 103. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

"*Nürnberg's Hand  
Geht durch alle Land.*"  
Nuremberg's hand  
Goes through every land.

Page 103. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfünzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 100.

Page 103. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 103. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 104. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 104. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

"An old man,  
Gray and white, and dove-like,  
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,  
And read in a fair, great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps."

Page 109. *The Occultation of Orion.*

Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Page 114. *Walter von der Vogelweide.*

Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minne-



singers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 117. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by preëminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farm yards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

Page 125. *Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast,  
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Page 129. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d

of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral." —BELKNAP'S *American Biography*, I, 203.

Page 139. *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.*

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d' aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

"At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of small houses,—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, Coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlor at the back of the shop.

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honor, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke

of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

'Brabes Gascons!

A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre :  
Benès! benès ey plazé de bous beyre:

Aproucha bous!'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honor, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and nicknacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadors, and great lords: English 'misses' and 'miladis'; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing. Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furor*, caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively. He received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage, said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition, to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and then I spoke of 'Me cal mouri' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was

his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo'—a few verses of 'Françouneto';—'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping,—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Françouneto!'

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and on the whole he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal; certain it is, that none of the troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their

long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems reilluminated.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really laboring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our country-women of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all; they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Françouneto*! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach to the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!'

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, 'enfin la voilà encore!' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed '*Jasmin à Londres*'; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was

so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him; she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered, impatiently, 'Nonsense,—don't you see they are in tears?' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me that he had been by some accused of vanity. 'Oh,' he rejoined, 'what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refine-

ment is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.' — *Béarn and the Pyrenees*, I, 369, *et seq.*

Page 145. *A Christmas Carol.*

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'œil sur les Noels en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noels Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye* (Gui Barðzai), 1842.

"Every year, at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not bear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bag-pipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity, — *non qualitas, sed quantitas*; then, (to finish at once with the minstrel,) when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less, until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout

singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key, the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening: it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' say they to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noel' (for with children one must always personify) 'will rain down sugar-plums in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard, on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors, (the Christmas Candle,) goes

through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north wind. *Rossignon* then goes on merrily,—sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes, of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas-log."

In the Glossary, the *Suche*, or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

"This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *la Suche de Noei*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

Page 147. *That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder.*

The words of St. Augustine are, "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."

Sermon III, *De Ascensione*.

Page 148. *The Phantom Ship*.

A detailed account of this "apparition of a Ship in the Air" is given by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi*, Book I, Ch. VI. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account Mather adds these words:—

"Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen, that were eyewitnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 't is wonderful."

Page 151. *And the Emperor but a Macho*.

*Macho*, in Spanish, signifies a mule. *Golondrina* is the feminine form of *Golondrino*, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 154. *Oliver Basselin*.

Oliver Basselin, the "*Père joyeux du Vaudeville*," flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

Page 155. *Victor Galbraith*.

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, "Every bullet has its billet."

Page 156. *I remember the sea-fight far away*.

This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Page 160. *Santa Filomena*.

"At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the

foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."—MRS. JAMESON, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II, 298.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292.

He called his book simply "Legends of the Saints." The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, "Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books." But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it "a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead for his impudent boldness in reporting things so fabulous and incredible."

This work, the great text-book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B.* Paris, 1850. There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesta Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailáth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

Page 196. *For these bells have been anointed.*

*And baptized with holy water!*

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

"Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons, affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated."—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Bells*. See also Scheible's *Kloster*, VI, 776.

Page 211. *It is the malediction of Eve!*

"Nec esses plus quam femina, quæ nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Mariæ."—*Epistola Abælardi Heloissæ*.

Page 222. *To come back to my text!*

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

*Nescit predicare  
Qui nescit Barlettare.*

"Among the abuses introduced in this century," says Tiraboschi, "was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers: as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better

appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies."

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. I, where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung*, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prédicatoriana, ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs*; par G. P. Philomneste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, *Ration. Divin. Offic.*, Lib. I, cap. 4.

Page 225. THE NATIVITY: A Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's "Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays, in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play which has been preserved is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of

dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled *Théâtre de Roswitha, Religieuse allemande du X<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Par Charles Magnin. Paris, 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*:—

"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi day; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theatres for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators: and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Conventrie*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city."

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her "Art-Student in Munich," Vol. I, Chap. IV. She says:—

"We had come expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of him we naturally imagined must be in a peasants' Miracle-Play. Yet so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt

was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, anything like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple, childlike rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times as though the figures of Cimabue's, Giotto's, and Perugino's pictures had become animated, and were moving before us; there was the same simple arrangement and brilliant color of drapery,—the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the entire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly colored drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky."

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his "Eldorado," gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II, Chap. XI.

"Against the wing-wall of the Hacienda del Mayo, which occupied one end of the plaza, was raised a platform, on which stood a table covered with scarlet cloth. A rude bower of cane-leaves, on one end of the platform, represented the manger of Bethlehem; while a cord, stretched from its top across the plaza to a hole in the front of the church, bore a large tinsel star, suspended by a hole in its centre. There was quite a crowd in the plaza, and very soon a procession appeared, coming up from the lower part of the village. The three kings took the lead; the Virgin, mounted on an ass that gloried in a gilded saddle and rose-besprinkled mane and tail, followed them, led by the angel; and several women, with curious masks of paper, brought up the

rear. Two characters of the harlequin sort—one with a dog's head on his shoulders, and the other a bald-headed friar, with a huge hat hanging on his back—played all sorts of antics for the diversion of the crowd. After making the circuit of the plaza, the Virgin was taken to the platform, and entered the manger. King Herod took his seat at the scarlet table, with an attendant in blue coat and red sash, whom I took to be his Prime Minister. The three kings remained on their horses in front of the church; but between them and the platform, under the string on which the star was to slide, walked two men in long white robes and blue hoods, with parchment folios in their hands. These were the Wise Men of the East, as one might readily know from their solemn air, and the mysterious glances which they cast towards all quarters of the heavens.

"In a little while, a company of women on the platform, concealed behind a curtain, sang an angelic chorus to the tune of '*O pescator dell' onda*.' At the proper moment the Magi turned towards the platform, followed by the star, to which a string was conveniently attached, that it might be slid along the line. The three kings followed the star till it reached the manger, when they dismounted, and inquired for the sovereign whom it had led them to visit. They were invited upon the platform, and introduced to Herod, as the only king: this did not seem to satisfy them, and, after some conversation, they retired. By this time the star had receded to the other end of the line, and commenced moving forward again, they following. The angel called them into the manger, where, upon their knees, they were shown a small wooden box, supposed to contain the sacred infant; they then retired, and the star brought them back no more. After this departure, King Herod declared himself greatly confused by what he had witnessed, and was very much afraid this newly found king would weaken his power. Upon consultation with his Prime Minister, the Massacre of the Innocents was decided upon, as the only means of security.

"The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly got down



from the platform, mounted her bespangled donkey, and hurried off. Herod's Prime Minister directed all the children to be handed up for execution. A boy, in a ragged sarape, was caught and thrust forward; the Minister took him by the heels in spite of his kicking, and held his head on the table. The little brother and sister of the boy, thinking he was really to be decapitated, yelled at the top of their voices, in an agony of terror, which threw the crowd into a roar of laughter. King Herod brought down his sword with a whack on the table, and the Prime Minister, dipping his brush into a pot of white paint which stood before him, made a flaring cross on the boy's face. Several other boys were caught and served likewise; and, finally, the two harlequins, whose kicks and struggles nearly shook down the platform. The procession then went off up the hill, followed by the whole population of the village. All the evening there were fandangos in the méson, bonfires and rockets on the plaza, ringing of bells, and high mass in the church, with the accompaniment of two guitars, tinkling to lively polkas."

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston: and I have now before me the copy of a play-bill, announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the "Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ," with the characters and the names of the performers.

#### Page 235. THE SCRIPTORIUM.

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who labored, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

"Of all bodily labors, which are proper for us," says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. It is preach-

ing with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces, without moving from the spot, and the labor of his hands is felt even where he is not."

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptorium, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Études Monastiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Cîteaux "many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked."

Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of facsimiles of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon in his *Paléographie Græca* gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons, with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labors. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen."

"If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness."

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

"The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hieruus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many."

"Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnus, a most learned man."

This last colophon, Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other calligraphers," he remarks, "demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."

Page 240. *Drink down to your peg!*

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains "that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that "pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punishment."

Sharpe, in his *History of the Kings of England*, says: "Our ancestors were formerly famous for compotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard.

I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."

Page 240. *The convent of St. Gildas de Rhys.*

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. "I live," he says, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. my walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. my monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not call it one. the doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. the cells are hung with the skins of deer. the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. in short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasures terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see

it again. ah Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. in the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound."—*Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes.* Glasgow, 1751.

Page 252. *Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in *Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*, a French translation of *Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturæ Arcanis*:—

"Gather some of the herb called mother-wort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters."—p. 123.

"Gather, on the morrow of All Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with finely pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colors, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured that this staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good will of those with whom you lodge."—p. 130.

Page 255. *Saint Elmo's stars.*

So the Italian sailors call the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 256. THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*; and to Kurt Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, I, 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, *Histoire de la Médecine*, II, 354.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.—This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I, p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III, p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

Page 266. *In the Vale of Tarwasentha.*

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 267. *On the Mountains of the Prairie.*

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, Vol. II, p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says:—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 269. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it? 'O,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?'"—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. I, p. 240.

Page 273. *Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. IV, p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour) naked....

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

Page 278. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, etc.*

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'"—Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 295. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II, p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with

occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

Page 296. *Onaway! Awake, beloved!*

The original of this song may be found in Littell's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV, p. 45.

Page 297. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, Vol. II, p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways; Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it

sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun."—pp. 10-12.

Page 301. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Oneöta*, p. 15.

Page 301. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it *Mon-dá-min*, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting, and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests."—*Oneöta*, p. 82.

Page 302. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habilement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line." — *Oneôta*, p. 83.

Page 303. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keeping." — *Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

Page 303. *Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields, Paimo said, the skulking robber.*

"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite mon-dámin. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a corn-field. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*, — a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term." — *Oneôta*, p. 254.

Page 309. *Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oneôta*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society, — men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *lenadizze-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it can-

not be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II, p. 72.

Page 314. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II, p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a won-

derful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated, and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface, than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity."

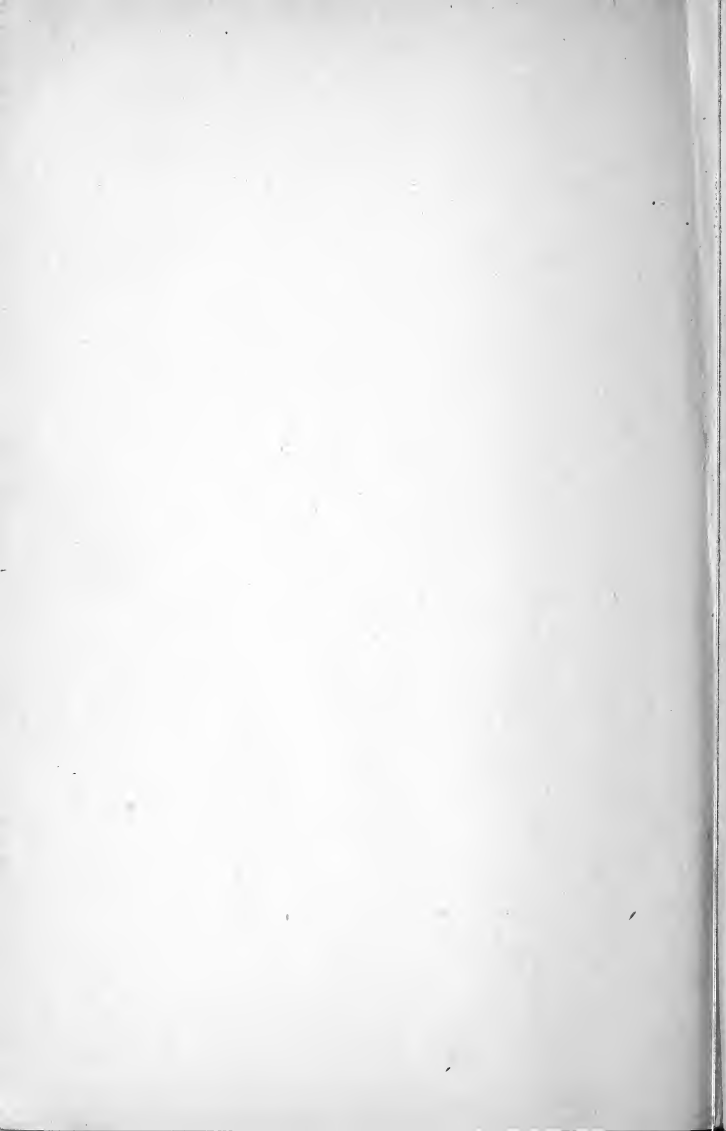
Page 324. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

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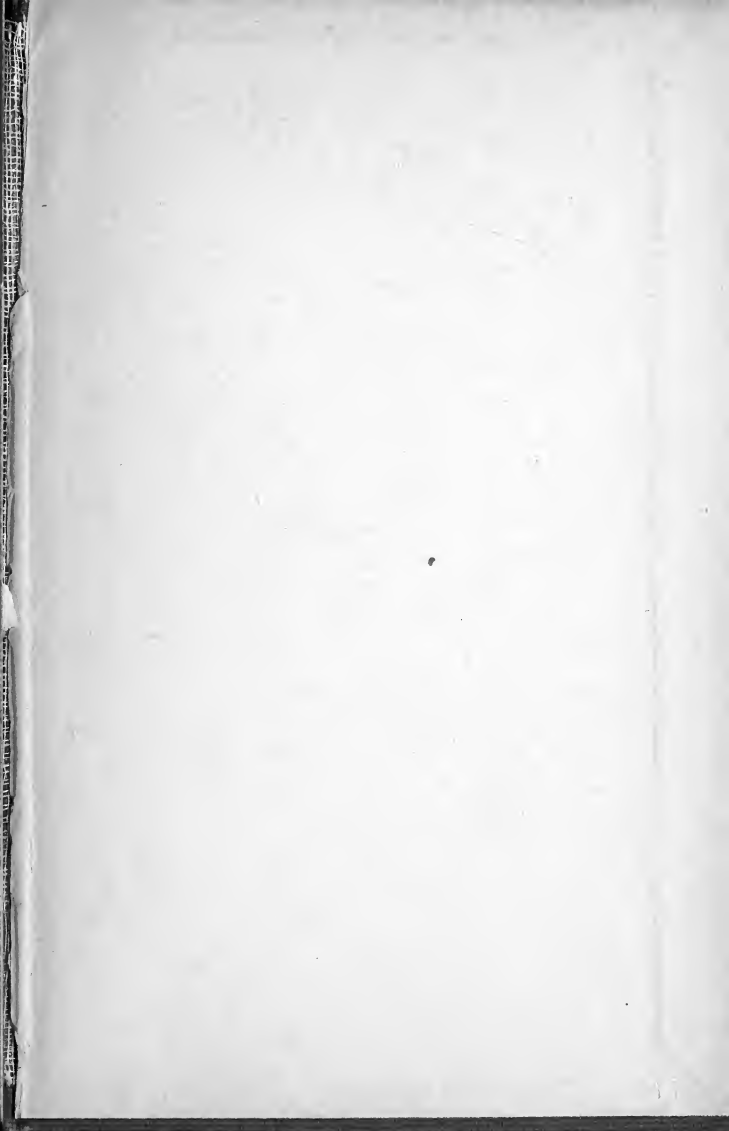












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